THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ted Weekly
by Benj. Franklin

Volume 200, Number 30

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JANUARY 21, 1928

Norman Rockwell

Will Rogers—F. Scott Fitzgerald—Clarence Budington Kelland—Thomas Beer
E. Phillips Oppenheim—Fannie Kilbourne—S. W. Stratton—Kenneth L. Roberts

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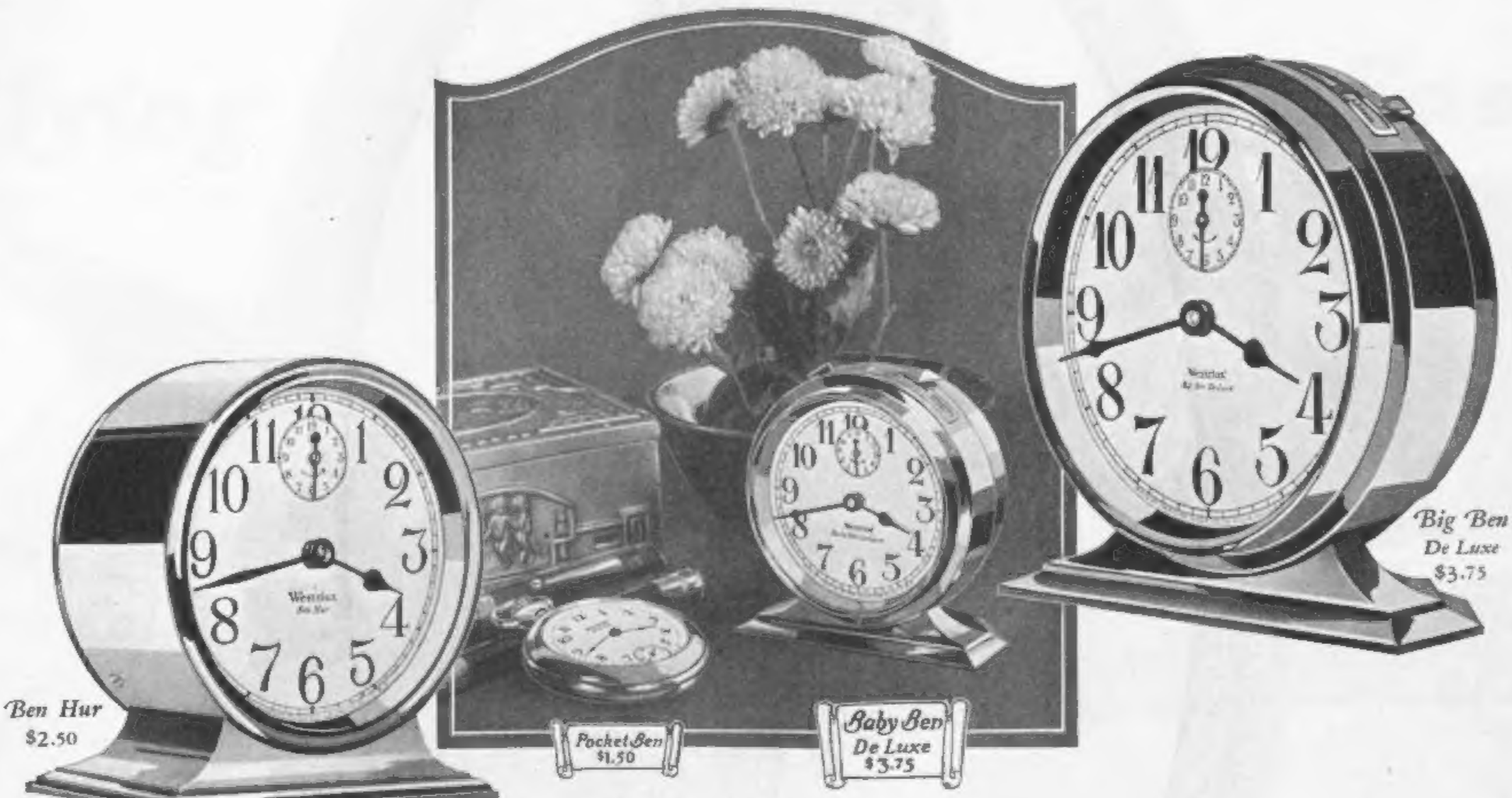

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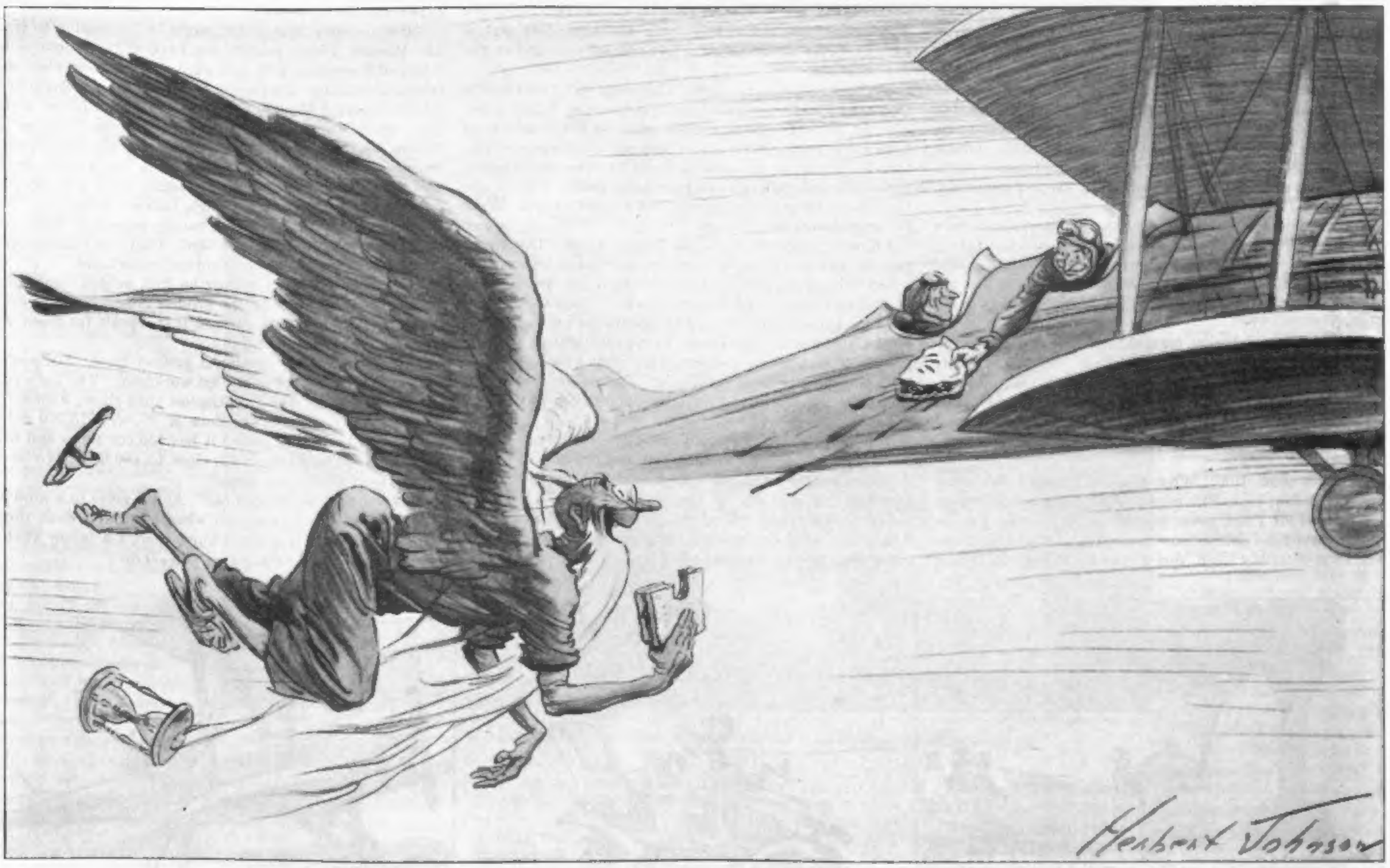
Flying and Eating My Way East



But I Do Advise With the Utmost Confidence Anyone Flying With Our Real Recognized Passenger Lines

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WHAT are you-all doing? Want to take a little trip? What do you say we take a little ride and see some of the country? They say there is nothing that broadens one like travel, so come on, let's go flatten ourselves out a bit. Got to get up early, as we leave at 7:35 in the A.M. 'Course you have been up in a plane lots. No? You mean you never was in one? Well, well, that is interesting. We used to have a old fellow out home at Oologah, Oklahoma, and he had never been on a train. We used to point him out and laugh. I'll bet you would have got a kick out of seeing him, and I know you have laughed many a time at the old story they used to tell about the first train that went down through the mountain country, and the people all standing along on the hillsides.

The brakeman was on top of the box cars, and as the train come by he waved his arms at the people and hollered, "Look out, out there, I'm going to turn it around!"

They all scattered all over the hills; 'course they had never seen one before, didn't know how it worked, or if it worked. But after they had seen a few and saw them go by and knew that they did work, why, they didn't hesitate about getting on them then. And we call them Rubes because they didn't want to ride on the first one they saw.

Where do you want to go? What do you say we go to New York? First thing we got to do is get to the aviation field. Los Angeles is what is called the average American City—that is, the politicians are arguing over where to put their municipal air field. Each politician is trying to sell the ground that belongs to his friends. Who ever thought politics would get into aviation? Say, politics will get into a prairie-dog hole if it can sell the ground the hole is in.

It took us just an hour and a half to drive through the traffic to the field. Ain't autos grand? What would we do without them? If we had had a dirt road, with no expense to the taxpayers, we would have got over there with a horse and buggy in about forty minutes. Well, we are finally there. It's the Western Air Express. They use Douglas planes with 425-horse-power Liberty motors.

There's a mechanic in the plane warming it up. The pilot has nothing to do but get in and take his seat. You-all wait here with Mrs. Rogers while I run in and buy my ticket. The fare is $60 to Salt Lake; that's the end of this company's run. Here comes the truck with the mail.

The pilot drives up in his car. His wife is with him and he has the cutest twin kids. They have come to see that he got through the dangerous part of his journey O. K. His wife seemed relieved that he made every grade crossing safely. I bought a flying suit; it's a leather affair, sort of a cross between pajamas and bib overalls. The pilot, Jimmy James, tells me he doesn't think I will need it, that it is very warm. Well, that spoiled my whole day, for that's all I was going for, was to get to wear the suit. I felt as bad as the old-fashioned motorist would have felt if you had taken away his linen duster and his gauntlet gloves. You know, they used to wear goggles in those days for autos, too. That was to keep the runaway horses out of your eyes.

It's an open plane. I'm in the front cockpit and the pilot behind in the other. The only way you can communicate with him is when you land, or by passing written notes. There is so much mail that the place where I am is being packed with it too. I cautioned my wife to be careful of the traffic going home and she said she would. I told

her she had better wire me at Salt Lake and let me know if she made it O. K. Jimmy is in giving her a last warming up. She is roaring like a Boulder Dam senator. It's 7:35. They pull the blocks out from under the wheels, a mechanic grabs a wing and helps pull it around, Jimmy gives her the gun and we're going across the ground like a scared rabbit. Did you feel it when we left the ground? I didn't.

We are leaving the city of Lost Angeles, the exclusive home of the Eighth Art, the ultimate home of the performer and the reformer. We are headed to New York by airplane. I had a friend left last night on the crack train for the East. He is an awfully busy fellow and was in a great hurry. He had to get to New York and attend to some business, get back home here just as quickly as he can. So he left last night. It's a little foggy as we leave, but that's very unusual here in California. We seldom ever have fog—pardon me while I grin.

We are going over the edge of Pasadena, the old-time home of the retired millionaire. It had quite a vogue before Beverly Hills corraled Mary Pickford. The mountains are on our left; in fact we are just skirting along the side of them. There's Mt. Wilson right there. We can see the great government observatory. They are the old boys that can figure out the stars for you, some of them. They can tell you where Venus will be 11:45 P.M. Thursday, February the ninth, but they can't tell you where a single one of Hollywood's stars will be any hour of any day.

Oh, there's old Baldy, the mountain we point out that has snow on it. When the Easterners come out and say, "Oh, this climate is fine, but I do so love to see the snow in the winter. I do miss it here," we say, "Lady, come here. Look right over there. See that snow-capped mountain. That's old Baldy."

They get one look, we get out the pen and show them where to sign, and the lot goes into escrow. We take a substantial-enough first payment down on it that should these unusual fogs obstruct their view and she couldn't get a peek at old Baldy, we would still be in the clear financially.

We are flying high now, for we have to get over the mountains pretty soon. Yes, we are getting close to old Baldy now. I turn my head and shout back to Jimmy and point at the same time. "Baldy?" He can tell what I mean and he nods, saying, "Yes, it's Baldy." But wait a minute; we are getting right near it. We are high and most on a level with it.

What is that stuff? Why, that isn't snow! It's some substance that looks like snow. Well, bless my old movie education! If I had never worked in the movies, I never would have been able to have noticed it. I doubt if Jimmy knows it yet. My Lord, don't ever let it get out among the real-estate men, but old Baldy ain't got a snow cap on. Why, you old reprobate, Baldy! Now we are closer and closer.

Can you beat these Californians for injuenuity? Got to be ingenious to spell that so people will know what you mean. If they haven't taken the top of that poor old mountain and covered it over with this preparation that we use in the movies that looks like snow! It's really a kind of a salt. Well, sir, they have spread that over the top of this peak.

I always wondered why no more and no less snow always got up there. It always looked like the same amount. But that's what it is. It's that old crystal movie snow that can exist in the Mojave Desert in July. Charlie Chaplin mushed his dogs through it two summers and two winters right in Hollywood while he was making that picture called the Gold Rush. The dogs like to died from the heat and old age as they plowed through this Hollywood desert. In fact it photographs better than snow; it looks more like snow than snow.

Talk about going to Alaska for scenes, why, Alaska comes to Hollywood in barrels! We are crossing right over. It's so hot I have to take off my helmet. How the men kept from suffocating from the heat that put it here I'll never know. Now we are crossed over and on the opposite side.

Get this: There's no snow. They only put it on the side that shows. It's a snow-capped peak to Los Angeles, but it's just an old bare mountain peak to the residents of Victorville, on the other side. Now we are going over Victorville, where we all used to come to take our Western pictures because there was a good hotel there. I made one right down there on that ranch that's under us now. Well, the same ranch we all used.

I'll never forget that picture I made there. I was supposed to get on a bucking horse in a corral and he was supposed to buck out of the gate and down to the creek, where he was to throw me off into the water. Then the leading lady was supposed to come up and see me as I was crawling out of the water, and I was to register embarrassment and try to conceal my wetness at the same time. It was in the wintertime when we took it. The fellow that wrote this little byplay in the scenario did so in a nice warm dry room.

Well, I got on the horse and got almost to the gate, when he bucked me off. We caught him and did it over again. And the next time I stayed with him until he got out of the gate and that was all.

The director said, "That's no good. You'll have to try it again. You are supposed to stay on until you get to the creek and then get bucked off."

I says, "Say, listen, if you want me to do this scene, you get a corral that's nearer the creek; or better still, find some creek that's nearer a corral." So I'll never forget that ranch.

We are heading out across the bare old hills for Daggett and Barstow. There ain't much to see, but the coloring in the hills looks mighty pretty. The old ship is going along just as steady as a rock; can't feel any vibration at all. The air is mighty smooth.

He punches me and hands me a note. Let's look at it and see what he says: "The famous Calico Range is the low rough spots on the left. After a rain you can see all the colors of the rainbow in the soil. That's the Union Pacific coming down from Salt Lake over on our left, and on our right is the Santa Fé from the East. They come together and both use the same tracks into Los Angeles down through the Cajon Pass."

Well, now that is fine. We know just where we are. Not that I cared much, but it did relieve me to know that the pilot did. You know, a passenger can be lost all the time and not know where he is, but it's when he feels that the pilot is lost, then it becomes embarrassing. . . . Wait, here's another note:

"Here is some figures that might be interesting to you, Mr. Rogers. I have read all you have written about aviation and I appreciate it, and want you to know what our company is doing. We have been in operation one year and a half; traveled 650,000 miles; only had four forced landings, which were quickly repaired and ships flown on to destination; not even a mashed finger or accident to passenger or employe; only failed to leave Los Angeles once, and that was last winter during heavy rains and storms; not a train left there on a single railroad that day. We started out this line with only twenty pounds of mail; today we have 550 pounds on board. Only one replacement of personnel and that was of minor importance.

"If you ever write anything on this, as you sometimes do, please give credit to the ground crew. Nobody ever says anything about them, and if it wasn't for them we couldn't have done all this.

"We have a very wonderful ground crew. Successful operation depends upon skilled workmen. The ship you are in now was in the Los Angeles auto show, February, '26, when new. Also in the show of '27, with 75,000 miles to her credit. Today (over) it has 135,000 miles and will go in next spring's show with close to 180,000. We have carried over 1000 passengers."

Now wasn't that a nice note? And it gives us a kind of added confidence in our trip when we know what their record is. I was just a-thinking, there's a fellow that's

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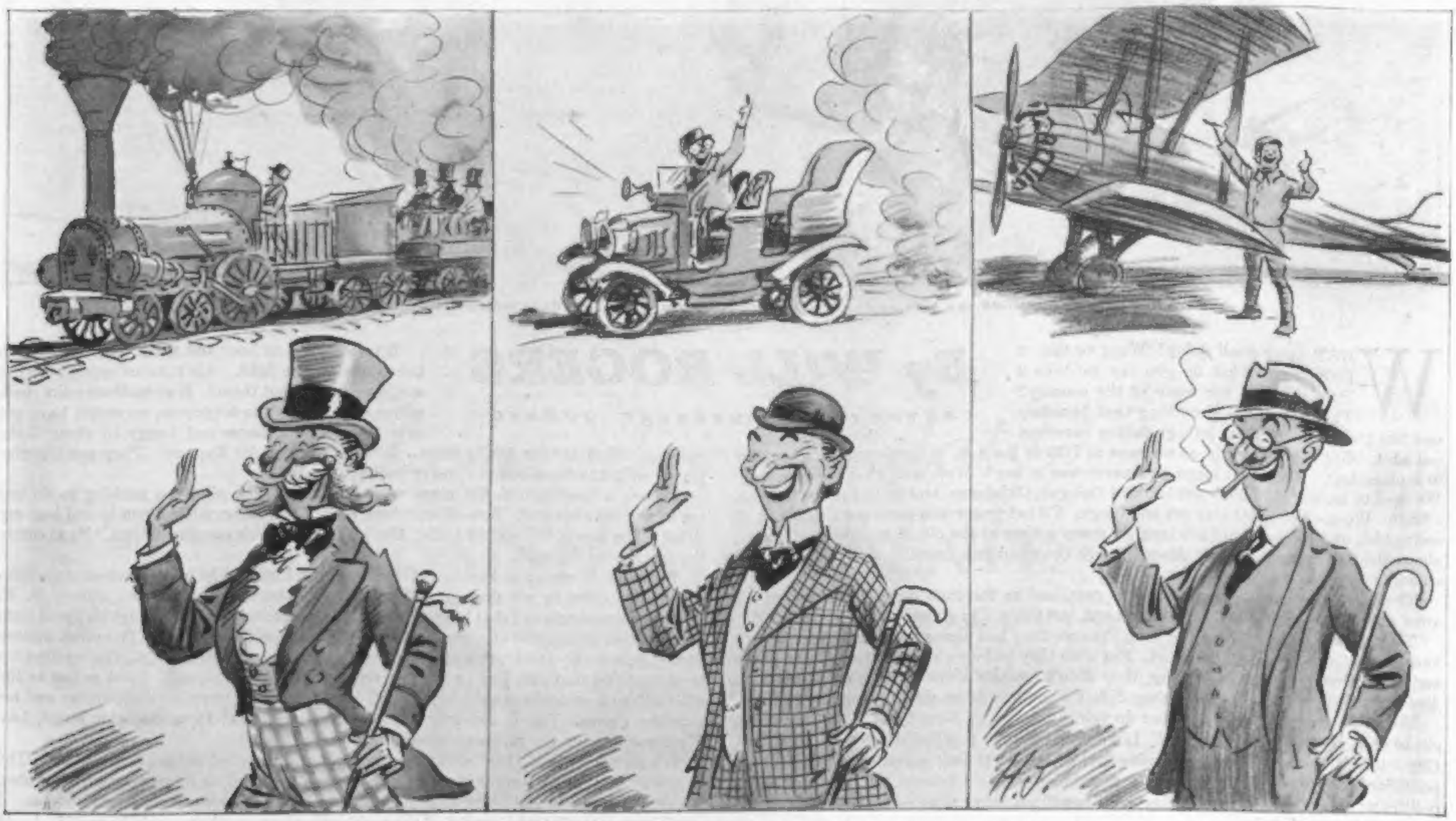


And We Call Them Rubes Because They Didn't Want to Ride on the First One They Saw

MATTIE'S MACHINE

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

LOVE came to Mattie with the sound and fury of the fire siren. It was small wonder that she did not recognize it, for she had long expected the unfolding of some tender emotion, and the very sight of the new circulation manager's red head appearing above the third-floor stair well affected her like the clanging bell that sets two pugilists to pommeling each other on the canvas square. Her heart speeded up, her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew brilliant with rage. She couldn't bear him! She simply could not stand him! If he said one more sarcastic word to her she feared what she might do.

He was a good-looking young fellow, with a smooth, mocking face and bright, polished red hair. He had a rather saturnine look in his blue eyes for one so young, and a manner which conveyed that he knew all about women, and practically everything else as well. When his gaze rested on Mattie his eyes seemed to blaze with the joy of battle.

There was a subtle recognition of equality in that look, and his mouth, a square-cut mobile feature, curled a little irresistibly, so that Mattie felt the blood burn hotter and hotter in her cheeks. Her dislike of him was a strange stimulation, and steadied while it excited her, so that she went on working, her white forearm flashing, flashing, as it turned the drum of the old hand-power multigraph and pounded out the circulation department's form letters.

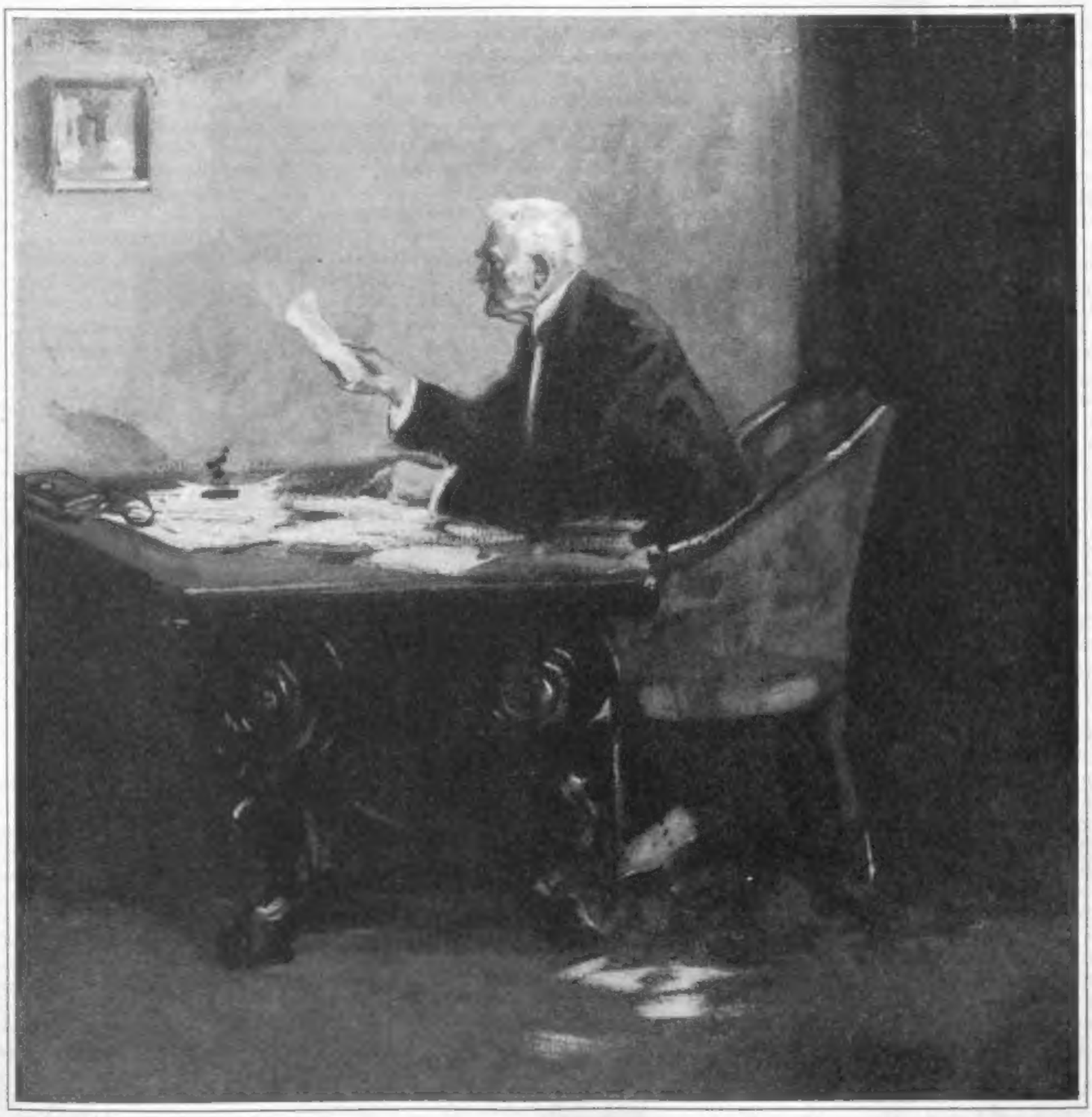
"Trying to get Mr. McCarty's job," thought Mattie to herself. "Trying to sneak his job when he's away and sick. Wanting to change everything around here from the way it's always been. Letting on that Mr. McCarty didn't know how to get subscribers!"

The new circulation manager headed straight for her, across the big third-floor room that was used for mailing, for storing subscription premiums and filing old lists. He stopped beside her and began in a deep, elocution-school voice:

"The multigraph was rusty,
The outside old and mean;
But all within that multigraph
Was wondrous neat and clean."

He stopped, highly pleased with himself, thrust his hands down into his trousers pockets and said to her in a coaxing voice: "Well! How's the old disposition this morning? How's Mattie the Meek? Want to put on the gloves and do a round or two? And how are our dear friends, the red-blooded American boys?"

He grinned at her wickedly, and Mattie ignored him, looking out of the third-floor window across the edge of town and across the distant river to the hills. But for the beacon fire in her cheeks, he might not have known that she heard him. He picked up a letter from the pile waiting to be stacked and glanced at it.



Mr. Welch Was a Peculiar Combination of Petty Tyrant and Benevolent Grandfather

Dear Friend: Because I want you to have Baby Betty I am disappointed that you did not send in the subscription blank I sent you. We have a few more of these dolls, and I Want You To Have One ——

He put the letter down and the mockery in his eyes was something to see.

"I want you to have this beautiful doll," he said fervently. "We have only a few thousand more. Come on! Come on! Great dodoes, I'll be glad when Baby Betty is gone for good. But, Mattie, this isn't the letter I wanted this morning. We're going to drop the doll clubs as fast as we can, you know. I gave you a letter that started out with the noble sentiment that every red-blooded American boy wants a rifle. I want to get rid of that bunch of trick guns in stock and get some good light rifles for agents' premiums. But one thing at a time, and not dolls today. Where is the letter? Why aren't you doing it?"

Mattie gave him an innocent stare.

"Why, Mr. Short, I didn't understand. Mr. McCarty always sent out the second doll letter the tenth day after the first, with the green subscription blanks instead of the pink ones. I just went ahead with the regular routine of my work ——"

"Dog-gone Mr. McCarty," said the circulation manager violently, and Mattie's heart chilled at such heresy. "I can't do a darn thing around here without falling over Mr. McCarty's legs. Listen, sister, you run your machine and I'll run the circulation department. All you have to do is what I tell you, or, by dad, I'll get somebody that will. And I'm not going to explain myself all out of breath every morning. We're going to have a new method around here, and you may as well accept the fact sooner as later. All these clubs and this antiquated premium business is going out. We'll work with straight agents in another two years. And in the meanwhile, if I want to run a rifle letter on a doll day, I'll run it, and you'll set it and print it for me."

"Is that so?" said Mattie, breathing too quickly.

"Yes, that's so." And then he grinned at her. "Come on, Mattie, be a good kid. You can do more good or more harm than anybody in the whole circulation department. I know that Mr. Welch and Mr. McCarty think a lot of you, and you're a good operator and I don't want to fire you."

"Fire me!" gasped Mattie. "Me?"

"Sure," he said cheerfully, "you! Why not if you won't help me?"

Mattie stared at him. "I'll leave any time you want me to," she offered.

"Now, now!" His soothing did not soothe her, nor his placating placate her. "Now, Mattie, we won't talk about this any more. But you just take this drum off and stand it aside and put on the little letter I gave you yesterday, to go with the rifle circular and the red sub blanks, and do it first of all for me, won't you? I'm having the old woodcut printed and the letter's a dandy."

Mattie knew that it was unreasonable to be so angry. Yet only the thought of what might happen to the circulation department while Mr. McCarty was ill—she told herself—kept her from walking out of the office. She had a debt of loyalty to Mr. McCarty. She'd have to stay by and protect his interests. She'd have to bear her portion from this unbearable young man. But giving in to him almost stifled her. She began, in silence, to dismantle the machine and put on an empty drum. She put the rifle letter in the rack.

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mattie," she said at last, as he still stood there watching her as though he couldn't trust her. "My name is Medaris. I'm not Mattie to every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes to work on Welch's Farm Weekly."

"Just as you like, Miss Medaris," he answered amiably, and Mattie worked on in silence. He lounged beside her, willing to be friendly now that he was having his own way.

"What was the matter with McCarty?" he asked. "Overwork?"

Mattie answered with a kind of cold patience: "His cheek got numb. He kept going around here, holding his hand against it or rubbing it, and he didn't go to the doctor or anything. He was a quiet, even-tempered gentleman, and always self-controlled. Everybody liked to work for him. But his cheek got worse and worse, and one day he had a perfectly terrible pain—he was up here at the time, and he couldn't even speak for a while, it was so bad. Well, they took him to the doctor and he said he was threatened with a serious nerve trouble and would have to

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THE BOWL

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THERE was a man in my class at Princeton who never went to football games. He spent his Saturday afternoons delving for minutiæ about Greek athletics and the somewhat fixed battles between Christians and wild beasts under the Antonines. Lately—several years out of college—he has discovered football players and is making etchings of them in the manner of the late George Bellows. But he was once unresponsive to the very spectacle at his door, and I suspect the originality of his judgments on what is beautiful, what is remarkable and what is fun.

I reveled in football, as audience, amateur statistician and foiled participant—for I had played in prep school, and once there was a headline in the school newspaper: "Deering and Mullins Star Against Taft in Stiff Game Saturday." When I came in to lunch after the battle the school stood up and clapped and the visiting coach shook hands with me and prophesied—incorrectly—that I was going to be heard from. The episode is laid away in the most pleasant lavender of my past. That year I grew very tall and thin, and when at Princeton the following fall I looked anxiously over the freshman candidates and saw the polite disregard with which they looked back at me, I realized that that particular dream was over. Keene said he might make me into a very fair pole vaulter—and he did—but it was a poor substitute; and my terrible disappointment that I wasn't going to be a great football player was probably the foundation of my friendship with Dolly Harlan. I want to begin this story about Dolly with a little rehashing of the Yale game up at New Haven, sophomore year.

Dolly was started at halfback; this was his first big game. I roomed with him and I had scented something peculiar about his state of mind, so I didn't let him out of the corner of my eye during the whole first half. With field glasses I could see the expression on his face; it was strained and incredulous, as it had been the day of his father's death, and it remained so, long after any nervousness had had time to wear off. I thought he was sick and wondered why Keene didn't see and take him out; it wasn't until later that I learned what was the matter.

It was the Yale Bowl. The size of it or the inclosed shape of it or the height of the sides had begun to get on Dolly's nerves when the team practiced there the day before. In that practice he dropped one or two punts, for almost the first time in his life, and he began thinking it was because of the Bowl.

There is a new disease called agoraphobia—afraid of crowds—and another called siderodromophobia—afraid of railroad traveling—and my friend Doctor Glock, the psychoanalyst, would probably account easily for Dolly's state of mind. But here's what Dolly told me afterward:

"Yale would punt and I'd look up. The minute I looked up, the sides of that damn pan would seem to go shooting up too. Then when the ball started to come down, the sides began leaning forward and bending over me until I could see all the people on the top seats screaming at me and shaking their fists. At the last minute I couldn't see the ball at all, but only the Bowl; every time it was just luck that I was under it and every time I juggled it in my hands."

To go back to the game. I was in the cheering section with a good seat on the forty-yard line—good, that is, except when a very vague graduate, who had lost his friends and his hat, stood up in front of me at intervals and faltered, "Stob Ted Coy!" under the impression that we were watching a game played a dozen years before. When he realized finally that he was funny he began performing for the gallery and aroused a chorus of whistles and boos until he was dragged unwillingly under the stand.

It was a good game—what is known in college publications as a historic game. A picture of the team that played it now hangs in every barber shop in Princeton, with Captain Gottlieb in the middle wearing a white sweater, to show that they won a championship. Yale had had a poor season, but they had the breaks in the first quarter, which ended 3 to 0 in their favor.

"Have You Made Up Your Mind to Play?" She Interrupted. "If I'm Any Use to Them—Yes"

Between quarters I watched Dolly. He walked around panting and sucking a water bottle and still wearing that strained stunned expression. Afterward he told me he was saying over and over to himself: "I'll speak to Roper. I'll tell him between halves. I'll tell him I can't go through this any more." Several times already he had felt an almost irresistible impulse to shrug his shoulders and trot off the field, for it was not only this unexpected complex about the Bowl; the truth was that Dolly fiercely and bitterly hated the game.

He hated the long, dull period of training, the element of personal conflict, the demand on his time, the monotony of the routine and the nervous apprehension of disaster just before the end. Sometimes he imagined that all the others detested it as much as he did, and fought down their aversion as he did and carried it around inside them like a cancer that they were afraid to recognize. Sometimes he imagined that a man here and there was about to tear off the mask and say, "Dolly, do you hate this lousy business as much as I do?"

His feeling had begun back at St. Regis' School and he had come up to Princeton with the idea that he was through with football forever. But upper classmen from St. Regis kept stopping him on the campus and asking him how much he weighed, and he was nominated for vice president of our class on the strength of his athletic reputation—and it was autumn, with achievement in the air.

He wandered down to freshman practice one afternoon, feeling oddly lost and dissatisfied, and smelled the turf and smelled the thrilling season. In half an hour he was lacing on a pair of borrowed shoes and two weeks later he was captain of the freshman team.

Once committed, he saw that he had made a mistake; he even considered leaving college. For, with his decision to play, Dolly assumed a moral responsibility, personal to him, besides. To lose or to let down, or to be let down, was simply intolerable to him. It offended his Scotch sense of waste. Why sweat blood for an hour with only defeat at the end?

Perhaps the worst of it was that he wasn't really a star player. No team in the country could have spared using him, but he could do no spectacular thing superlatively well, neither run, pass nor kick. He was five-feet-eleven and weighed a little more than a hundred and sixty; he was a first-rate defensive man, sure in interference, a fair line plunger and a fair punter. He never fumbled and he was never inadequate; his presence, his constant cold sure aggression, had a strong effect on other men. Morally, he captained any team he played on and that was why Roper had spent so much time trying to get length in his kicks all season—he wanted him in the game.

In the second quarter Yale began to crack. It was a mediocre team composed of flashy material, but uncoördinated because of injuries and impending changes in the Yale coaching system. The quarterback, Josh Logan, had been a wonder at Exeter—I could testify to that—where games can be won by the sheer confidence and spirit of a single man. But college teams are too highly organized to respond so simply and boyishly, and they recover less easily from fumbles and errors of judgment behind the line.

So, with nothing to spare, with much grunting and straining, Princeton moved steadily down the field. On the Yale twenty-yard line things suddenly happened. A Princeton pass was intercepted; the Yale man, excited by his own opportunity, dropped the ball and it bobbed leisurely in the general direction of the Yale goal. Jack Devlin and Dolly Harlan of Princeton and somebody—I forget who—from Yale were all about the same distance from it. What Dolly did in that split second was all instinct; it presented no problem to him. He was a natural athlete and in a crisis his nervous system thought for him. He might have raced the two others for the ball; instead, he took out the Yale man with savage precision while Devlin scooped up the ball and ran ten yards for a touchdown.

This was when the sports writers still saw games through the eyes of Ralph Henry Barbour. The press box was right behind me, and as Princeton lined up to kick goal I heard the radio man ask:

"Who's Number 22?"

"Harlan."

"Harlan is going to kick goal. Devlin, who made the touchdown, comes from Lawrenceville School. He is twenty years old. The ball went true between the bars."

Between the halves, as Dolly sat shaking with fatigue in the locker room, Little, the back-field coach, came and sat beside him.

"When the ends are right on you, don't be afraid to make a fair catch," Little said. "That big Havemeyer is liable to jar the ball right out of your hands."

Now was the time to say it: "I wish you'd tell Bill——" But the words twisted themselves into a trivial question about the wind. His feeling would have to be explained, gone into, and there wasn't time. His own self seemed less important in this room, redolent with the tired breath, the ultimate effort, the exhaustion of ten other men. He was shamed by a harsh sudden quarrel that broke out between an end and tackle; he resented the former players in the room—especially the graduate captain of two years before, who was a little tight and over-vehement about the referee's favoritism. It seemed terrible to add one more jot to all this strain and annoyance. But he might have come out with it all the same if Little hadn't kept saying in a low voice: "What a take-out, Dolly! What a beautiful take-out!" and if Little's hand hadn't rested there, patting his shoulder.

II

IN THE third quarter Joe Dougherty kicked an easy field goal from the twenty-yard line and we felt safe, until toward twilight a series of desperate forward passes brought Yale close to a score. But Josh Logan had exhausted his personality in sheer bravado and he was outguessed by the defense at the last. As the substitutes came running in, Princeton began a last march down the field. Then abruptly it was over and the crowd poured from the stands, and Gottlieb, grabbing the ball, leaped up in the air. For a while everything was confused and crazy and happy; I saw some freshmen try to carry Dolly, but they were shy and he got away.

We all felt a great personal elation. We hadn't beaten Yale for three years and now everything was going to be all right. It meant a good winter at college, something pleasant and slick to think back upon in the damp cold days after Christmas, when a bleak futility settles over a university town. Down on the field, an improvised and uproarious team ran through plays with a derby, until the snake dance rolled over them and blotted them out. Outside the Bowl, I saw two abysmally gloomy and disgusted Yale men get into a waiting taxi and in a tone of final abnegation tell the driver "New York." You couldn't find Yale men; in the manner of the vanquished, they had absolutely melted away.

I begin Dolly's story with my memories of this game because that evening the girl walked into it. She was a friend of Josephine Pickman's and the four of us were going to drive up to the Midnight Frolic in New York. When I suggested to him that he'd be too tired he laughed dryly—he'd have gone anywhere that night to get the feel and rhythm of football out of his head. He walked into the hall of Josephine's house at half-past six, looking as if he'd spent the day in the barber shop save for a small and fetching strip of court plaster over one eye. He was one of the handsomest men I ever knew, anyhow; he appeared tall and slender in street clothes, his hair was dark, his eyes big and sensitive and dark, his nose aquiline and, like all his features, somehow romantic. It didn't occur to me then, but I suppose he was pretty vain—not conceited, but vain—for he always dressed in brown or soft light gray, with black ties, and people don't match themselves so successfully by accident.

He was smiling a little to himself as he came in. He shook my hand buoyantly and said, "Why, what a surprise to meet you here, Mr. Deering," in a kidding way. Then he saw the two girls through the long hall, one dark and shining, like himself, and one with gold hair that was foaming and frothing in the firelight, and said in the happiest voice I've ever heard, "Which one is mine?"

"Either you want, I guess."

"Seriously, which is Pickman?"

"She's light."

"Then the other one belongs to me. Isn't that the idea?"

"I think I'd better warn them about the state you're in."

Miss Thorne, small, flushed and lovely, stood beside the fire. Dolly went right up to her.

"You're mine," he said; "you belong to me."

She looked at him coolly, making up her mind; suddenly she liked him and smiled. But Dolly wasn't satisfied. He wanted to do something incredibly silly or startling to express his untold jubilation that he was free.

"I love you," he said. He took her hand, his brown velvet eyes regarding her tenderly, unseeingly, convincingly. "I love you."

For a moment the corners of her lips fell as if in dismay that she had met someone stronger, more confident, more challenging than herself. Then, as she drew herself together visibly, he dropped her hand and the little scene in which he had expended the tension of the afternoon was over.

It was a bright cold November night and the rush of air past the open car brought a vague excitement, a sense that we were hurrying at top speed toward a brilliant destiny. The roads were packed with cars that came to long inexplicable halts while police, blinded by the lights, walked up and down the line giving obscure commands. Before we had been gone an hour New York began to be a distant hazy glow against the sky.

Miss Thorne, Josephine told me, was from Washington, and had just come down from a visit in Boston.

"For the game?" I said.

"No; she didn't go to the game."

"That's too bad. If you'd let me know I could have picked up a seat ——"

"She wouldn't have gone. Vienna never goes to games."

I remembered now that she hadn't even murmured the conventional congratulations to Dolly.

"She hates football. Her brother was killed in a prep-school game last year. I wouldn't have brought her tonight, but when we got home from the game I saw she'd been sitting there holding a book open at the same page all afternoon. You see, he was this wonderful kid and her family saw it happen and naturally never got over it."

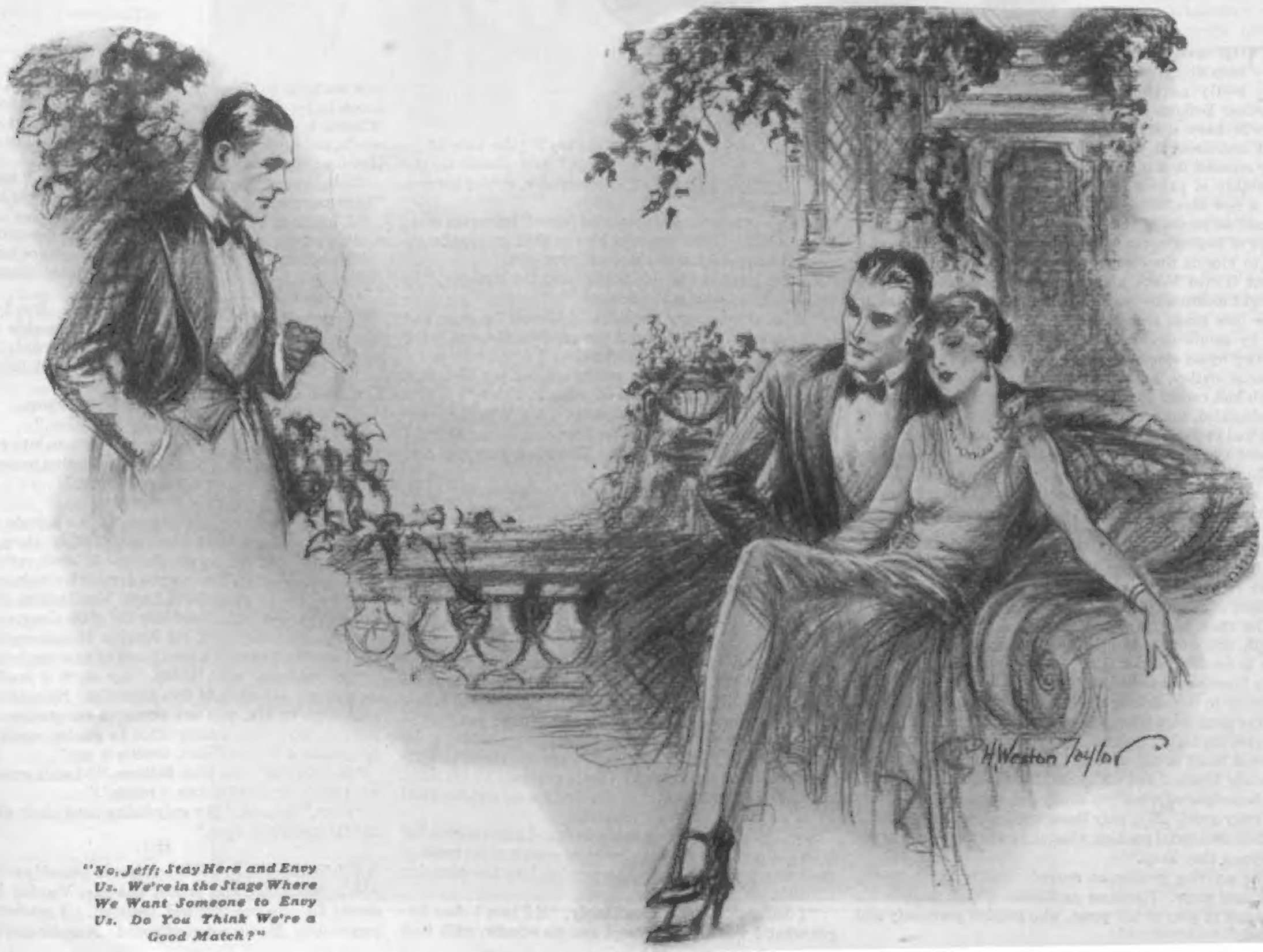
"But does she mind being with Dolly?"

"Of course not. She just ignores football. If anyone mentions it she simply changes the subject."

I was glad that it was Dolly and not, say, Jack Devlin who was sitting back there with her. And I felt rather sorry for Dolly. However strongly he felt about the game, he must have waited for some acknowledgment that his effort had existed.

He was probably giving her credit for a subtle consideration, yet, as the images of the afternoon flashed into his mind he might have welcomed a compliment to which he could respond "What nonsense!" Neglected entirely, the images would become insistent and obtrusive.

(Continued on Page 93)



"No, Jeff; Stay Here and Envy Us. We're in the Stage Where We Want Someone to Envy Us. Do You Think We're a Good Match?"

SAWDUST

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

Suddenly Mr. Fish Leaned Across the Table. "Who are You?" He Asked in a Tense Undertone

THE tavern had been doing very well; neither Hamilcar Bellows nor his wife knew exactly what had brought about the prosperity, but they rejoiced in it and even talked about the possibility of paying off the mortgage. This was a new idea to them. The mortgage had seemed as permanent as the dining room. Hamilcar even spoke of buying a car and threw out expansive hints of a trip to Florida the coming winter.

But Giotto North knew what had happened; he had brought measurable order out of immeasurable chaos. He knew how much money came in and what became of it, and by simple devices had increased the business of the hostelry by an appreciable figure. For instance, at a slight financial outlay, he had scattered signs along the Trail which had caused touring motorists to chuckle; and having chuckled, the motorists stopped to see what manner of man had evolved the signs. Mrs. Bellows could be trusted to send them away stroking their waistlines contentedly.

Hamilcar sat drowsing in his rocking-chair on the piazza and so attended with high efficiency to his share in the management of the hotel. A traveling man once asked Giotto just what share Hamilcar assumed in the labors, to which Giotto replied gravely:

"He does not impede the entrance of guests. I have never seen a man who could do it more thoroughly. Mr. Bellows is invaluable as a nonimpeder."

The traveling man studied over this saying at some length, and went to bed shaking his head, for he had been able to reach no conclusion.

As Hamilcar drowsed, an ornate and very shiny motor drove up to the hitching block. From it alighted a tall and slender gentleman who gave off the impression that he frequented the higher walks of life and that he would not condescend to sit in the seats of the mighty unless they were carefully brushed and softly cushioned. He was dignified in a luxurious way, and yet kindly and approachable, as are the truly great. It is only those who harbor secret doubts of their own social position who take infinite pains as to the company they keep.

The arriving gentleman moved his fifty years up the walk and steps. Hamilcar awakened in time to open his eyes and to peer at the guest, who nodded graciously and smiled.

"They'll take care of ye inside," said Hamilcar, the nonimpeder, closing his eyes again.

The guest entered and presented himself before the desk, where Giotto North received him in that grave, absent-minded way which sometimes sat upon him.

"I was attracted to this hotel," said the stranger, "by the novelty of your roadside signs."

"What this country needs," said Giotto, "is more and better novelty. In this town our greatest distance is the straight line between two innovations."

"Ah, quite so," said the gentleman, signing his name, which turned out to be Fish—Warden P. Fish. "I take it you are the author of the signboards. . . . What I require is a pleasant room with bath, for I am considering a stay of a week, or possibly two weeks. There is a garage in connection?"

"There is, indeed," said Giotto, glancing at the name and scratching his ear speculatively.

"I am in quest," said Mr. Fish, "of rest and quiet."

"We supply quiet in unlimited quantities," said Giotto, "but we expect the guests to furnish their own rest. There are so many ways of resting—some of them violent—that we permit each guest to suit his own temperament."

"As, indeed, you might," said Mr. Fish. "Will you have the bell boy show me to my room?"

"I," said Giotto, "am also the bell boy. I am not the porter, however, owing to a recent outbreak of typhoid incident to eating an oyster in Europe. If you will follow me I will presently have your luggage sent to you."

Mr. Fish was established in a front room having a desirable view of the inactivities of the main street and expressed himself as content. Giotto returned to his desk, where, for a second time, he scratched his ear and regarded Mr. Fish's signature with interest.

Mrs. Bellows rushed up to the desk and stood wiping her brow. She always rushed; her most conservative mode of progress would have been an inspiration for a line-plunging fullback.

"I declare," she said breathlessly, "if I hain't clear forgot what I was a-goin' to say, and no wonder, with that new waitress not knowing the difference between a soup spoon and a sirup pitcher, and a leak in the bathroom of Number 6, and them ol' maids complainin' about cookin' smells, and my feet like balls of fire. But, as I allus says to Hamilcar, the' hain't no use repinin'."

Giotto leaned over the desk. "Mrs. Bellows," he asked, "have you ever frolicked about amid the steamer lanes?"

"I hain't never frolicked about amid nothin', and I wouldn't know what a steamer lane was if I seen it."

"Then," he said, "you don't know there are land rats and water rats, and that they are seldom interchangeable."

"Haven't no idee of it."

"Very well, we will abandon that topic. But I should like to get in this observation: That one makes the acquaintance of heterogeneous people on shipboard. Nevertheless we should, one and all, be surprised to see the Leviathan steam up our main street."

"You go along with you," said Mrs. Bellows. "There you be a-talkin' agin jest to hear your voice."

"But," said Giotto, as if there had been no interruption, "I was, having been an intermittent seafaring person, even more amazed at what I witnessed today."

"Such as?" asked Mrs. Bellows.

"For the present," said Giotto, "it is a private amazement. You would be shocked and possibly alarmed if I were to tell you, and my one desire is to lessen rather than increase your cares. Er—do you gamble for high stakes?"

"I'll have you understand," said Mrs. Bellows sturdily, "that I'm a member in good standin' of the Congregational Church, and secatary of the Foreign Missionary Society, and I wouldn't gamble a penny, not to save my livin' life."

"In that case," said Giotto, "my alarm is needless. I see you are a woman of fine principles. Nevertheless, at your time of life, you are prone to temptations. Mrs. Bellows, if you feel a temptation to gamble coming on, I ask you as a sincere friend, confide in me."

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Bellows, "I hain't certain but what some of your buttons is missin'."

"I am," he said, "the only living hotel clerk who uses mental hooks and eyes."

II

MR. WARDEN P. FISH conducted himself precisely as a gentleman who looked like Mr. Warden P. Fish should do. He was dignified, reserved, yet graciously approachable. He did not condescend. Notwithstanding his

spats—an item of armor never before seen in the flesh by Hempstead—he gained the somewhat awed respect of the community.

His conversation, though not sprightly, was entertaining. It kept Hamilcar awake sometimes for periods stretching beyond twenty minutes; and even Miss Leslie Rockwell, who was nineteen and therefore demanded much of human beings in the way of entertainment, was seen to pass considerable periods in his company.

"He's nice," Leslie said emphatically to Giotto

"And looks," said Giotto hopefully, "as if he were unmarried."

"I love to hear him talk," she said. "He can be interesting about travel and personages and art."

"And philosophy," said Giotto. "Nobody can chain down a girl nowadays who isn't up on philosophy—the sort that teaches the chief end of life is pleasure and the chief duty of mankind is to express its soul, and to blazes with the glassware and china."

"He is very conservative," said Leslie. "But so understanding!"

"That," said Giotto, "gets 'em too."

"Why," she said, "he can take the most commonplace thing and be thrilling about it."

"As," said Giotto, "for instance?"

"Well, for instance, sawdust."

"Sawdust!"

"Sawdust," said Leslie with three distinct little nods. "He was positively entrancing about sawdust."

"Um——" Giotto scratched the back of his left ear and peered at Leslie without seeing her, which distinctly was inefficiency. No matter what you thought of Miss Rockwell, you were foolish and wasteful not to look at her when opportunity presented itself. "Um—— Now whither does sawdust lead us?"

"It's terrible," she said.

"What is terrible?"

"The waste of it."

Giotto blinked. "The man is good," he said. "He is better than good. Anybody who can make a nineteen-year-old flapper shed tears over the waste of sawdust is awarded the pond lily of purity without a dissenting vote."

"I'm not a flapper," she said.

"A distinction," said Giotto, "without a difference."

But even in defense of herself, she was not to be diverted from the fascinating subject.

"They used to use saws a quarter of an inch thick," she said. "Every time they cut an inch plank a quarter of an inch became sawdust. One board in five wasted."

"Hideous!"

"But now with band saws and modern appliances, only about a sixteenth is waste."

"We approach," said Giotto, "the millennium."

"Think," she said, "of one-sixteenth of a great forest becoming sawdust!"

"I daren't let my mind play with the idea. That way madness lies."

"Something," Leslie said, "should be done about it."

"I suggest," he said, "abolition of sawmills. I prefer boards on the hoof, if you follow me. A tree on a mountainside is much more entertaining than a thousand feet of lumber in a pigsty."

She leaned upon the desk, evidently settled down for a considerable stay. Giotto eyed her with some apprehension.

"I think you'd better run along now," he said in his most aged manner. "I'm busy."

She only smiled. "If," she said, "you think you can treat me like a little girl—just try to get away with it. Anyway, I'm going, because here comes John Sand and he always makes fun of me."

As Sand, that humorous individual, approached the desk, Leslie moved away from it.

"Got him cornered?" he asked.

"No," she said in a whisper; "but I will."

"My money," he said, "is on you."

Giotto awaited his approach. "You're acquainted with sawdust?" he asked.

"Intimately."

"In that case," said Giotto, "search out one Warden P. Fish and let him point out its turpitudes to you. Sawdust has pierced his soul so that he writhes in agony. But why, my friend, why? That is the question."

"Is Mr Fish a sawdust addict?" asked Sand.

"His mission," said Giotto, "is the prohibition of sawdust. Your mission is to probe into his true inwardness—to discover, in short, the nigger in the sawdust pile."

"I will yearn over him as the dingbat yearneth over her young," said Sand. "Who is this Fish person, anyhow?"

"He is," said Giotto, "a traveler. He wanders up and down the bosky ocean lanes." He paused. "I wonder where he heard of a tree."

"One never knows," said Sand. "Those things get whispered about."

"Your duty is to be a boob. You will drink in. You will pant with amazement. You will swallow whole."

"It is my natural character," said Sand. "If it were not, John H. Rockwell would never have made me swap my birthright for a mess of postage."

"You might," said Giotto, "mention negligently that you have idle money in the bank."

"I shall jingle suggestive change in my pants pocket," he said, and went away from there to station himself upon a spot where Mr. Warden P. Fish must needs stumble over him as he returned to the tavern.

By good fortune, Hamilcar was practicing elsewhere the art of snoring softly in a minor key when Mr. Fish mounted the steps and encountered John Sand.

"A lovely morning," he said affably. "I wish I might never be compelled to leave this delightful community."

"I suppose," said John deferentially, "a man like yourself can spare little time for vacations."

Mr. Fish shook his head wearily. "Unfortunately true," he said. "Regrettably true."

"I," said John, "am thinking of running down to New York. Not important business like yours," he added deprecatingly. "Just looking for a small, conservative investment I had a letter from a stockbroker ——"

"Ah," said Mr. Fish, extending his cigarette case. "If you've nothing better to do, why not sit down here and chat?" He smiled amiably. "I'm growing to love the sound of my own voice. One does at my age."

They found chairs and Mr. Fish exerted himself to entertain. He touched pleasantly upon a number of topics, while John listened with the air of a modest young man who realized that he was sitting at the fountainhead of wisdom.

"You, I understand," said Mr. Fish presently, "are in the lumbering business."

"As an employe," said John.

"It fascinates me," said Mr. Fish. "So great an industry and yet so wasteful. If one mines gold, one utilizes all the ore; if one sinks an oil well, one takes all the oil; but when you lumbermen cut down a tree, a large fraction of it becomes waste."

John nodded. "It must be that way—the bark and the boughs and the slabs and the sawdust"

"I am speaking primarily of the sawdust. Boughs and slabs we may omit as negligible, but the sawdust comes from the heart of the tree—the cream of the lumber. I have seen huge piles of it, burning or rotting"

"Yes," said John; "but there must be saws and saws must have thickness"

"True," said Mr. Fish; "but the sawdust itself must possess properties of value."

"For fuel," said John.

"Every attribute which resides in a huge beam," said Mr. Fish, "is to be found in a grain of sawdust."

"Except," said John, "size."

"But suppose," said Mr. Fish, "a method were found to give it dimensions"

"Can't be done," said John.

"There are limitless quantities of it," Mr. Fish said.

"You could spread the surface of the state an inch thick with it."

"And one who found a use for it could buy it at a very low figure."

"Any mill would give it to you if you would haul it away practically."

"Then we have the condition of an unlimited supply of material at a minimum of cost."

"But the material is no good."

"That," said Mr. Fish, "is a statement I beg your leave to question. I am a

(Continued on Page 107)

"He Was Positively Entrancing About Sawdust"

VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE

By
Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY
WYNCIE KING

Mr. Binsig (Graciously): When They're New at It You Can Sell 'Em Anything, as the Feller Says

PERSONS

GEORGE M. BINSIG, *an antique dealer who started in coal, insurance, grain and feed, house wrecking or what have you.*

OSCAR, MR. BINSIG'S *furniture restorer, who formerly made buggies.*

MRS. EMMA DOBLE, *a nut on early pine or anything else as long as it's cheap.*

MRS. ALVINA GASPAR, *a self-made collector who has been picking up things in the smaller shops for almost a year.*

HORTENSE HEMMERING, *who rather fancies herself as a spotter of fine pieces.*

CHARLES D. HEMMERING, *her husband, who pays the bills and accompanies her so that she won't run, as the saying goes, hog wild.*

ANSON CRADDOCK, *a collector of Early Americana with a catholic taste in antiques.*

ERNEST F. RINK, *a cynical friend of* MR. CRADDOCK. *To him a chair is only a chair.*

TIME

Four o'clock in the afternoon.

SCENE

[*The interior of* BINSIG'S *antique shop, which consists of a large room, R; a medium-sized room, C; and a small room, L. The rooms at the right contain antiques. In the room at the left* OSCAR *labors on a table leg with a scraper, a glue pot and other paraphernalia of the furniture restorer.*

[*The shop's entrance is at the extreme right. All windows should be caked with dust and obscured by shelves on which is a litter of bottles and truck of various sorts. The walls of the two rooms at the right should be covered with Currier & Ives prints of sappy-looking young ladies, wall clocks, portraits that seem to have been executed by a one-armed house painter with a severe tic, and hanging cupboards containing bottles, pewter dishes, rugs and sundry small bits of bric-a-brac. The floor may be littered with chairs, scrap-iron fragments, small and large tables, chests of drawers, hooked rugs and a welter of unrecognizable articles so situated that the person who passes among them must step high to keep from accumulating some dirty bruises.*

[*The rising curtain discloses* MR. BINSIG *peering intently at the table on which* OSCAR *is laboring in the innermost room—an oval-topped tavern table with legs splayed, in antique patois, in one direction only.*

OSCAR *(sourly, as is his custom):* She came back when you was out and she raised hell.

MR. BINSIG *(phlegmatically):* That's what everybody's always doing as soon as they begin to get mixed up with antiques.

OSCAR: She said we'd ruined her darned old table.

MR. BINSIG: What's the matter with it? She wanted it fixed up, didn't she?

OSCAR *(aggrieved):* Sure she wanted it fixed up, and when I fixed it up she said she wouldn't take it. She said I'd ruined it.

MR. BINSIG: Well, you can't ruin a ruin, as the feller says.

OSCAR: The feet were all rotten. You could push a knife blade right into 'em. It wouldn't have stood up if I hadn't put new feet on it, but she says that new feet ruined it. She says she wanted the old feet on it; but if she'd kept the old feet, she'd 'a' had to hang it up on the wall or something. It wouldn't be any good for a table.

MR. BINSIG *(wearily):* What did she say next?

OSCAR: She said she wouldn't take the table. She said she'd paid seventy-five dollars for it, and you'd have to give her the seventy-five back. My gosh, you'd think these antique collectors was soubrettes or something, the way they rave and rant around when anything don't just suit 'em.

MR. BINSIG *(rubbing his thumb meditatively over a leg of the table):* That ain't a bad table.

OSCAR *(aggrievedly):* Sure it ain't.

MR. BINSIG: I tell you what you do. You get some of that old wood and make a coupla wings for that table, and fix the top up, and we'll get a nice little butterfly table out of it. Somebody'll pay three hundred dollars for it, I shouldn't wonder.

OSCAR *(hopefully):* Maybe you can sell it to her for three hundred! I'll fix those feet so's you'd never know any new ones had been put on. *(He titters with delighted anticipation.)*

MR. BINSIG *(scratching his head delicately with his middle finger):* You better save those old feet you took off. Maybe we can get another table out of 'em. *(A bell clangs loudly, announcing the opening of the front door.* MRS. DOBLE *and* MRS. GASPAR *enter, R.)*

OSCAR *(gloomily):* Two more suckers!

[MR. BINSIG *leaves* OSCAR *hurriedly and hastens to the newcomers.* MRS. DOBLE *and* MRS. GASPAR *separate.* MRS. GASPAR *moves with her head held well up, closely examining prints and wall cabinets.* MRS. DOBLE *moves in a semistooping position, looking at chests of drawers and table legs.* MRS. DOBLE *moves to the left;* MRS. GASPAR *to the right*

MR. BINSIG *(with an air of martyrdom):* Was there anything particular you wanted to see?

MRS. GASPAR *(brightly):* No; we just wanted to look around.

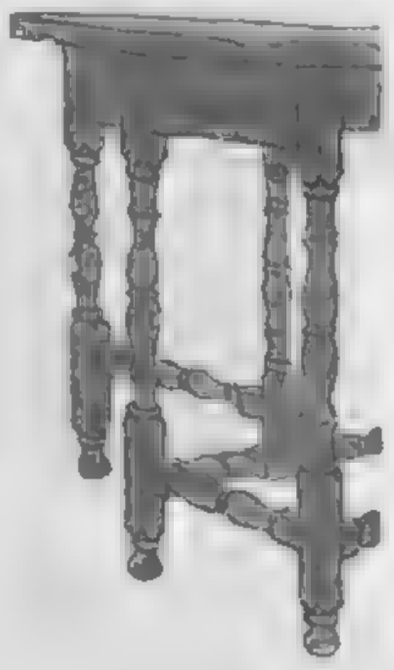
MR. BINSIG *(contorting his face hideously, in the semblance of a smile):* Go right ahead. That's what we're here for, as the feller says.

MRS. DOBLE *(brusquely):* Got any good pine?

MR. BINSIG: Would you be interested in a nice Sheraton sofa? I got a sofa with the prettiest legs you ever saw.

MRS. DOBLE: No, I don't like that kind of stuff. It's too cold and formal. What I want is nice warm pine. It's so cozy and intimate, sort of.

MR. BINSIG *(cautiously):* What kind of pine would you like?



MRS. DOBLE *(evasively):* Oh, pine chests of drawers or anything like that.

MR. BINSIG: I got some nice boards. Feather edged. All colors. I got the best boards of anyone around.

MRS. DOBLE: My land, what would I want of pine boards!

MR. BINSIG: You have to have a room done in feather-edged boards if you want to make any dent nowadays. You

cover the walls with feather-edged boards and hang a Currier & Ives ship picture over the mantelpiece. That's the swellest way to do a room that there is. I could sell all my feather-edged boards to Henry Ford if I wanted to.

MRS. DOBLE *(fretfully)*: Well, why don't you? How much are they?

MR. BINSIG *(with no visible emotion)*: I have to get from seventy-five cents a square foot up to a dollar and a half a square foot for the specially good ones.

MRS. DOBLE: Let Henry Ford have 'em is what I say. *(She scrutinizes a small piece of junk some two feet in height, crudely made out of cheap pine boards.)* What's this?

MR. BINSIG: That's a child's blanket chest. Quaint, ain't it?

MRS. DOBLE: I don't think much of it. What's that black stain on the cover?

MR. BINSIG: That's a museum piece, that chest is. That piece ought to be in a museum. It's as quaint a piece as you'd want to see.

MRS. DOBLE: What makes the top of it all black?

MR. BINSIG *(with an air of great candor)*: Well, now, I'll tell you, madam; that child's blanket chest is prob'ly a hundred and fifty years old. It's a kind of handy height to set things on, and a lot of things prob'ly got set on it. That's prob'ly where the black come from.

MRS. DOBLE *(impatiently)*: Well, how much is it? A thing like that isn't worth a cent over five dollars.

MR. BINSIG *(laughing hoarsely)*: Why, I gave twenty dollars for that chest, madam. I can see you know a good piece of pine when you see one, and I'll let you have that chest for twenty-two dollars.

MRS. DOBLE: I'll give you fifteen dollars and not another cent.

MR. BINSIG *(faintly amused)*: No ma'am! This ain't that kind of a place. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give it to you for twenty-one dollars, but I wouldn't make anyone else a price like that. I'd charge anyone else thutty dollars for it, but I'm kind of pressed for cash right now. All I can say is, you bring me another one like it and I'll give you twenty-one dollars for it any day.

MRS. DOBLE: It isn't worth it and I don't want it. I'll give you eighteen dollars.

MR. BINSIG *(stubbornly)*: Twenty-one dollars is the price. I'm expecting a dealer from Boston up to look at that chest tomorrow, and I wouldn't wonder if he paid me thutty dollars for it.

MRS. DOBLE *(reluctantly)*: Well, all right, but I don't know what I'll do with it. *(She rummages in her hand bag and produces money, which* MR. BINSIG *vainly attempts to change. He finally seeks assistance from* OSCAR.)

[MRS. GASPAR *hastens up with a Currier & Ives print in one hand, and in the other hand a pewter receptacle shaped like a silk hat.*

MRS. GASPAR: Did you buy something? What did you buy? Look at what I found, dear. *(She exhibits her discoveries, which are ignored by* MRS. DOBLE.)

MRS. DOBLE *(smugly)*: I got a little gem, my dear—a child's blanket chest. It's very early pine—one of the type that Henry Ford loves to buy. A museum piece. It will go beautifully in my living room, beside the sleigh seat that I use to keep books on. It's worth twice as much as I paid for it.

MRS. GASPAR: Just imagine! Won't that be lovely! *(She peers closely at the child's chest.)* I remember there used to be a thing like that in grandpa's house, only we didn't call it a child's blanket chest. Grandpa made it, and it was to keep shoe brushes and shoe blacking in. It was out in the woodshed, and you'd put your foot up on top of it and spit on the brush and shine your shoes. Yes, and that's what this one is, too, because you can see where the blacking was rubbed into the top. See, the top is all black. Oh, I think that's a lovely little piece!

[MRS. DOBLE *reëxamines her purchase in stunned silence.*

OSCAR *(changing the bill for* MR. BINSIG *and regarding him with envious admiration)*: I certainly got to hand it to you, Mr. Binsig. When you paid a dollar for that yesterday, I thought you'd have it for the next hundred years.

MR. BINSIG *(graciously)*: When they're new at it you can sell 'em anything, as the feller says.

OSCAR *(assaulting his table leg disgustedly)*: I guess that's right! If they're buying sleigh seats to put in their living rooms, it won't be long before they're buying wagon wheels to hang over their fireplaces. *(He mimics* MR. BINSIG.) That would be real quaint. *(MR. BINSIG stares at him coldly and then returns to his customers.)*

MRS. GASPAR *(enthusiastically)*: Just look at this perfectly ridiculous picture of a little girl burying a pet tomcat. My dear, will you look at the way her step-ins hang down around her boots! That's probably what killed the cat. I'll send it to my daughter on Valentine's Day for a joke, and I'll use this old pewter jar for my dog's drinking water. . . . How much are these, Mr. Binsig?

MR. BINSIG *(benevolently)*: Well, the print is twenty dollars and the pewter jar is two hundred.

MRS. GASPAR *(outraged)*: Two hundred dollars! You must be crazy! That picture is all covered with fly spots and nobody but an idiot would want it around. I bet the man who drew it got his art training in a slaughterhouse. And that pewter bowl is all caked with black stuff that will never come off, and nothing made out of pewter is worth that much money. I wouldn't pay more than twelve dollars for it.

MR BINSIG *(indignantly)*: That print is an N. Currier, lady—The Departed Playmate. It's in the Currier & Ives book, and I can show you where it was last sold for thutty-five dollars. That's a rare print, lady. You hang that up over a nice piece of pine with a sprig of flowers under it sticking out of that pewter jar, and it would be real quaint. I oughtn't to sell that print, lady. I'd oughta take it home and hang it up in my parlor where I could look at it and enjoy it, the way I always said I would. And that pewter jar is a genuine commode form. There's a full-page picture of one just like it in Kerfoot's book, with a sprig of bayberries sticking out of it. It's a museum piece, that commode form is.

[MRS. GASPAR *sniffs disgustedly and places the pewter hat on an adjacent table with an emphatic thump. She retains the print of The Departed Playmate and looks at it meditatively from time to time.*

MR. BINSIG: I'd like to have you look at my Sheraton sofa, lady. You'll go a long way before you see any nicer legs.

MRS. GASPAR: I keep forgetting how you tell the difference between Sheraton and Chippendale. Sheraton had inlay in it, didn't it?

MR. BINSIG *(mopping his brow with his handkerchief)*: You can most generally tell by the legs, lady. Sheraton legs were round unless they were square and tapered, and Chippendale legs were square unless they were ball and claw or cabriole or something; though, of course, they could be round too.

MRS. GASPAR: Yes, I knew it was something like that. It's a fascinating study, isn't it? I don't like those Sheraton and Chippendale things, though. They haven't got enough wood to them. I like a nice heavy sofa with lots of mahogany, and wings on the legs and everything. We've got one in our family over a hundred years old.

MR. BINSIG *(shuddering)*: Empire! You ought to have that print. It's just what you need to go with that sofa.

MRS. GASPAR: I'll give you ten dollars for it.

MR. BINSIG: Lady, that picture cost me fifteen dollars. *(OSCAR, in the room L., groans heavily and goes to the back door for air.* MR. BINSIG *gazes apprehensively in his direction.)* Well, I'll let you have it for twelve dollars, just to make a customer out of you.

[MRS. GASPAR *fumbles in her hand bag and produces twelve dollars. The bell, R., rings.*

OSCAR *(gloomily)*: Another sucker.

[*The door, R, opens and* MRS. HEMMERING *enters*

(Continued on Page 84

"Well, I Don't Know What It's Worth, But I Know What I Got to Get for It, as the Feller Says. I Paid One Thousand Dollars for That Piece"

PRAGMATISM

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE only excuse for Delilah that I can discover," Benjamina said, "is that Samson used to do morning exercises and knock the house down. She may have betrayed him to the Philistines in self-defense. That was a very nice chair, too, Adam, and your mother ought to scold you about it, and I hope you've some splinters in you, because you deserve them."

"What was he tryin' to do, Benj'mina?"

Benjamina was a tuft of red hair and an eye above the purple quilt, but her voice came precisely, saying:

"First, he stood on his hands and clawed the ceiling with his toes, and then he tried to be a seesaw over the back of that chair, and of course it didn't do. And you might close the window, Dammy, now that you've started the day so brilliantly."

Adam picked up the ruined yellow chair and gave it some solemn observation, opening and shutting his brown nostrils rapidly; then he pitched it through the window in two movements and the painted wood seemed to blacken, soaring among snowflakes, before the whole thing banged on the oak tree and descended into the woodpile. Mrs. Egg watched her child's old blue jacket split down his back in these gestures and saw the flight of the chair at the same time.

"Mercy, lamb! A chair which your Grandmamma Egg painted with her own hands too! Your poppa won't like that!"

"Hell of a chair, mamma."

"Dammy, you've often heard what I think of your grandmamma, which you was spared from knowin' any too well, because Providence was kind enough to remove her to where I hope she's comfortable. To paint nearly all the furniture in this house was her last kindness to me an' Mr. Egg, an' the smell of paint may have hastened her on her way. Your poppa once meditated that, when he was talkative an' spoke real free of the dear departed."

"I hate to accuse you of exaggeration, mother," said Benjamina, "but I never—Adam, will you close that window?—never have heard him talk. I mean Mr. Egg. . . . My brain's frozen. There were icicles in my ears when Dammy came to bed last night, or this morning. I'd left the window open so he could undress comfortably in a lot of zero and —— Adam Egg, for heaven's sake stop standing in that snow!"

Adam took his dark feet out of thin snow on the floor and shut the window. His faded pajamas now stopped fluttering, while he went on watching the storm. All these snowflakes entertained him. His small ears moved gently on the sides of his black head and he began pensively to scrape the snow on the rug together with his toes as he stared through the pane. Mrs. Egg shuddered.

"When I've been a few more years in the family," Benjamina said, sitting up, "maybe Mr. Egg'll get excited some day and talk to me. But he's the silentest person I've ever seen."

"Benj'mina, he nearly is silent. He made a remark last Thursday—or was it Wednesday? It was when we had that veal hash for lunch, with poached eggs. If you count out his profane sayin's to cows, an' so on, he's a very poor talker. He spoke to me three times before we got married. The first was when he come an' gave mamma some mendin' to do after my poppa run off with the Swedish girl an' mamma took in sewin'. He said, 'Good riddance.' Then he once seen me luggin' a package somewheres an' says, 'Hey, Myrtle, get in here!' He was in a buggy. An' the next was when he asked me to marry him an' scared me stiff. I once felt kind of disappointed when I'd dressed Dammy up in some new things an' said he might say somethin' about it, an' he said, 'Whut for?' Which is the last time I tried out any reformation on him. He ain't ever saw any sense in talkin', honey, an' it's only by watchin' him close I know it's time to send him to Hot Springs for his rheumatism or his stomach's gone sour on him."

"He's a good guy," said Adam to the snow.

"Baby, nobody knows it better than I do. If you'd ever lived with a pers'nality like your grandpoppa, you'd know how good a man Mr. Egg is extremely well. I've often felt sad about that Swedish hussy poppa run off with, because she was very young an' knew no better, besides bein' Swedish. Mamma once remarked that she hoped the girl would have sense enough to quit poppa before it was too late an' her hair was still yellow. Let her morals be what they might have been, she certainly took an awful risk. It give me the shivers when Dammy turned out black-headed, 'cause poppa was; but disp'sitions ain't hered'tary, an' let's be thankful; an' did you eat the cherry pie which was left over from last night, baby?"

The giant nodded his round head.

"That's a comfort, lamb," said Mrs. Egg, "because if it was Sandy ate it, I wasn't goin' to let him eat much breakfast, for precaution. He does extremely well for a kid his age, but it was a big pie. So long as it was you ate it, it don't matter."

"Pure pragmatism, mother," Benjamina said. "You've no principles at all! It didn't worry you that Sanderson had possibly stolen a pie—you were just afraid he was going to be ill."

"Sweetheart, I'm fifty years of age, an' when much younger I gave up worryin' about principles. If you raise three girls, all dumb as goats, you quit bein' scared about morality. What you want is peace. Fern an' Pansy an' Violet had got lots of principles. They told tales on each other an' called names an' fought like cats in a swill pail about what was right an' what wasn't. It relieved me when Dammy never bothered about a thing bein' immoral. He just did it or ate it or fought it an' learned what not to do without askin' nobody. I dunno if he's got any principles or not. His sisters have too many—an' breakfast's ready."

Adam stooped without bending his legs and scooped the snow on the floor into amber hands, then strode into the bathroom and kicked the door shut.

"They didn't get in until three, Benj'mina."

"Mother, don't worry. I'm sure it's all right. Dammy's simply aching to tell me about it."

"Lamb, Mr. Egg's sixty-one years old an' he hadn't ought to be out until three an' two in the mornin', when he goes on gettin' up at six. This is the third time in a week. If I didn't know poppa was dead as King Herod, I'd think he'd turned up an' was being m'lignant around, but he's dead. I'm worried about this. The last time Mr. Egg took to bein' mysterious was when he went an' bought me that grand piano which has took room in the parlor ever since an' is an extremely sour piano anyhow. An' he's the only husband I got, Benj'mina, an' not made of cast iron like Dammy is. An' ——"

Sanderson Patch Watson politely inserted himself through the doorway and civilly said, "Grandmamma, I thought I'd better tell you grandfather's downstairs taking his boots off in the sitting room. . . . Good morning, Aunt Benjie. Wasn't it cold last night?"

"Rheumatism," Mrs. Egg panted. "Tell Adam!"

She got herself into the hallway and then thought, economically, she might just as well stay upstairs, saving her breath. Mrs. Egg smoothed her black hair and began to look cheerful, although both her chins were vibrating sorrowfully and hunger seized her. Mr. Egg, his gray socks thumping slowly up the stairs, had the quality of an indecent apparition. After his breakfast at seven o'clock, he went to the barns and did not appear until he came in to shave before luncheon, and after luncheon he went back to the barns and did not appear until he came in to wash

He Was Sitting Up in Bed, and After Three Strivings, He Said, "I Tried to Stop Her From Comin', Myrtle," and Then Was Mute and Red

for dinner. It was dreadful to see him clambering the green carpet of the stairs at eight o'clock, his right hand clamped on his left shoulder. His white curls and his solemn blue eyes rose slowly from the lower hall and he seemed suddenly and dreadfully thin, instead of just slim. Everything was dreadful.

"My gee," she thought, "I'll bawl like a calf in a minute. . . . Get right into bed, Mr. Egg."

"Whut for?"

"Get right into bed," she said.

"Naw!"

He lurched by her and his socks bumped along in toward his walnut bed.

"An' if he wasn't the best man," she thought, "a woman ever had, I'd tell him he deserves it for goin' out at night late at his age, I don't care what for! The poor lamb!"

All at once a smell of soap passed Mrs. Egg and she saw stains of water darkening down a pair of brown pants on Adam's legs.

"You get in bed, old-timer."

"Naw!"

"G'on," the giant said, "or I'll spank you, poppa."

Mr. Egg looked at his son and whimpered, "Naw," in a reducing gurgle of protest against rheumatism and authority. Then he meekly lifted both arms and Adam hauled his shirts over the white curls and decanted Mr. Egg somehow from the rest of his clothes and poured a blue flannel nightgown down his lean pinkness and stuck him in bed.

"Is your shoulder worst, or your hip?"

"Naw!"

"Shut up," said Adam, planting a knee on the bed, "and lie flat."

He began to rub his father's shoulder with long fingers. All across his naked back a platter of colors embroidered into his dark skin dimpled and shook minutely as the astonishing muscles moved. This intricate shield of tattooed flowers and leaves hid an earlier embroidery in mere red: Damn Kaiser Bill, executed when he was seventeen, in the Navy.

"It looks kind of like a hunk of tapestry," said Sanderson Patch Watson, sitting on the rail beside his grandmother. "I'd like to be tattooed some."

"You go an' get your breakfast," Mrs. Egg ordered; "an' thank the Lord for a blizzard! Your mamma an' your aunts can keep their symp'thy right at home!"

Immediately the telephone rang. Sanderson slid briskly down the rail, his yellow curls bobbing, and stopped himself neatly six inches short of the newel post, just as Dammy had done at the same age. He then fell off the rail and trotted into the living room, where the telephone was babbling.

"It's Aunt Pansy," Sandy reported

"My gee!" said Mrs. Egg. "Now she'll think it's her moral duty to come out an' read to Mr. Egg!"

She lumbered into her green bedroom and seized a peppermint from a box on the bureau before grabbing the upper telephone to her mouth.

"I thought you an' Malc went to Cleveland yesterday."

"We did, mamma," said Mrs. Orthwein, in Ilium, "but we came back on the ten o'clock train. We went up to have dinner with a Mr. Saunders that Malcolm knew in the Army at the Swarthmore."

"Was the food any good?"

"I didn't notice," her daughter said; and then said less distinctly, "Nathalie, go away! I'm speaking privately to grandmother. Shut the door and play in the living room."

"I don't wanna," Nathalie Orthwein bleated.

"Nathalie!"

"Of course," said Mrs. Egg, "it ain't cultivated to take Nathalie by the seat of her pants an' bounce her into the sittin' room, Pansy, but I'd try it, lamb, if I was you, once."

Mr. Egg

"Mamma!"

"I'm a pragmatist," Mrs Egg announced, reaching for another peppermint; "I just found it out, sister. I ain't any principles. I thought it was some kind of religion, but it's just common sense If you got anything private to say, boot that pest into your sittin' room an' say it."

She ate another peppermint while her second daughter did something unprincipled to the fat Nathalie—a fearsome child—and came back to sit at the Spanish oak table in her library in Vine Street.

"Mamma, would you mind telling me where father got to know Luisa Carreno?"

Mrs. Egg's mouth opened. Only she couldn't be silent, with Pansy waiting for an answer a mile away. She had to say something. My gee!

"I really don't recollect, Pansy."

"Oh," said Mrs. Orthwein in a loud and singular voice, "then you knew that father knows her!"

"You chit!" said Mrs. Egg's mind. "An' I bet Fern or Violet's right at your elbow, too!"

"You could have knocked me down with a straw, mamma," Mrs. Orthwein went on, "when father came into the lobby at the Swarthmore last night and Madame Carreno got right up and shook hands with him. But father didn't see us, and we had to hurry and get a taxi to get the ten o'clock."

(Continued on Page 52)

"He Was Awful Good to Mamma, Too." Something Was Cold in Her Throat, as if She Had Swallowed a Pebble. "And ——"

THE HUMAN CHASE

The Doubtful Guest—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

DETECTIVE Brett found the chief inspector waiting for him impatiently, when, in response to an urgent message, he hurried upstairs to his room. The latter looked up from his desk, pointed to a chair and, with a sardonic smile, handed across the letter which he had been studying

"Fellow may be a bloodthirsty brute all right," he remarked, "but he certainly keeps his sense of humor."

"Matthew!" Brett exclaimed eagerly.

The other nodded. Brett smoothed out the double sheet of note paper and read:

RITZ HOTEL, LONDON,
17th September

Dear Mr Inspector Absolom This is to let you and your bright novel toy know that I am setting down in London and so far like it very much You are giving me better sport than I expected; in fact, up to the present, I am afraid, honors can be considered only even.

I am still puzzled about that Endule Street raid. It was most annoying to lose the whole of the results of one of the most brilliantly planned burglaries of modern times, and also one of my most valuable men. However, the Ellacott jewels are far better than I expected, and those few trifles at Howson's were worth picking up.

I had some idea of paying you a call at Scotland Yard, but I am afraid that I might find your hospitality a little too pressing. I can quite understand your anxiety to meet me, though, and I will give you a chance. Madame la Comtesse de Grignolles I hope I have her name right—is entertaining some foreign notabilities tonight at her mansion in Grosvenor Square. I propose to be present. It would make matters easier for me if you would leave a card of invitation with the major-domo, in a blank envelope, if you please—I will fill in the name myself. If, however, you do not know Madame la Comtesse well enough to impose so far upon her hospitality, I shall find my way in somehow or other, To catch a glimpse of those wonderful jewels, I would run even greater risks.

Au revoir, Mr. Absolom. Of course, if I am thoroughly out of luck, we may meet again very soon indeed -you as host and I as guest—but I cling to my star. MATTHEW.

"Do you imagine these communications are genuine?" the chief inspector asked, as his subordinate folded up and returned the letter.

The latter nodded. "I haven't a doubt of it," he decided. "The fellow has just that sort of humor. There is a purpose underlying all these jeering letters too. He wants to put us off our poise, to make us just a little too eager."

The chief nodded thoughtfully. "The question now arises," he said, "as to what steps we shall take. Later, of course, we must draw up a precise plan of campaign. At present, perhaps the most important thing to be done is to warn the comtesse."

"What shall you say to her, sir?"

"I shall just tell her that we have reason to believe that an international jewel thief intends to be present at her reception tonight. By the by, she'll be here in a moment or two."

"Has she heard anything then?" Brett asked curiously.

"Only from us," the chief replied. "I rang up directly I got this letter to ask for an interview. The reply was that she preferred not to have Scotland Yard men at the house and would call here instead. Here she is, I expect." A commissionaire entered the room, bearing a card. The chief nodded. "Show the comtesse in," he directed.

The comtesse was following hard upon the man's heels. She bustled in, diffusing a waft of perfume and a general sense of unrest. She was a woman of fair complexion, medium height, inclined to be stout, with restless, uneasy eyes. She carried a small Pekingese under her arm and she anticipated Inspector Absolom's word or two of greeting.

"So this is Scotland Yard!" she exclaimed. "Not nearly so exciting as it sounds. Are you the gentleman who rang me up?"

"I am," Absolom acknowledged. "This is one of my staff, Mr. Brett."

The comtesse glanced at the latter and accepted a chair.

"So someone is going to try to steal my jewels?"

"We have reason to believe," was the cautious reply, "that an attempt is to be made."

"Well, I suppose you can protect me?" the comtesse asked. "What are the police for, and all your famous detective staff, if they can't look after us? You are warned. Very well, that ought to be enough for you. Why should I bother, if you do your duty?"

The chief was a little taken aback.

"We hope very much, comtesse," he said, "to be able to protect you, but on the other hand, it is well known that you possess jewels of extraordinary value. From the information we have received, we gather that the most famous jewel thief in Europe is on their track He means to get to your reception somehow or other and, although we shall naturally do our best to protect you, it seems only a reasonable thing to suggest that for this one night you do not wear your more priceless possessions."

"I call that nonsense," was the half-indignant protest. "Tonight more than any night, I wish to wear the finest jewelry I possess."

Inspector Absolom stroked his chin

"That seems rather a pity, comtesse," he murmured. "Might one inquire why?"

"Simply because I have more people coming to my house tonight than have ever been there before," the lady declared. "My first husband didn't cut much ice with people in the smart set here. He was a knight—would have been a baronet if he'd lived long enough. You knew him by name, of course—Sir John Rankin."

"A household name!" the chief murmured.

"Well, when he died I married the Comte de Grignolles," the comtesse went on, "but he wasn't much good, either, except to spend my money. It was partly through him I invested so much in jewels. I gave parties in London, but no one of any account came to them, and in France it was worse. My husband wouldn't have anything to do with the modern crowd, the foreigners who had just settled in France, and his own set didn't seem to care about me very much. When he died, I came back to London. I have made a few friends. Now tonight I've got one of the greatest men in France for my guest. He owned the next estate to ours in the Dauphiné—a sort of connection of my husband's, really. Directly he promised to come, I sent out another five hundred invitations, and practically everyone's accepted. Now you calmly tell me that I am not to wear my most wonderful jewels. I shall do just as I please about it, and if you can't protect me—well, you'll hear about it, that's all."

The chief visibly stiffened.

"My advice to you, comtesse," he said, "was purely a matter of common sense. It seems to me excessively foolish to run unnecessary risks. We shall, of course, do our best to protect you, but you will understand that we can only protect those who are willing to help themselves."

"Tell me what you want me to do," the comtesse demanded sulkily.

"You have a secretary, I suppose?"

"Of course I have," the lady snapped. "How do you imagine I could get through my correspondence without?"

"Very well," the inspector continued, "send out a card this morning to everyone to whom you have issued an invitation, telling them that they will be asked to countersign their invitations upon arrival and, although every facility will be afforded to them, it would be better for

"I Gave Parties in London, But No One of Any Account Came to Them, and in France It Was Worse"

them to come a little earlier than usual. Two of your most trusted servants can probably pass in anyone whom they absolutely recognize. The rest must write their names on the backs of their invitation cards."

"What good will that do?" the comtesse demanded.

"It may do none at all," Absolom admitted. "On the other hand, it is a precautionary measure against the appearance of an uninvited guest. Furthermore, I shall send six men whom I shall ask you to furnish with your liveries, and I shall want a card of invitation for this gentleman here—Mr. Philip Brett—and a young lady—Lady Muriel Carter."

"Lady Muriel's got one," the comtesse declared "She's got one, and accepted. What else?"

"Mr. Brett must also have authority from you to detain and question any one of your guests whom he suspects "

"It seems a lot of fuss," the comtesse grumbled. "Well, I'll do everything you say, and it will be your fault if there's trouble. I tell you frankly that I'm going to wear my Teardrop."

"A very valuable jewel?"

"Worth half a million of anyone's money," was the impressive reply

"I can only repeat," the chief inspector concluded, "that I should recommend you tonight to leave a jewel of that value in its safe. If you persist in wearing it, however, we shall do our best to protect you."

The Pekingese yawned with the air of one to whom the proceedings had become monotonous. Its mistress, accepting the hint, rose promptly to her feet. She scribbled a word or two on a card.

"Marshall's the name of my major-domo," she said. "He'll be in charge of the whole arrangements, and Mr. Brett had better see him. I'll have the notices sent out, and my secretary and one of your men can attend to the signatures. If, after all this, anything goes wrong, I shall have a word or two to say."

The chief inspector bowed politely but with some reserve, and Brett opened the door.

"We shall do our best, comtesse," he assured her.

"A thoroughly nasty old woman!" Inspector Absolom pronounced, as soon as she was safely out of hearing. "Sort of person who deserves to lose her jewelry if anyone ever did."

"I suppose it's our job to see that she doesn't, though, sir," Brett ventured.

The other nodded. "What about that suggestion of Matthew's that we leave him a card of invitation?"

Brett smiled.

"A little too ingenuous, don't you think, chief? Can't you see him looking for the mark we should leave on the back? Besides, he knows perfectly well he'll have no trouble in getting his card of invitation. Among seven or eight hundred people, there are certain to be one or two absentees whose cards could be got hold of."

"What I can't make out," Absolom reflected, "is why Matthew should go out of his way to warn us. Do you suppose it is sheer bravado?"

"Something of the sort," Brett acknowledged. "You know, sir, I have a theory of my own about Matthew. I think that he is undoubtedly the most brilliant criminal of modern times—a genius to his finger tips—and that, being so, he is also, naturally, just a little mad. I figure it out that excitement has become an absolute necessity to him, that he is getting madder every day, and that he deliberately plays for and takes tremendous risks. After all, he is only human. Some day he will make the one small mistake. And then ——"

Brett broke off in his sentence. For a man of mild features and speech, he was, during those few seconds, unrecognizable. His mouth was set like a trap and there were two deep lines, starting from its corners, cutting into his cheek. There was bloodshed in his eyes. His chief watched him curiously.

"Go easy about this job, young fellow," he advised. "Remember, as Matthew has pointed out himself, honors are even up till now. It was a great feat to get back a hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewelry, even if we missed Matthew himself. When his time comes, he'll kill a dozen men sooner than be taken alive."

"If he has the chance!"

"Lady Muriel and you will go together, of course," Absolom went on "Are there any other arrangements you would like made?"

"I should like two of our men who are going to wear Madame de Grignolles' livery in the entrance hall," Brett begged, "and I should like two or three more in plain clothes mixed up with the ordinary police who will be on duty outside. The getting away from Grosvenor Square ought not to be too easy, even for Matthew. Then I shall want Brooks and another man in touch with me all the time."

The chief inspector nodded "Give your own orders to the sergeant, Brett," he agreed. "And good luck!"

The reception at Number—— Grosvenor Square was long talked about among those who were fortunate enough to be present. The whole of the stately hall, the great staircase leading to the first floor and the reception rooms, wherever space was to be found, were banked with marvelous roses, to procure which every corner of England and Southern Europe had been searched. The greater part of the new Russian Ballet, then at the height of its success, had been engaged, and the two most famous opera singers of the day had risked the breaking of a contract to be present. Royalty had expressed its deep regret at being able to pay only a flying visit on a night of many engagements, but toward the hour when the supper rooms were to be opened, rumors of a Lucullian banquet seemed to have brought together a crowd which tried to its utmost capacity one of the largest houses in London. A little breathless, Brett and Lady Muriel, who had seen nothing of each other since their arrival from the Ritz Grill, were fortunate enough about halfway through the proceedings to find a couple of chairs near the door of the main reception room.

"For heaven's sake, tell me what it is all about!" he begged. "First of all, who is the Comtesse de Grignolles? She came to Scotland Yard this morning, and the chief and I both thought her terrible."

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The Comtesse Gave a Little Cry and Sprang Forward. She Was About to Grasp the Jewel. Suddenly She Stopped and Stared at it Transfixed

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

Sir Harry Accompanying Sir Thomas Lipton in a New Song

THERE was a famous old music hall in Glasgow at this time called the Scotia. It was run by a most competent woman Mrs. Baylis. She believed in giving local talent a chance. One evening a week several trial turns were put on. This was easily the most popular night of the week at the Scotia—the patrons got free rein for their criticisms and for a peculiarly mordant type of humor which I have never come across anywhere else in the world

If a newcomer could get it across with the Scotia audiences on a trial night he had the right stuff in him. Reputations were made in the Scotia on such nights; thousands of hopes were blasted irretrievably. Taking advantage of a half holiday, I went up to Glasgow and asked Mrs. Baylis for a trial turn.

She looked me up and down and said "What are ye?"

"I'm a comic," I replied.

"Well, all I can say is that you don't look like one," was her only comment. Then she turned to her desk and went on working.

"I'm really no bad, Mrs. Baylis," I pleaded. "Gie me a chance an' I'll mak' them laugh." Probably the doleful expression in my words and on my face moved dear old Mrs. Baylis to a reconsideration of my request. At all events she turned round smilingly and remarked, "Laddie, you're makin' me laugh already; come up a fortnight tonight and I'll let ye loose among them for a minute or two. Ye'll maybe be sorry ye were sae permatent."

When the time came for me to go on the stage at the Scotia I was shaking in every limb. The trial turns preceding mine had all got short shrift. Most of them were off in less than half a minute, and those that didn't retire of their own accord were promptly hauled off by the stage manager with the aid of a long crooked stick which he unceremoniously hooked round their necks. The oaths and blasphemy employed by some of the disappointed would-be stars as they were hauled off were only equaled by the riotous mirth of the audience in front.

A Triumphant Trial

THE Boer War was in progress at the time and one of the amateurs, who had had a particularly villainous reception, stopped after the first line of his song, spat three times right into the auditorium, right, center and left, and yelled out, "I hope the bloody Boers win!" With that he stalked into the safety of the wings, muttering and cursing and gnashing his teeth. As it happened, I got over pretty well, being allowed to sing two songs with a minimum of interruption and caustic comment. This was really a triumph for any trial turn at the Scotia. Before I left, Mrs. Baylis came round and congratulated me.

"Gang hame an' practice, laddie," she said. "I'll gie ye a week's engagement when the winter comes round." I took Mrs. Baylis' advice. I went home and practiced harder than ever. I've been practicing ever since!

Shortly after I was married I had seriously to consider the question of my future, whether I was going to remain a miner or take up the stage as a business. Sometimes it happened that I had to leave my work for a few hours or even for a day in order to carry out my professional engagements. As a local celebrity I was given quite a lot of latitude by the pit gaffers under whom I worked, but it was very plain to me that this sort of thing could not go on indefinitely. Nance and I discussed the problem over and over again. So far as she was concerned, her last word was always "Just please yersel', Harry."

Oh, it's Great to Go A-Walking—But it's Better to Do it on Wheels

Fate

I HAD now got together a fairly extensive repertoire of songs, comic and sentimental, and I felt that if I could only bring myself to take the plunge everything would work out all right. But it was a difficult situation. As a miner I was sure of a good wage; as a comedian my income was by no means certain. I had practically decided to remain in the mines, only accepting an occasional engagement near home, when Fate again took a hand in my destiny.

Resting in front of the fire one evening after a hard day's work at the coal face, my eye caught an advertisement in the Evening Citizen. It read: "Comedian wanted for 14 weeks' Scottish tour with concert party. Apply So-and-So, Glasgow." I pointed out the advertisement to Nance. We looked at each other.

"What about having a cut at it?" I said. Again the old phrase, "Just please yersel', Harry." Deciding that no great harm could come of at least finding out the particulars, I wrote a letter of application there and then. We forgot all about the matter for a week or so, but at the end of that time I received a telegram—the first I had ever received, by the way—asking me to interview The Kennedys at an address in Glasgow. I found them to be a husband and wife who were pretty well known as the organizers of concert tours round the smaller Scottish towns. Their annual summer journey was due to commence in a few days' time. Would I take the place of a comic who had let them down at the last minute? The tour had been planned for fourteen weeks, covering some of the nicest little towns in the prettiest districts of Scotland. The salary offered was thirty-five shillings a week. For this I would be expected to play three turns on the program every show and also act as baggageman, bill inspector, stage carpenter, and also check taker and "chucker out" for the cheaper parts of the house.

The Kennedys were careful to point out that this would be a great chance for a young comedian, and

they urged me to accept it. I did so on the spot, without waiting to consider the pros and cons. Everything was fixed up there and then. But my head was in a whirl all the way back to Hamilton. When I told Nance what had happened the tears came into her eyes. I think we both grat a bit that night. It was a risk, an adventure, a parting of the ways between the coal face and the footlights.

For hours after we went to bed Nance and I talked and talked over this sudden and unexpected change that had come into our lives. When she fell asleep, wearied and worried, I continued to con over all the possibilities, whether of success or failure, of the new life that lay before me. After all, I finally decided, my heart was really in my singing rather than in the drab, hard, soul-searing toil and moil of a collier's existence. Besides, if I failed I could always go back to it. But my mind was made up. I would do or die!

The tour was due to start at Beith, in Ayrshire, on the following Monday. I worked right up till midday on the Saturday and then staggered the under-manager by informing him "I had accepted an attractive professional engagement which would prevent me resuming my duties as a miner." This portentous sentence had occupied my mind for a long time in the concocting, and after I had reeled it off I felt very proud and independent. The manager looked at me with a mystified, half-pitying smile.

"Harry, ma lad," he said, "yer a guid miner an' no a bad wee singer. I'm thinkin' ye'll be back in a week or twa wi' yer tail atween yer legs." But he wished me success all the same, adding, wistfully, that he wished he had the chance himself to see a bit o' God's green country.

We shook hands cordially and parted, but as the gaffer turned away he stopped and cried over his shoulder, "If ye come roond Hamilton way, mind an' send me a free pass for yer concert!"

Nance and I spent all the Sunday together plotting and planning and dreaming. In the evening we wandered out the Lanark Road, where we had done our courting. We hated to think of the parting on the morrow and "mony a sigh an' farewell kiss" were exchanged between us. At nine o'clock the following morning I caught the train to Beith, where the rest of the concert party were due to arrive later in the day.

The Eavesdropper's Reward

THE Kennedys were popular entertainers and the tour throughout was quite successful. We went all over Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire to begin with, and then gravitated to the Border district and up to the Scottish midlands. I made three appearances in every program, singing at least six songs a night, and frequently more if I got over well. Sometimes I did and sometimes I didn't. At the larger towns, where they had had a chance of hearing other traveling comedians, I was very successful, but at certain small places the people didn't seem to know whether to laugh or cry. So they did neither—just sat still, listened and did nothing!

My pride got a nasty blow one evening in a village near Berwick-on-Tweed. I was leaving the hall after the show and was feeling rather sad because I had not had, to say the least of it, nearly so good a reception as a third-rate juggler who was one of the artistes. Standing at the foot of the lane leading up to the rear entrance of the hall was a group of locals discussing the quality of the entertainment they had just listened to. I heard my name mentioned. Pulling my cap down over my eyes I slowed up my pace, anxious to hear what the fans were saying about me.

"He's a droll wee deevil, that Hairry Lauder craitur—the comic chap that cam' oot sae often," one of the men was saying.

"Tuts, man," sneered a companion, "he's no a real comic at a'. He's a bill inspector an' he's only thrown into the program to kill the time. He was in my shop this mornin' begging me to show a bill. The wife turned to me when he gaes oot an' says, 'Wha's that half-wittit undersized nyacket onywey, Dauvit?'" I didn't wait to hear any more.

All the same that first concert trip was really an unending joy to me. We covered hundreds and hundreds of miles of Scottish territory which would otherwise have remained a sealed book so far as I was concerned. My passion for my native land was whetted more than ever. I reveled in its scenery, in its people, its customs and traditions. At every new place where we pitched our nightly tent, so to speak, I made it my task to inquire into the local history and what great men or women the town or village had produced. I had every opportunity for doing this sort of thing, because, as I have already told you, I had to act in the capacities of a veritable Pooh-Bah—baggageman, bill inspector and distributor, stage carpenter and front-of-the-house man while the people were assembling for the concert.

Immediately on arriving in a new village I had to see the props removed to the concert hall. After that I set out for a tour of the main streets, carrying with me a huge pile of leaflets which I distributed to everybody who would accept one. I had to call on the local billposter who had done our advertising a few days before, pay his account, and go round with him handing out free passes for the entertainment to such shopkeepers as had been kind enough to display our placards in their windows. After dinner I adjourned to the hall and superintended the stage fit-up, getting it ready for the evening. Often I had to tackle the whole job myself when no assistance was available. Then home to my lodgings, a cup of tea, and back to the hall in time for the "early doors." This was my daily program. As often as not the company were up at six o'clock in the morning if the jump was a long one.

Apart from traveling and their actual work on the stage, none of the others did anything—all details and odd jobs were left for the "wee comic," who found himself hard at it from early morning till late at night—a fourteen or sixteen hour day—and all for thirty-five shillings a week! But I loved every minute of it. Compared with my old life as a miner, I felt like a bird suddenly liberated from its cage. It seemed as though some good fairy had waved her wand over me and had changed all the drabness of life, the colorlessness of my former existence, into the romance of travel, the glory of fresh air, sunlight, freedom!

In Queer Beds and Quaint Houses

HOW did I manage on thirty-five shillings a week, you may ask. Splendidly, is my reply. Every week I sent Nance a postal order for a pound. This left me fifteen shillings for my own personal expenses. It was more than ample! While the more prominent stars on the program generally put up at the local hotels, the lesser fry scouted round the town for cheap lodgings the moment they arrived. In these days the local station master in most of the Scottish towns and villages kept a list of householders who were not above taking a nightly boarder. If the station master was not immediately available, there was always the local policeman or "postie" willing to oblige with a list of likely domiciles.

My plan was to let all the others have first cut at this list; whatever was left I calculated would be cheapest. And during all the fourteen weeks of that early tour I seldom paid more than a shilling for my bed. Occasionally I had to go the length of eighteen pence, but against this extravagance I frequently got shelter for ninepence and sometimes as low as sixpence. All meals were, of course, extra. But after a week or two on the road I discovered that it was a paying plan to make a bargain for bed and breakfast inclusive. I didn't mind, I would explain to the lady of the house, paying as much as one shilling and sixpence for a good bed and a decent breakfast! Sometimes the door was shut in my face. As often as not I screwed the landlady down to a shilling or one and threepence—all in!

Let me admit right off that I slept in some quaint houses and many queer beds. Only a few weeks ago, when I was playing at the Victoria Palace, London, I got a letter from a young man, now an officer in the Royal Navy, asking me, among other things, if I remembered the night I slept with his father in Troon, Ayrshire.

For a long while I couldn't make out what the letter referred to, but the strings of memory gradually loosened and I began to remember the incident which the writer recalled.

Thirty-five years ago I had gone to his mother and asked for a night's lodging. She explained that her house was full of Glasgow holiday makers and that there wasn't a spare bed in the place. But if I cared to sleep with her husband while she "crept in aside the twa weans" I could do so and welcome. Of course I did. The boy who wrote

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Sir Harry Lauder and Some Wee Lassies of Dundee, Scotland

THE GLORY OF KINGS

By
Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT W. STEWART

"Temple!" She Ejaculated; and She Spoke in a Choking Voice, Heavy and Harsh. "Temple!"

V

DAVE was still a very young man, not so much in years as in capacities. Thus he was so young that he lacked the courage to confess the guilt and shame which weighed upon him; and in his interview with his father he had hidden his contrition behind a manner almost insolent, light, reckless and indifferent. He said good-by to the older man with a nod, turned away from his father toward Counce as though the company he kept were bettered by the change. And as the car rolled down the drive, Burdon Temple stood for a space in the lighted doorway before turning wearily back into the house, his shoulders sadly bowed.

Dave knew himself to blame for that weary sadness, and he hated his father for the grief himself had caused. Hated his father, and himself as well. But he instinctively erected between himself and Counce a barrier designed to hide from the detective his own rueful sorrow; and during their succeeding days together he habitually wore toward the other man a manner jocular and baffling, nursing behind this screen his resentful grief and pain.

On the way to town he was still too shaken for speech, but by the time they reached the station he was able to command his tones.

Counce had a stateroom engaged, and when he and Dave boarded the train the berths were already made up. While the porter was bestowing their bags, Counce surveyed the arrangement with a professional eye.

"You take the berth," he directed Dave. "I'll sleep on the couch."

Dave grinned. "Across the threshold, so to speak," he suggested, and Counce nodded.

"That's what I'm here for," he agreed, and added warningly, "I sleep light too."

Dave began to prepare for the night, and the other sat on the couch with his feet extended, smoking his habitual cigar.

Dave said once resentfully, "Ever try a cigarette?"

"Bother you, does it?" Counce asked.

"If it was a decent cigar, I wouldn't mind," Dave declared, and Counce said smilingly:

"You'll get over your grouch in a day or two. How's your head?"

"Not functioning."

"How about a hair of the dog?" Counce suggested. "I've got a quart in my bag."

"Is that in the compact?" Dave asked.

"I'm working under orders," Counce reminded him.

Dave shook his head. "I've had my ration for this week," he decided, and presently got into the berth. Counce finished his cigar and methodically prepared for the night.

In spite of the fact that the fan kept the air in motion, the stateroom was warm, and Dave pushed his blanket to the foot of the berth. For a while after Counce turned out the light the young man lay wakeful, grateful for the solitude which darkness bestowed upon him. His thoughts went over and over the same ground, tracing and retracing the events of the days just gone. Counce by and by began to snore, and Dave endured this for a while and then spoke resentfully to the other man.

"Wake up!" he called, but Counce did not stir and his snoring continued; and Dave thought grimly that the detective was not so alert a sentinel as he had declared himself to be.

"I could walk out on him now," he told himself, but had no real mind to do so. He was content to submit for the present to whatever was ahead.

He slept at last uneasily, forever half waking and hanging for a while between sleep and wakefulness till sheer fatigue once more dulled his senses. Once he put up the curtains beside his berth, so that as he lay on his back he could watch the stars holding their places in the sky above him, following so effortlessly the progress of the train. He left the curtains up when he went to sleep, and now and then during the night the flare of lamps at a station made his eyelids flicker, so that he turned his head upon the pillow. But he did not draw the curtains down again.

He woke sometime after daylight to look out across a land rolling like the swelling surface of the sea. Broad fields of corn, of wheat, of clover and alfalfa extended to the horizon; and as the morning mists lifted when the sun struck level through them, the earth seemed to steam. He watched, eyes half closed, finding himself rested and heartened by the placid fecundity which lay about him. Rain during the night had somewhat cooled the air. There were clouds across the sky, but by degrees they dissolved and disappeared, and the prairies lay warm in the sun, electric with life, so that Dave thought of a cat's fur, of the way each hair rises to the touch of a caressing hand when the creature has been purring long before a blazing fire.

They traveled all that day through scenes monotonous yet beautiful; and the rare eminences occasionally visible intensified by contrast the level fertility of the prairies. Once they saw a range of steep little hills that made an L-shaped angle as they ran down to the bank of a broad, coffee-colored river, sheltering wide flats in their bend; and Dave, his eyes half closed, imagined those flats filled and peopled with high-wheeled wagons whose dingy white tops served as shelter for the folk who dwelt and traveled in them.

Once or twice they passed through a city as hideous as though it were the eruption of a plague upon the smooth breast of the prairie; cindered buildings, white-fenced stockyards, where the paint was dingy from the rubbing of countless muddy flanks, tall chimneys spreading an ugly pall, and yards filled with laden cars or empty ones which submitted like dazed and passive beasts to the hustling of the freight engines.

Dave and Counce spent most of their time in their stateroom. They had their meals served there, and though Dave's attention was upon the prospect outside the

windows, he was driven now and then to speak to the detective, inviting him to comment or conjecture.

Once, when they halted at a station, he said resentfully, "What an ugly job men make when they herd together in a city!"

And Counce lifted his eyes from the magazine which had absorbed him and looked out of the windows and replied in a practical tone:

"They do a lot of business here."

Another time Dave said half to himself, "Haven't seen a hill more than twenty feet high for two hours."

Counce nodded inattentively. "Good farming country," he agreed, his eyes on his magazine, and Dave remarked in an ironic tone: "You don't say!"

"Sure," Counce repeated. "They raise enough corn around here to feed the whole United States." He added parenthetically, "In a good year. Drought has hurt them this summer." And returned to his magazine again.

When they crossed the Platte, Dave identified the wide, shallow, racing muddy stream with a faint disappointment. "It doesn't look like so much," he suggested, and Counce asked:

"What's that?"

"The River Platte," Dave reminded him.

"Oh, yes," Counce agreed. "Say, if you had what this river's cost the railroads you wouldn't have to worry. Don't look like much now, but it's been a dry year."

"When the ice starts busting downstream in the spring it must bang the bridges some," Dave assented.

"Sure," said Counce. "It's some job to build a bridge here too. Quicksands. You stick a pile in and hit it one crack and it goes down out of sight. All you can do is keep on driving them till you hit something."

Dave, until this day, had had with Counce only the slightest acquaintance. It interested him now to lead the other into conversation, to discover something of the detective's life, to probe into his attitude toward the world and the men among whom his years had taken him. Counce had been a professional boxer; he had drifted from that into the police department and out again.

"There's more money in private work," he explained. "I saw that mighty soon."

Dave asked curiously, "What sort of work?"

"Anything," Counce said carelessly. "Somebody wants to know something about somebody else, and they ring us up. Or someone wants some strong-arm stuff pulled, strictly on the level, and they get hold of us. Or anything else."

Dave, his eyes thoughtful, said suggestively, "I suppose you can get something on almost anybody if you go at it right."

Counce grinned. "You know the old one, don't you? Couple of fellows made a bet and one of them sent a telegram to twelve different men. 'All is discovered. Fly at once.' Didn't sign any name at all. Every man in the lot was out of town by daylight!"

Dave chuckled. "You're a cynic, Counce," he suggested.

"I don't know as I am and I don't know as I ain't," Counce replied. "But I know there's mighty few men that come out of it O. K. if you go after them right."

Dave thought of his father, but he bridled his tongue and changed the subject. "Well," he said humorously, "if I ever want to blackmail anybody, I'll get in touch with you."

Counce shook his head. "My outfit doesn't touch anything like that," he declared. "Or we wouldn't be working for your old man."

"I see," Dave agreed. "A scrupulous profession!" His tone was sardonic.

"I didn't say so," Counce assured him dryly. "There's some firms that will do it. Make a business of it. I wouldn't wish anything worse for my worst enemy than to have one of them get hold of something on him. They'd milk him dry." His tone was almost respectful; and Dave shuddered faintly, like a man who sees a loathsome reptile caught by daylight scuttle to its lurking place. But the remark was to recur to him.

He discovered in Counce, in the course of their journeyings together, at once simplicity, a calm habit of adjustment to the routine of his days, and a curious sophistication. About many things the detective was absurdly ignorant; as to others he was astonishingly well informed. He had, Dave perceived, a relish for the particular business which was his present charge, and he discussed it with Dave as impersonally as though it concerned neither of them.

"Are you supposed to act as chaperon?" Dave asked him once, and Counce shook his head.

"Your old man didn't say anything about it," he replied. "I guess he figures if you want to run wild, there's no way to stop you. Of course," he added, "I'll be making reports to him right along, and maybe he'll change that. But that's the way it stands now. The only thing you can't do is lose me, or I'll come down on you hard."

Dave nodded, and Counce said, for once faintly ill at ease, "You know, young fellow, your old man is all right. There's some would have sent you over the road. If I was you, I'd make it my business to straighten out and give him a run for his money."

Dave grinned. "Is preaching a part of your instructions?" he inquired derisively, and Counce shook his head.

"That ain't in the book," he confessed. "You can take it or leave it." And struck a match to a fresh cigar.

Counce had the tickets and their joint funds. When Dave wished to buy a newspaper from a boy on the platform he had to turn to the other man. He observed, while they were undressing for the night, that Counce carried his wallet in his hip pocket, and he remarked on this.

"I should think it would be easy to lift it from there," he suggested.

Counce grinned and shook his head. "I used to pack a gun," he explained. "Anybody comes feeling around that pocket I'll know it quicker than I would anywhere else."

"I never carried my pocketbook there but once," Dave commented. "I didn't have a coat on that day, paddling a canoe down a stream in Michigan. The pocketbook fell out and dropped over the edge of the canoe, and I never found it."

"Say," said Counce positively, "don't you worry; that roll is just as safe in my hip pocket as if it was pinned with a safety pin."

That night when Dave now and then awoke he detected in the engine's roar a suggestion that it was laboring, and he remembered that they must be climbing steadily, that they must make a mile or more in altitude before they reached Denver in the morning. And he had a mental picture of that long ascent, the smoothly rolling prairies, rising ever higher; and he felt a moment's sympathy with those old ones who had first made this journey. Theirs must have been, he thought, a monotonous and weary progress. Day after day their plodding wagons crawled across an unchanging sweep of prairie; day by day the prospect ahead was exactly like that so laboriously left behind. Save that behind them their tires had cut the first rows in the short-grass prairie sod.

He woke, on this second morning, a little before sunrise. His windows were toward the south and west, and he rose on his elbow to see whether Pike's Peak were visible. Outside lay the prairies still, but here there was thin grass instead of grain, and the grass, parched by summer drought, was turning from green toward tan. Here and there hovered low clouds of dark smudge, traces of smoke left by trains which had passed in the night, drifting away upon the easy prairie winds. These smudges were at times so distinct as to seem almost palpable, and their effect upon the composition of the picture which his windows framed was as though the artist had a little marred his canvas, had not yet cleaned the smears away. While Dave watched, the belts of green and tan which blended to the horizon were in constant change, as the increasing light of the sun soon to rise behind him modified their hues; and after a time the sun did rise, and threw a thin wash of gold across the prairie, rendering the original colors brighter and more ardent without altering their identity.

Dave's eye embraced vast reaches, and here and there he saw a dot of cattle grazing, and sometimes his glance picked out a far,

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"How are Things?" He Asked in a Lame Fashion, Because He Must Say Something

Honestly it's the Best Policy

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE onliest thing I know about that feller," observed Florian Slappey, "is that he's a whang of a poker player." The spectators standing near Mr. Slappey nodded sad indorsement. Their eyes probed through the smoke-laden atmosphere of the crowded little room and dwelt upon the two negroes who were bending intently to their task.

On one side of the pine-board table sat Jasper De Void, long, lean, hungry colored person who had been a resident of Birmingham for less than a year. Mr. De Void's lengthy face was expressive of woe unutterable. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead; his mouth twitched nervously. His collar and tie had long since been discarded and his shirt was open at the throat.

Opposite this person sat a distinctly hefty gentleman of ebon hue. He exhibited none of the perturbation that agitated Mr. De Void. Immaculately groomed, marvelously self-possessed and most decidedly master of the situation, Mr. Migraine Nobles was an individual to be gazed upon with awe and reverence.

Barring Semore Mashby, emaciated little money lender, nobody in Birmingham possessed any definite information concerning Mr. Nobles or his former whereabouts. He had descended upon the Alabama metropolis unheralded and alone. Semore sponsored him. The present two-handed stud game had been, in fact, the result of Mr. Mashby's taunting suggestion.

Semore Mashby did not like Jasper De Void. Mr. De Void had arrived in Birmingham a year since possessed of two thousand dollars in cash and an inviting air of unctuous gullibility. Various and sundry colored persons had marked the lanky negro as fair game and proceeded to launch schemes calculated to separate Mr. De Void from his financial surplus. Two of these enterprises had been financed by Mr. Mashby—with results disastrous to Semore's bank roll.

"Now Seein' as I an' You is Frien's, Ise Willin' to Take a Hund'ed Per Cent Profit fo' a Quick Turnover"

In the course of a recent trip to Meridian, Semore had encountered Migraine Nobles at a lodge meeting. Following the meeting, there had been a card game and from that card game Mr. Nobles emerged with most of the cash surplus of colored Meridian. Semore bethought himself of Jasper De Void and of that gentleman's pride in his poker playing. Whereupon he engaged in long and earnest conversation with Migraine and financed the present trip to Birmingham.

Jasper was never averse to matching wits with another card player. The present session had taken on all the aspects of a duel. A dozen spectators were present and all except Semore were enthusiastic supporters of Jasper De Void. After all, Mr. De Void was a Birmingham citizen and local pride demanded that his friends wish him well.

But all their wishes had availed Jasper little. Keenly as he played, the magnificent Mr. Nobles, suave and elegant, had topped him consistently when the betting was heavy and calmly dropped out with good cards when Jasper held better ones.

Filled with confidence in his own ability, Jasper had started that game with a cash capital of precisely one hundred dollars. Migraine laid upon the table three times that amount. He did it unostentatiously, as though it were peanut money. And now, with four cards lying on the table and one more due each man, twenty dollars lay before Jasper, and all the rest of it was either in the pot or had become the property of the stranger.

The fifth card fell. The stranger had two little fives showing, while Jasper had a possible straight flush. The newcomer calmly shoved a twenty-dollar bill into the pot. Jasper called and triumphantly turned his hole card, exhibiting not a straight flush but a pair of beautiful queens.

"That ain't nothin' more than insufficient," remarked Migraine casually, exhibiting the third five. "I cops." There was a groan from Jasper's friends. Mr. De Void himself was too stunned to do more than wabble his big head around on top of a skinny neck. Migraine smirked. "Reckon you ain't in my class, Mistuh De Void."

"I—I don't admit that," gasped Jasper. "But I has a'ready lost a hund'ed dollars."

"Chicken feeds! Where I comes fum us plays fo' real money, not no hund'ed dollarses. Of co'se"—grandly—"this Bumminham ain't nothin' but a pikin' town nohow. It ain't got ——"

There was a growl from the spectators, but Jasper's newly acquired civic pride was the first to flame. He was very jealous of the Birmingham of his adoption—no stranger wan't gwine be allowed to git away with no straducement! Nos-suh!

"Bumminham is the beatest city in the world."

"Fumadiddles!"

"It's better'n New Yawk or Paris or—or—Dothan."

"Hooey!"

"It's better than—than ——"

"It ain't better than nothin'. They tol' me you was the champeen poker player heah, an' you ain't got no nerve. Callin' a hund'ed dollars money! Why, man, where I comes fum I buys chewin' gum with hund'ed-dollar bills an' don't take no change!"

Mr. De Void's lantern jaw grew hard. His eyes narrowed to little slits. "You got fo' hund'ed dollars in front of you, Mistuh Migraine Nobles. I plays you one hand of show-down draw fo' it!"

There was an audible intaking of breath, led by the stranger. "One hand show-down fo' four hund'ed dollars?"

"You hearn me." Jasper was tensely triumphant. "Where I comes fum, Mistuh Nobles, we prints our newspapers on thousan'-dollar bills an' we sells 'em fo' a penny. Now put up or shut up!"

There was a murmur of applause. Idiot, Jasper might be, but he was one whale of a sport! His recklessness was magnificent, even if it was absurd. The crowd edged closer. Trembling hands held matches to dead cigars. All eyes were focused upon Migraine.

That gentleman did not hesitate long. No one could accuse him of lacking courage. "I plays you, Jasper. Just one hand."

"Good!" Jasper's voice was crisp. "Now I ain't got that much cash money with me. But ev'y man in this room knows I has got a bran'-new sedan automobile which I just paid twelve hund'ed dollars fo'. Fo' this one hand I values it at eight hund'ed an' puts it up. What says you?"

They watched him eagerly. They saw Mr. Nobles' eye dart toward the thin face of Semore Mashby. That dried-up little financier nodded. "Jasper's tellin' the truth, Migraine. I seen him pay that money fo' the car, an' he don't owe nothin' on it, neither."

"All right ——" started Migraine, but Florian Slappey intervened. He placed a friendly hand on Jasper's shoulder.

"Craziment is the one thing you ain't exhibitin' nothin' else but," he snapped. "How come you puts up a twelve-hund'ed-dollar automobile an' calls it eight hund'ed?"

Mr. De Void shrugged. "I just aims to show this poker what Bumminham sports can do."

"You is a idjit, tha's what."

Others echoed Mr. Slappey's sentiment and Jasper appeared to hesitate. But a sneer from Migraine decided him. "Up goes my car," he said shortly. "I values it at eight hund'ed dollars. So I takes that fo' hund'ed an' the car is in the pot."

He took the four hundred dollars cash which lay upon the table, three hundred of it Migraine's original stake and a hundred that had belonged to Jasper at the beginning of the game.

There was nothing to be heard but silence as Mr. De Void dealt the cards with trembling fingers. The two men, one violently agitated and the other superbly calm, leaned forward. The spectators stood like statues.

Migraine picked up his cards one by one. Lawyer Evans Chew and Florian Slappey, standing behind him, saw that the first was the ace of spades. The second card was the ace of clubs, and they groaned. The third was king of hearts, the fourth the ten of hearts. Migraine seemed not particularly interested. He slipped the fifth card into his hand. It was the jack of diamonds.

Jasper had been studying his opponent intently, and now he picked up his first card. Those standing behind him saw the eight of clubs. His second was the trey of hearts. The third was the deuce of spades. Semore Mashby struggled to conceal his exultation. After all, Mr. Mashby, the unknown backer of the imperturbable stranger, was financially interested in the success of Migraine's wild plunge.

Jasper was shaking as he glanced at his fourth card. It was the eight of hearts. He moistened his lips and turned the fifth. The eight of spades! Jasper had three eights to start with—three eights against a pair of aces in the hand of his adversary.

Mr. De Void gave evidence of enthusiasm, although he tried to conceal his elation behind a mask of lugubriosity. Migraine paid him small heed.

"C-c-c-cards?" asked Jasper.

And then Mr. Nobles did something which brought a gasp of astonishment from those who stood behind him. Quite calmly he broke his glorious pair of aces to draw to an inside straight. "Gimme one," he said quietly. He flipped his discard across the table. It fluttered and then fell face upward—the ace of clubs.

Jasper handed Migraine one card. The spectators shook their heads. Migraine wasn't a poker player—he was an imbecile. They didn't know what Jasper had, but it was a cinch that Migraine should have drawn to his top pair in preference to taking a chance on an inside straight.

Jasper took two. His first card was a jack and his second a nine. He had failed to improve his original hand.

Migraine slipped his new card in with the four others and shuffled them. Then he held his hand close against his eyes and thumbed the cards delicately. The first three were old friends. He slid the fourth into view and smiled. It was a queen! Migraine Nobles had filled his inside straight!

He placed the cards face up on the table. "Lessen you is a wizzid, Brother De Void," he said in a silky voice, "you has lost yo'se'f an automobile."

Jasper read the message of disaster which was written in the five cards, but he did not cringe. "I on'y got three li'l eights, Mistuh Nobles." He was staring in mute horror at the fatal cards, touching them with long, nervous fingers. "Ise th'oo!"

Migraine rose and shrugged his shoulders. "An' now, Jasper ——"

Mr. De Void reached into a pants pocket and produced a little square of pasteboard. "Yo' car is parked in that big white-front garage acrost the street, Mistuh Nobles. The key is in it. Yonder is the check."

Migraine took the car check and bowed his way out of the smoke-filled room. "Much obliged, Jasper," he said mockingly. "I reckon I goes fo' a ride in my new bus. Sedans is the fondest things I is of."

The door closed behind him. Semore Mashby, afraid to betray himself by a too keen interest in the stranger, remained with the crowd.

Jasper sat motionless, staring at the cards that had been his undoing. The others hesitated to interrupt his moody reverie. Florian Slappey touched him gently on the shoulder. "I ahuah is sorry, Brother De Void," he murmured. "But there wasn't no call fo' you valuin' a twelve-hund'ed-dollar car at eight hund'ed. You just doubled how much you was due to lose."

Jasper spoke without looking up: "I didn't lose nothin'."

"Hmph! Tha's bein' brave all right, but ——"

"I didn't lose nothin', Florian—not a cent!"

"Foohshment which you speechifies with yo' breff. How come you didn't lose nothin'?"

Mr. Jasper De Void looked up. The spectators were amazed to see that his eyes crinkled at the corners and his lips were expanded into a grin of sheer good humor. "Just as I was leavin' that white-front garage tonight," he explained, "I found an automobile check lyin' on the sidewalk. I puck it up an' put it in my pocket. An' that is the check I just gave to Migraine Nobles." There was an instant of horrified silence. "An'—an' he ——"

"—— he goes an' takes the wrong car. All them cars is lef' with their keys in. By the time they finishes pursuin' him fo' takin' somebody else's automobile ——"

Cold fingers wrapped about the acquisitive heart of Semore Mashby. He edged to the door, opened it and vanished into the night air. He was headed straight for the garage and his friend Migraine. He sought to warn that gentleman of the terrible trick that had been played upon him. If only Migraine had not already left the garage with the wrong car ——

Still staring at the cards, Jasper had not moved. But if he expected approval from his dusky friends, he was disappointed. They glared down at him with distaste written large upon their countenances.

Lawyer Evans Chew voiced the sentiments of the gathering. "Jasper De Void," he thundered, "Ise ashamed at you. You has pufformed a dishonest action, one which indicates moral turkitude, per se. All Bumminham is ashamed ——"

"Just a minute, folks," said Jasper gently. "Just one li'l' teeny minute." He glanced at the ring of disapproving faces. "Did you-all notice that las' hand?"

"Yes, we seen it."

"Did you see Migraine's discard turn face up?"

"U'h-huh!"

"Then you know he busted a pair of aces to draw to an inside straight. Now I ask you, how come him to do that?"

"Reckon it was a hunch," suggested Florian.

"Hunch nothin'!" Jasper's voice was harsh. "He done that on account he knew that the top card on the deck—the card he was gwine git in the draw—was a queen!"

"What?" There was a chorus of expostulation and horror. "Why do you say that?"

"I been suspectin' fo' a long time that this Mistuh Nobles was readin' the cards, but I didn't know how. When he drawed that way against my threes—an' him

(Continued on Page 40)

"Much Obliged, Jasper," He Said Mockingly. "I Reckon I Goes fo' a Ride in My New Bus. Sedans is the Fondest Things I is Of"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 21, 1928

All-American Progress

THE final results of Mr. Dwight W. Morrow's work as Ambassador to Mexico lie in the future, but already certain real if rather intangible advantages of having in this position a man of such large affairs are manifesting themselves. In the first place, the appointment of such a figure tends to focus the rather indifferent and wandering attention of our own people, absorbed as they are in their own interests, on the weightiness of problems to the south. Then, too, the Mexicans are not indifferent to the implied compliment.

But there is another side to the matter which will be recognized more as time goes on. Instability of government and revolution do not seem to thrive in countries having highly developed means of transportation or advanced economic systems in general. The appointment as Ambassador to Mexico and the official residence there of a man who has been a leading member of the foremost railroad banking firm and a director or an important adviser of the largest of our electrical and automobile manufacturing companies should make the intelligent residents of both countries realize that Mexico's salvation lies as much in economic progress as in laws, decrees and constitutions. The two countries will speak a more nearly common language when the southern neighbor has more adequate highways, irrigation works and a better rural economy.

Readers who have followed the articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Central America by Mr. Crowther and on Nicaragua by Mr. Stimson must realize that much of the progress in these countries is due to the efforts of American engineers, business men and financiers. The same remark might be applied with no little truth to Mexico. But blowing our own horn is the one sure way of rendering worse instead of better the relations between this nation and those of Latin America.

Ever since the Civil War we have leaned over backward to avoid imperial aggrandizement. Cuba and the Philippines have been given extensive latitude. But while our policies have been above reproach, our manners have not been.

Far weaker economically than we, these countries need helpful encouragement. We, on our part, should recognize more widely in conversation and literature their achievements and gifts. It is unfortunate that we speak of these southern peoples as Indians with a slight intermingling of Spanish, even though ethnologically this is true enough.

But the native Mexican has an ancient history of which any people might be proud. The Azteca, Toltecs and Mayas were mighty races in their way and time. The Mayas, who in their old and new empires covered such a large portion of the Yucatan section of Mexico and of Central America, built some of the most imposing of cities, just now being uncovered. More superb architecture would be hard to find than that of the Temple of the Warriors, but recently discovered.

These people were agriculturists, astronomers, artists and architects. For two thousand years their civilization can be traced, and their culture reached a very high point. We hardly dare assert that our shaggy ancestors in Britain were superior. The cultural background of Mexican and Central American history is an asset to the whole race of man. A wider appreciation of such facts must aid in cementing good relations. Even though Latin-American countries are economically poorer than we, they have values and perspectives to give us which we cannot afford to slight.

Women in Medicine

DURING the past twenty years women engaged in the practice of medicine have made good to such an extent that the demand for their services has outgrown the facilities for training them. Women are, indeed, admitted to several of the best medical schools in the country, but they are, in most cases, let in on a proportional basis which narrowly restricts their numbers. More often than not their presence is tolerated rather than welcomed and their lot is not nearly so happy as it would be if they were there by right rather than by sufferance.

The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, whose school and hospital are in Philadelphia, is, if we mistake not, the only institution on this continent devoted exclusively to the training of women for the practice of medicine and surgery and their subsidiary branches. Its financial status is a close counterpart of that of virtually all institutions for the higher education of women not operated by the states. This means that they lead a hand-to-mouth existence, so engrossed in the endeavor to eke out insufficient endowments that financial problems sometimes threaten to monopolize the energies that should be directed upon educational problems.

In the present stage of our civilization there is no such thing as a cheaply run medical school worthy of the name. Science once sang small, but that was in the days when men believed that new truths could be arrived at by methods of pure reason. This sterile old belief gave way to the era of laboratory methods of research. Investigators were no longer content to accept the results of their own unaided reasoning powers to determine what would happen under a set of hypothetical conditions. Inspired by the new learning, they set up laboratories and actually produced the conditions they had been thinking about. Science all at once became a spendthrift and immediately began to score a long list of brilliant achievements which were without parallel in the history of civilization. Reading Nature in the language of experiment is an exceedingly costly procedure. It is a business that involves long chances, but when it pays a dividend it may pay a thousand for one or a million for one, whether measured in dollars or human life and happiness or higher levels of civilization.

These things are in a large measure true of all the sciences which can be profitably studied by laboratory methods—that is, by the procedure of try it and see what happens. They are conspicuously true of medicine. This is the reason for the vital importance of giving generous and unstinted support to medical schools, hospitals and the laboratories for routine and for research that go with them.

In many parts of the country there is dire need of physicians and surgeons, of both sexes, for diagnostic laboratories, without which no modern doctor likes to treat obscure conditions, for pathologists, bacteriologists and X-ray specialists to staff them. There is a steady demand for women physicians, from girls' schools and colleges, from large industrial plants and from state and municipal institutions.

There is another field which offers steadily increasing opportunities to women. This is the field of pediatrics, the care of children in health and disease. The American mother is only just beginning to discover the existence of the pediatrist and the wide range of his powers. In the larger cities such specialists have long been employed by those wise enough and rich enough to command their services, but in many of the smaller towns and rural districts they are almost unknown. Wherever the better men engaged in this specialty have been given a free hand, they have left behind an inspiring record of sickly and defective children who have grown into sturdy, normal men and women. As soon as mothers in the less thickly populated sections of the land learn what these specialists can do for their children in preventive and corrective as well as in curative medicine, they will move mountains to have them within call. Women are often peculiarly fitted for pediatrics and there are few branches of medicine in which they can achieve more fruitful careers.

The day is not far distant when the country will require the services of five or ten times the number of women physicians at present in practice. They should be afforded the training their calling demands and they should receive it under such conditions as will make it most sound and thorough. They should not have to get it under circumstances as trying and embarrassing as those which would confront a boy if, under a suspension of the rules, he were sent to Vassar or Bryn Mawr.

The New Age of Color

THE effects of our chromatic revolution are everywhere apparent. Architects no longer hesitate to gild the outside metal work of public buildings, and most observers who have noted how cheerily the goldwork blazes in the morning sun hope the practice will never be discontinued. There is an increasing tendency to employ color, as the ancient Greeks did, in the external embellishment of buildings. Everyone who sees sumptuously staged spectacles and revues must have been impressed both by the new color sense characteristic of the best contemporary scene painting and by the unprecedented beauty of the costumes. The dyeing of textiles, whether for stage use or common wear, has made prodigious advances and every familiar color has been transformed by some small but vital change which has imparted to it new life, charm and interest.

One need not leave his own fireside to observe equally striking signs of the new invasion. Hangings, draperies and floor coverings tell the same new story. The craze for colored glassware for table and parlor use has produced new hues and effects. Even the humble agateware of pantry and kitchen refuses to be denied a part in the general symphony of color. Motor cars are borrowing their hues from the waters of the Nile, from the sands of Arabia, the plumage of birds and the fire of gems. Everything that woman wears shares the new legacy of color.

Neither progressive manufacturers nor a receptive public can claim the greater share of credit for ushering in our new age of color. This must be assigned to our chemists, laboratory men and researchers. They have worked so quietly and so obscurely that we scarcely realize what a variety of new substances and materials of which to make articles of common use they have brought into being. It is characteristic of many of these new products that they are light, strong and susceptible of a bland polish. Moreover, they can be permanently and artistically colored.

Again we must thank the chemists for liberating scores of new hues from the gummy darkness of coal tar and other plentiful substances. We must pay homage to their success in elaborating new bases and solvents for the modern lacquer paints which carry the novel hues so effectively and help brighten a dingy world. We are materially richer for a whole series of such products which combine utility with beauty and not only withstand wear, weather and rough usage but have a patina which is equally agreeable to the eye and to the touch.

Here and there we find unwelcome innovations, imported crudities which, as to both color and design, smack of Bolshevistic fondness for ugliness in the raw. And yet for the most part our plunge into the field of color has been a happy experience and one which we need not repent so long as we submit to the restraint of reasonably good taste.

ROBOTS

By S. W. Stratton, D.Sc., Ph.D., LL.D.
President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
In Collaboration With Frank Parker Stockbridge

KAREL CAPEK, the Czech playwright, in his satirical drama R. U. R., gave the world a much-needed word. Already the term "Robot" has come to mean, in all languages, a working automaton apparently endowed with the power of thought. Man cannot build a machine which actually thinks, of course, but ——

In an upper room of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, stands a machine to which one may submit any problem involving the calculus—the highest branch of mathematics—and in a few minutes this Robot will give him the answer which would have taken anywhere from a month to a year to solve by formal mathematics. The machine does not think, but it eliminates the necessity for weeks of the most intensive thought.

Ali Baba, in the Arabian Nights' tale, stood before the cave of the Forty Thieves and said, "Open sesame!" The stony portal swung wide without mortal aid. A fantastic Oriental absurdity, of course, but ——

A Robot stands guard at a certain door in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Speak to the machine in Ali Baba's precise words and it will open the door for you; address it in any other manner and the door remains immovable. Fantastic, perhaps, but not absurd; merely a demonstration of Occidental engineering science.

The Prophet With the Brass Brain

FRITHJOF'S ship Ellida, in the Icelandic saga, needed no helmsman; she understood what was said to her and obeyed her master's voice. A myth, of course, but ——

On September 20, 1927, the steamship Pulpit Point made her landfall at Great Barrier Island, off the harbor of Auckland, New Zealand, after a run of twenty-one days from San Francisco, during which no human hand touched her steering gear. There were spider webs on her wheel when the Robot which had held her true to her compass course for three weeks turned the helm over to the Auckland pilot. No myth, but a reality more marvelous than the fantasy of the Icelandic scald.

In the medieval romance of Valentine and Orson a great brazen head stood in the castle of the giant Ferracute which would tell those who inquired whatever they wished to know about the past, present or future. Impossible, of course, but ——

In a room at Washington stands the Great Brass Brain. To it every day men put questions about the future, which it answers with such prompt precision that tens of thousands risk their lives and untold millions of wealth are staked upon the accuracy of this Robot's forecasts. It predicts the tides for every port in the world for years ahead. In another room at Washington a man picks up his telephone, calls for a number and receives a response from a mechanical man—a Robot. He asks the Robot for certain information and receives an audible reply.

Another Robot stands at a gate at Springfield, Massachusetts, and counts the automobiles as they pass through: it has no physical contact with them except by the medium of light, as people see. Still other Robots count money, determine for themselves when electric switches should be thrown, do a hundred mental operations so accurately that they appear to be thinking machines. They are machines with the engineer's brains built into them, eliminating the need for thought on the part of those who direct their operation. We fail to recognize them as Robots merely because they are not shaped like the mythical miracle workers of legend.

Rossum's Universal Robots in the play were machines in human form. They could think, but could not feel; had eyes and ears, but could not analyze what they saw and heard. They could do only what they were ordered to do, having no initiative of their own, until an overzealous scientist, seeking to improve them, made up a batch with nerves and feelings. Then the Robots revolted against their masters, the human race, and exterminated mankind, subsequently perishing themselves, since they had no power of reproduction and wore out in time like any other piece of machinery.

Disregarding the symbolism of Capek's satire, the parallel between the playwright's fantastic concept and the realities of modern industry is a close one. A large part of the world's work today is being done by machines which, to all intents and purposes, are Robots. That they are not generally recognized as such is due to our human tendency to find more interest in form than in function. We are still thrilled by automata in the form of men or animals. Little girls delight in dolls which walk; small boys grow enthusiastic over the stage ventriloquist's talking figures. The puppet show has not lost its appeal through the ages.

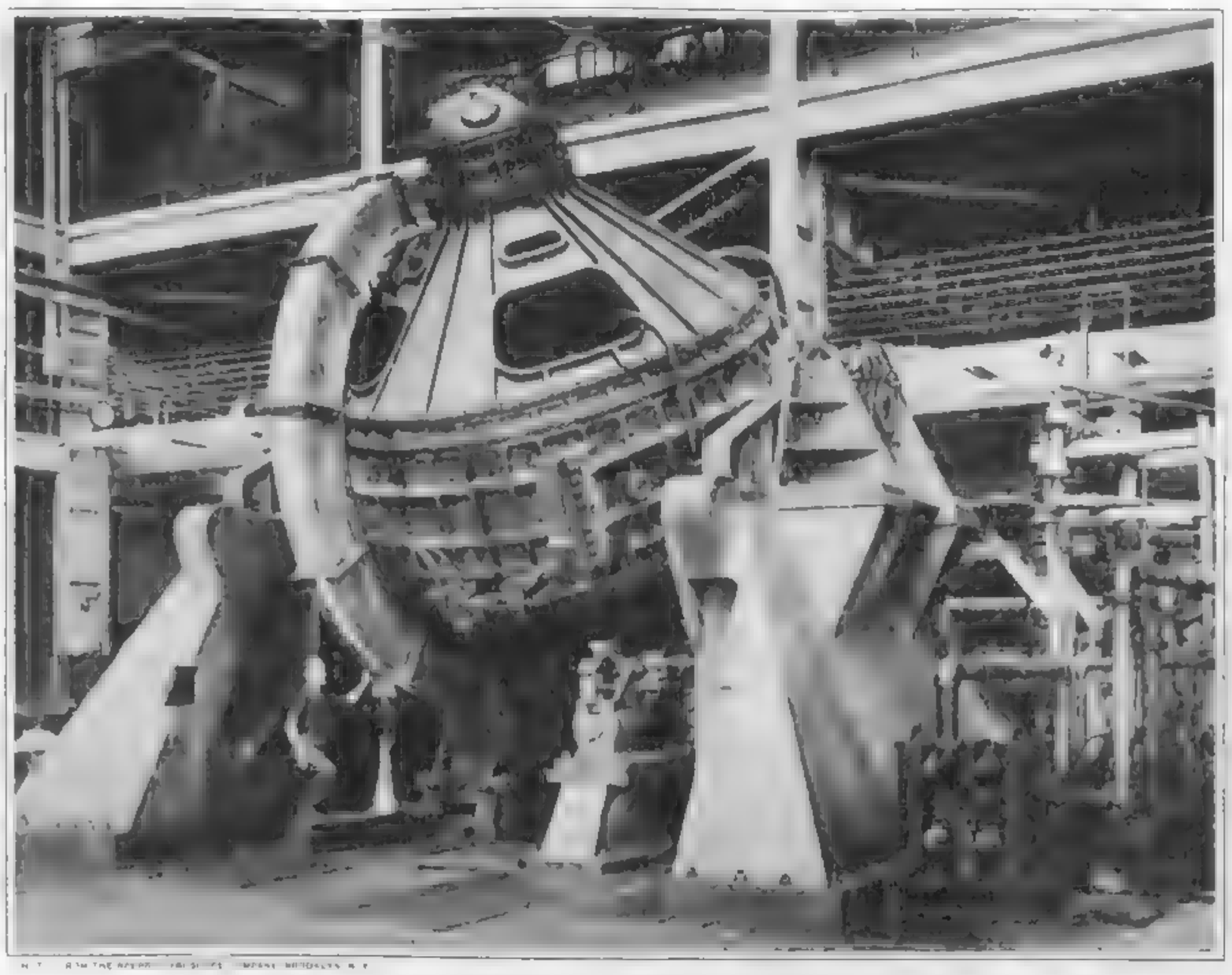
Mythical manlike monsters permeate the folklore of all peoples. Dædalus of Crete was reputed to have made statues move by filling them with quicksilver. Albertus Magnus, in the Middle Ages, terrified the superstitious with an android, or automaton in human form, which acted as his doorkeeper. Roger Bacon, Descartes and other philosophers built androids which could speak, play musical instruments and otherwise simulate human actions; Leonardo da Vinci constructed a metal fly which flew. Anthropoid figures which apparently play chess or perform other feats which call for independent thought still impose upon a credulous public which, by accepting such illusions as realities, has kept alive the age-old myth of man-made, manlike monsters, crystallized by Mrs. Shelley in Frankenstein, so that we fail to grasp the essential fact, which is that the Robots upon which modern business and industry are largely based are fully as marvelous as the fabricated monsters of myth and legend, and far more capable.

Lessening the Chances of Error

THE engineer, however, is concerned with form only as it affects utility, and no mechanical or economic need exists for giving the modern Robot human form. Indeed, they perform their humanlike functions better for not being in the form of men, for the human machine is a poor piece of work from the point of view of engineering efficiency. Created to serve an infinite variety of purposes, it serves none of them so well as a machine can do it, except, of course, such functions as reasoning, self-perpetuation and physiological reactions which are manifestly impossible to the machine. But even such peculiarly human attributes as, for example, the ability to solve problems in that abstract field of higher mathematics which is termed the calculus are successfully transferred from the brain of the engineer to the machine. The result is mechanisms which simulate thought by eliminating the need of continuous mental application to technical processes—and such machines may well be termed Robots.

One of the most familiar Robots is the ordinary adding machine of commerce. Without in the slightest degree resembling a human being, it performs mathematical computations more rapidly and far more accurately than the human brain can do them. It has the power of obeying instructions and, provided the instructions are correctly given, the answer is inevitably correct. The machine cannot make a mistake; its human master can, and frequently does. But the chance of error in giving the adding machine its instructions is so much less than the chance of error on the

(Continued on Page 75)



This Gigantic Robot, the Gyro-Stabilizer, Held a 20,000-Ton Cruiser on an Even Keel in a Sea Which Rolled the Craft Twenty Degrees When the Robot Was Uncoupled

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Kiddie-Plane is Here to Add to the Troubles of the Pedestrian

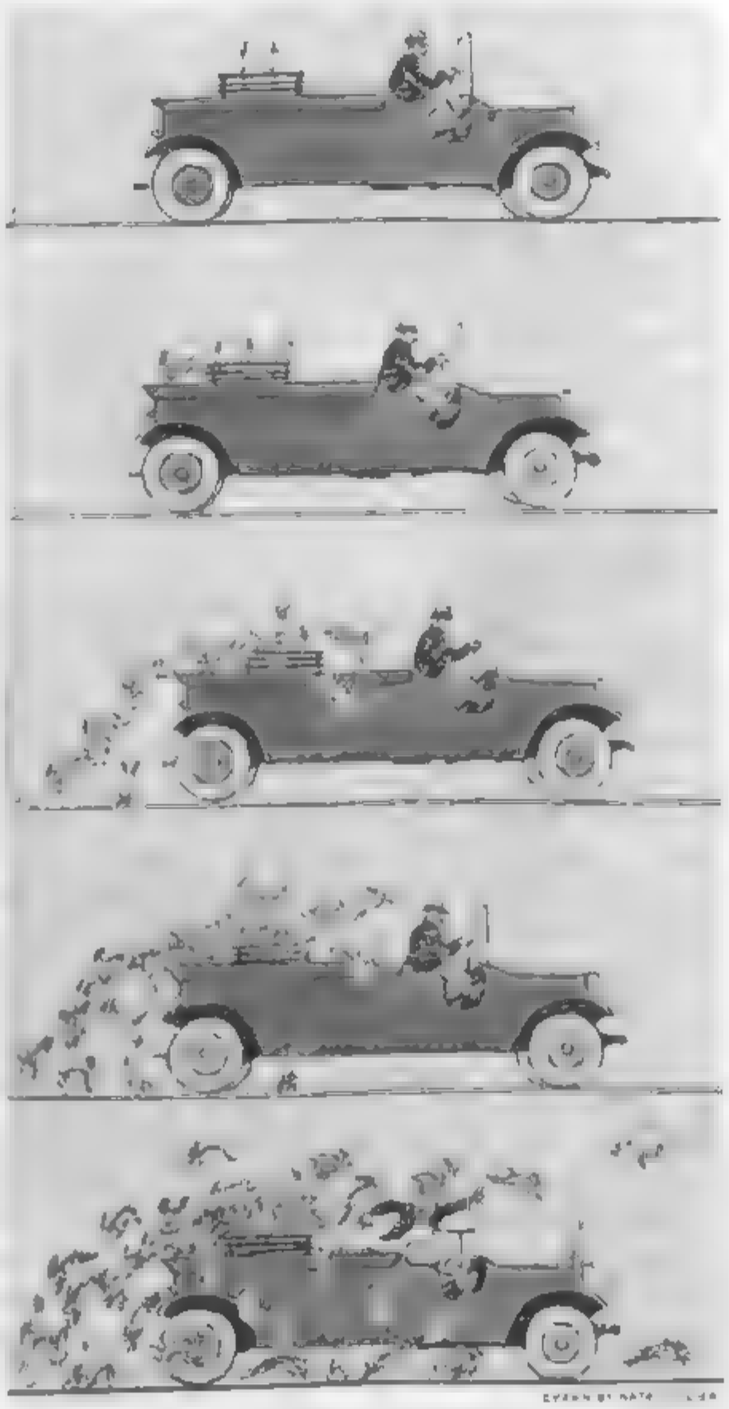
Outcast

MY DEAREST friends abandon me and no one tells me why;
There isn't any other as unpopular as I.
In business and society I never get a chance—
I must have halitosis and I cannot learn to dance.

I'm pictured in the papers as a nuisance and a fool—
I haven't a diploma from a correspondence school—
If I should run for scavenger I wouldn't poll a vote—
I must have pyorrhea and there's dandruff on my coat.

I fear that I'm a moron and I know that I'm a dub—
I'd certainly be blackballed by the Advertising Club—
I gaze on scenes of gladness from the lonely mourners' bench—
I have no book of etiquette and can't converse in French.

I'm prey to dark misgivings and I'm gnawed by vain regrets—
I have no throat for singing, as I don't smoke cigarettes
I'll go and dwell, a hermit, by my solitary self,
For I won't read Elbert Hubbard and I have no Five-Foot Shelf! —*Arthur Guiterman.*



The Man Who Took a Pair of Belgian Hares to Market

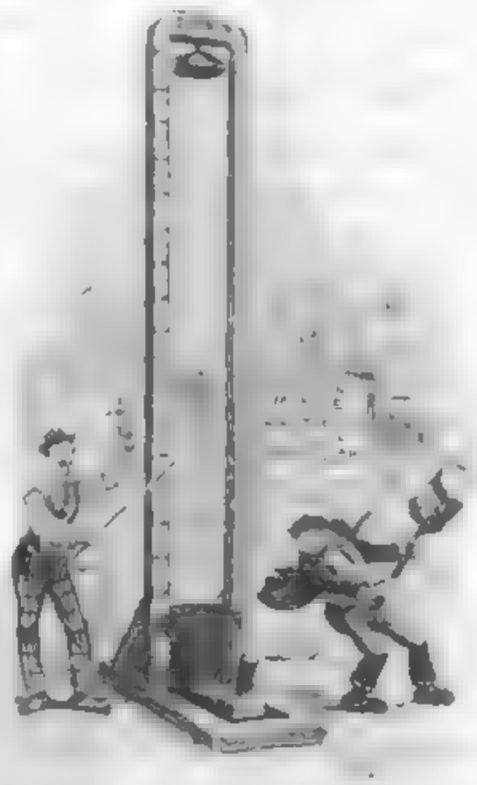
Believe These or Not

WITMER G. HOOEY on February 19, 1922, stepped up to the window of the Old Gold and Roses Theater and asked for two seats for that night, sixth row center on the aisle.

"Here you are, sir," said the attendant, handing them to him.

John Kerfoot Wimsey, a grain dealer from Nebraska, started to put his car in the garage one rainy night. A high wind was blowing, but he made it the first time without touching a fender or loosening a hinge.

"Aw, f'r th' Luca Mike, Pa! Ain' You a Dentist Too!"



The Circus Stake Driver's Day of Recreation

Between the office of Lenoir Smith Hoyland and his home there are ten traffic signals. One evening in the winter of 1928, when he was late to dinner, he hit five of the intersections just as the green showed.

On January 9, 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Ernst Plunkett attired themselves in lounging costumes, got out a few books and prepared to spend a quiet evening at home. Not a soul dropped in, nor did the phone ring a single time.

Duvaul P. Dinnwittie, a traveling man, once sent a suit to the presser at 4 P.M. with instructions to have it back at 5:15. It was returned at exactly 5:14.

Loren W. Hatch, a lawyer, age 45, had an appointment to meet his wife at a department store at 11:45 sharp. He arrived at that time, and she was waiting for him. —*David B. Park.*

CAN THE CRITICISM, FOLKS!
TRY TO UNDERSTAND US BEFORE YOU CONDEMN US! GIVE US A SQUARE DEAL!
SELL YOUR HAMMER AND BUY A HORN!
WE RE TIRED OF BEING 'PANNED!
IF YOU CANT BOOST DONT KNOCK
Margo

The Parade of the Younger Generation

Always Good for a Laugh

OH, THE standardized freshman of fiction
And the musical-comedy prof!
To this riotous team that suggested my theme

(Continued on Page 104

SOUP

and the woman "from Missouri"

ALL PRAISE to the worthy housewife. Nothing but the best will do for her family. One can picture her working with relentless zeal, laboriously going through all the tedious and troublesome steps of making her soups in her own kitchen, just as her mother did before her. And you can be sure her soups are good—make no mistake about that.

BUT JUST across the street, or in the house next door, no doubt, is a neighbor with just as particular tastes and notions about the quality of food she puts on her table. Only she has had the wit to "try" those soups that are sold at the store. She knows that this is the age of the automobile, and not of buggy rides. To her delight, and often to her real astonishment, she has discovered that the ready-made condensed soups are just as delicious, and often even more so, than she herself makes. For soup-making is only one of her many duties, while the makers of condensed soups equip enormous and spotless kitchens and they give their chefs a life-long training, all devoted to the fine art of soup-blending.

"OUR REPUTATION is in every can." The soup-maker who says that realizes how critically his soups will be judged. The tremendous, national success of condensed soups truly proves that they only doubt who have not tasted. Every housewife is a merciless judge and critic. And because she is so, the use of Campbell's Soups soars to new high records every year. Proud women—and American women are proudest of all—will not sacrifice quality for mere convenience. But when splendid quality is available in convenient form, then it is their very pride makes them take the progressive American way. So they leave their soup-making to the soup experts and count it as so much time gained for improving their tables and their homes in other ways also.

Add an equal quantity of water. Then bring to a boil. Simmer for a few minutes. And that is all. The soup is ready for your table. Twenty-one different soups—each a masterpiece—and the full list printed on every Campbell's label. Women find this a real help to them in planning their meals. Remember it when you are thinking up those new ways to give variety to your menus. 12 cents a can.

That I am keen is plainly seen,
I've brain and muscle, too.
From Campbell's meal I get my zeal
And deeds of daring-do!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

There's a Great Difference in Women

By Fannie Kilbourne

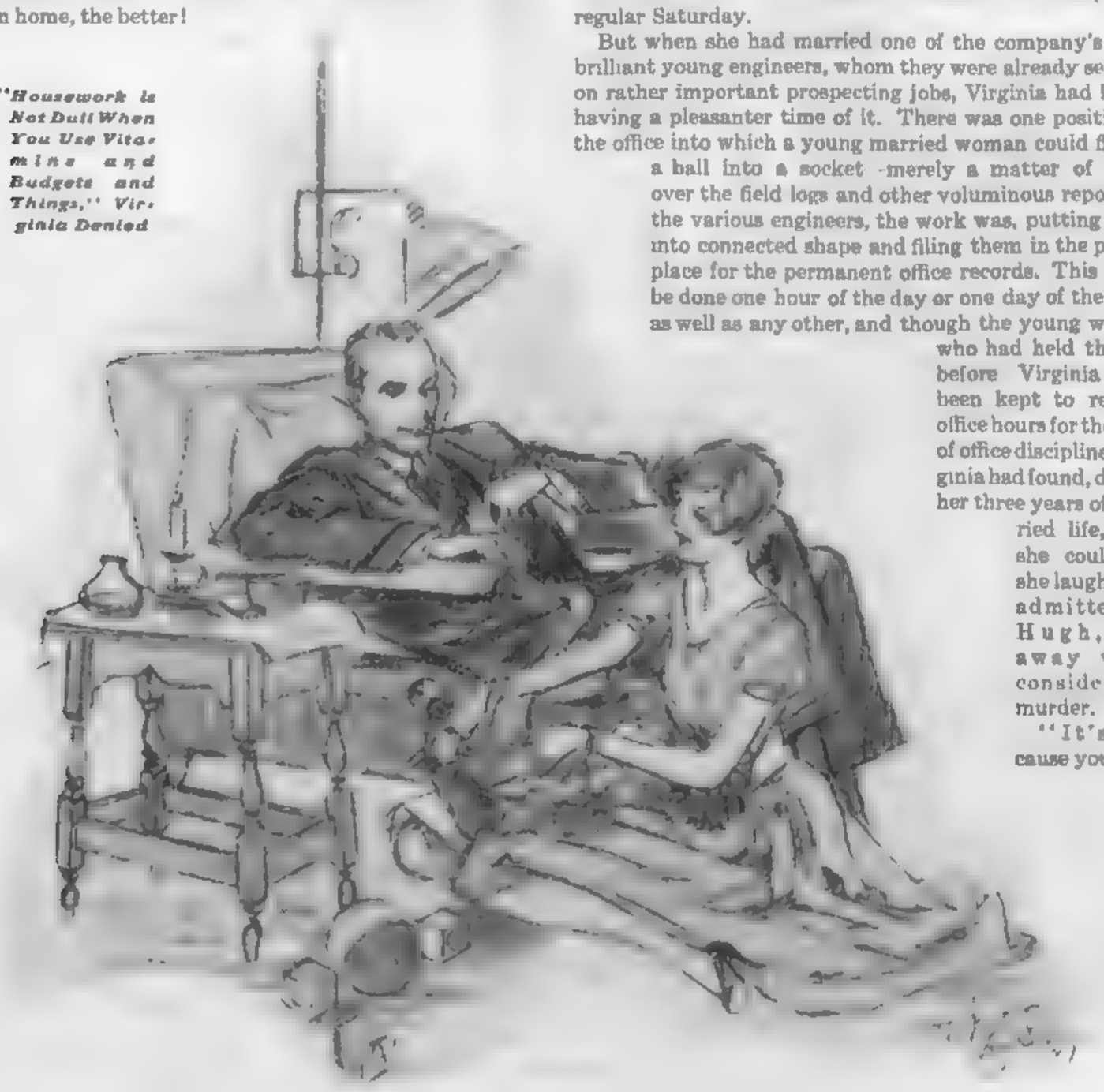
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"You Wouldn't Think a Child of Eight Months Would Have Any Psychology at All, But Tommy Is Simply Full of It Already"

VIRGINIA MORROW, trudging along the narrow board sidewalk that bordered the wide dust of the Bolshoya Ulitza, her flannel shirt open at the throat, her hands deep in the pockets of her khaki breeches, was, despite her masculine garb, depressed by a fairly feminine combination—a blister on her heel and a sense of irritated distaste for her young husband.

Neither of these, of course, would appear in her description of the trip after she returned home. She would address various women's clubs—Village Life in Siberia, she might call her talk, or An Intimate Glimpse of Some Bolshevik Peasants—in a suave little frock of transparent beige velvet, or something girlish in flesh-colored chiffon with a string of creamy artificial pearls. And suburban matrons, harassed by the tardy grocery delivery or the outrageous bill for straightening Junior's teeth or the maid who, if you please, wanted every Sunday as well as Thursday afternoon off, would look at Virginia's clothes and listen to Virginia's speech and go home all upset, feeling that they should have kept up their singing lessons or done something with that course in interior decoration or taken up dress designing seriously. For Virginia was a teasing, tantalizing proof that a young woman nowadays can eat her cake and have it too.

If she had been tall and flat-chested, and had bought her clothes to get their wear out of them, like her sister, Frederika, she would not so have troubled her housekeeping, child-rearing, bridge-playing hearers. Freddy could plant her 6 C orthopedic shoes flatly on the ground and declare in her charmless voice that all women weren't made to be housekeepers any more than all men were made to be plumbers, that women ought to do their own thinking and refuse to be all forced into the same popular mold, and nobody got in the least upset about it. Prettier and more seductive women reminded one another complacently that Freddy had no babies and that Hobart or Gregory or Ted, as the case might be, said that if they were Freddy's husband, believe them, she could have all the freedom and independence that she wanted. And the farther it took her from home, the better!



"Housework Is Not Dull When You Use Vitamins and Budgets and Things," Virginia Denied

But Virginia—now, there was a different story!

Virginia had a position with the same mining company for which her husband worked. When Hugh was sent to Siberia or Colombia or Alaska or some other far end of the earth, to report on a possible mining property, Virginia was sent as his secretary. This was a bit irregular. Some of the other engineers who would never have been able to put over such an arrangement observed with occasional acrimony that a man didn't need a secretary on such trips and that, for their part, they'd never think of working the firm to send along a wife. These trips came once, sometimes twice, a year, and it was on them that Virginia gathered the material for her talks to the various women's clubs. The talks, of course, had to be on a Saturday afternoon.

"Because," as she would charmingly explain to the chairman, "I'm a very busy business woman, you know."

Once in a while, however, she would find that she could manage it for a Tuesday afternoon, or a Wednesday, or a Thursday, or a Friday. Never, of course, more than once a week; or at most, twice. As a matter of fact, her position with the mining company had been, since her marriage, rather flexible as to hours. Before that, she had been, indeed, a very busy business woman—nine to five, with an hour at noon and never a dreamed-of afternoon off except the regular Saturday.

But when she had married one of the company's most brilliant young engineers, whom they were already sending on rather important prospecting jobs, Virginia had begun having a pleasanter time of it. There was one position in the office into which a young married woman could fit like a ball into a socket—merely a matter of going over the field logs and other voluminous reports of the various engineers, the work was, putting them into connected shape and filing them in the proper place for the permanent office records. This could be done one hour of the day or one day of the week as well as any other, and though the young woman who had held the job before Virginia had been kept to regular office hours for the sake of office discipline, Virginia had found, during her three years of married life, that she could, as she laughingly admitted to Hugh, get away with considerable murder.

"It's because you look like such a helpless baby doll, you reprehensible young scamp, you!" Hugh would accuse her, with amused, adoring indulgence. "When we go to dinner with the chief you look up at him with those stricken-doe eyes of yours, and he does everything but cut up your meat for you."

They had dinner with the chief rather often; the big man had great faith and interest in Hugh and was, he frankly admitted, betting on him to go far. And he thought that Hugh's wife, with her corn-silk hair and soft brown eyes and her pink cheeks, as guilelessly, kissably curved as a two-year-old's, was the cutest little trick he'd seen in a long time. He treated her with a flattering, fatherly sort of gallantry, and the office manager took his cue from the chief.

Pretty young Mrs. Morrow accordingly enjoyed all the privileges of a rather special sort of job.

These privileges did not, it must be admitted, include any very staggering salary, but Hugh's salary was, fortunately, going ahead at a steady pace, which made up for the fact that Virginia's was almost stationary. Hers was large enough, of course, to pay the competent maid who absolutely ran their city apartment, to have the family mending done and to pay for the considerable variety of smart frocks and hats which helped to make the women's club members so discontented with their lot.

And now, on this trip, as though she hadn't had an outrageously unjust share of life's plums before, she had left behind her a pink-and-white dimpled scrap of a baby, a tiny son, who, at three months, was already beginning to look exactly like Hugh.

"How can you ever bear to leave your baby?" the women clustered around the tea table—Virginia was usually guest of honor at a tea after one of her little talks—had all asked her, unbelievingly, before she left. "And to go so frightfully far away too! Siberia—that sounds like the end of the world. Suppose he should be sick while you're away."

"Why should he be?" Virginia would ask. "He's the fattest, healthiest little rascal in the world. And I'm leaving him with an expert baby nurse who reports to the baby specialist twice a week. She's worked for friends of mine for years and she's as faithful as Old Dog Tray. Any baby is ten times safer in expert hands like hers than with the average amateur mother!"

(Continued on Page 28)

Double action health-cleans City of Sunbrite homes

Sunbrite Purifies

Things hard-to-clean need double action

Food particles and stale odors, wherever they gather, are quickly banished by **Sunbrite.**

Double action — cleansing and sweetening—keeps the tiny wedges of meat grinders clean and fresh. **Sunbrite** gets at the sticky remnants in waffle irons. It removes every particle from graters.

Into the depths of coffee and tea pots this two-purpose cleanser carries its purifying element. Coffee from a **Sunbrite**-clean percolator is sparkling and delicately flavored. None of the bitterness that mars the beverage from other than fresh and odorless utensils.

Sunbrite's low cost makes possible its free use for all household cleaning.

Stove and refrigerator, kitchen sink and bathroom fixtures, can be kept shining and sanitary—all by one process through **Sunbrite** double action.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 26)

Some amateur mother usually sniffed a little at this, but Virginia knew that there was a goodly bit of the breath of envy behind the sniff. Poor soul! Having no trained baby nurse herself, she probably couldn't get away to go into the city to the theater an evening a month. It's always the women who are tightly tied themselves who are most eager to share their bonds with all their sex.

"And even if Tommy should be sick while I'm away"—Virginia's smile was her most charmingly effective, brave and wistful; she would shrug her chiffon shoulders gallantly—"*c'est la guerre*. I should have to bear my anxiety just as a man would bear it." Again the charming, brave and wistful smile. "That's one of the things we modern women are up against, you know."

Once in a while, when Virginia said something of this sort, one of her hearers, usually an older woman, would glance at her in shrewd appraisal. Perhaps keened ears fancied some faint, shrill overtone of panic hiding in Virginia's sweet, modulated voice. Perhaps sharpened eyes noticed the tiny patches of white that sprang out close beside Virginia's delicate nostrils, as though the blood had been suddenly pinched away by invisible nerves of clutching fear. Or perhaps, of course, it was merely some old woman who had never learned to think in the free, new, modern ways, taking it for granted, in her ignorance and prejudice, that women are still afraid of all the things they used to be.

"That's the trouble with most of us women," Virginia would go on, graciously including herself with her hearers, though she knew of course that she really didn't belong there—"we've never learned to think for ourselves. We've gone on repeating parrot-like what every Tom, Dick and Harry has told us we were like—what we ought to do and be: 'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.' . . . 'No other hand is half so soft as mother's; no other's wisdom ever half so wise.' . . . 'The home is woman's true kingdom, her children her crown jewels, her husband's love her throne.' . . . Very pretty, but how many of us ever stop and say, 'Oh, yes, but is this really true—for me?'" Virginia would smile companionably. "I imagine most of us don't. If we don't happen really to fit the popular pattern we do our best to pretend to, or try to make ourselves over till we do.

"Why, take my own mother"—Virginia would be deliciously frank and confidential—"she had a really great musical gift. But everybody told her that woman's place was in the home, that her music would be sweetest of all in lullabies. And she—poor dear—never looked at herself honestly and said, 'Is this really true—for me?' Women seldom did in those days. She listened to what everybody else was saying. She gave up her dreams and did her best to be a faithful *hausfrau*. After a few years she didn't even play; with five of us, there was no time for practice, and she was too much the artist to be willing to do the thing poorly.

"The worst of it is," Virginia would go on—when one is thinking for herself one must be honest, even about her own mother—"the worst of it is that she never made a very good mother in spite of her sacrifice. She was frustrated and restless, and of course she became bitter." Virginia would smile, whimsically rueful. "I don't remember her hand as particularly soft. And I'm sure—poor dear—she wasn't always wise."

Virginia didn't actually remember, personally, so very much about her mother. She had been the baby of the five, and, shortly after she had come along, her mother had given up the fight and gone on, perhaps to some more congenial land where all music isn't lullabies. She had her knowledge of her mother from Fredericka, who had been the oldest and known her mother best.

In fact, Virginia repeated Freddy's most orthopedic ideas; Virginia's most radical modern theories were really Freddy's, but, someway, they sounded different when Virginia set them forth.

That is the unfair advantage of beauty and charm. It is like colored glass through which the cold light of reason seems rose-hued and romantic.

Virginia, kissing her baby good-by and starting off with her handsome young husband, her steamer coat of the latest English cut, her small hat pulled down to hide all but one teasing glimpse of corn-silk hair, could not have succeeded, even if she had tried—which, of course, she didn't—in looking like a very busy business woman setting off on a business trip. She made one think, instead, of shadowy decks and moonlight nights at sea, stimulated speculation as to susceptible young men in Colombia or Siberia.

There was right now, as a matter of fact, a highly susceptible young man here in Nizhni-Odinsk, a handsome fresh-from-college chap that they had picked up in Harbin to act as interpreter for Hugh and to buy great bunches of Siberian lilies of the valley, pink as roses, for Hugh's wife. Each offering might have been willingly torn out of his very heart, and Virginia knew it. But the knowing did not help her for a moment to forget the blister on her heel, nor did it distract her one iota from her half-hurt, half-resentful preoccupation with her husband. The attraction Virginia had for men was as prodigally diffuse as fragrance. The attraction that men had for her was double distilled, all concentrated in Hugh. And Hugh was behaving as he always behaved on a trip—fractiousness incarnate.

The genial, reasonable, adoring husband Virginia knew at home she saw abroad in but the briefest flashes—of an evening, perhaps, after a day when whichever foreign official with whom he was dickering had seemed inclined to be reasonable, or when the day's panning had shown unexpectedly better than the necessary thirty cents to the cubic yard, and, of course, after the prospecting and dickering were at last over, the agreements signed on the dotted line. Then Hugh was like a boy let loose from school, penitent for all past irritability, prodigal with love and patience, ready for any sort of skylarking. Even when the job had gone badly and ended in an impasse, once it was done and settled, Hugh put it aside and became himself again.

But while he was actually on the job he simply wasn't fit to live with, Virginia told herself as she plodded along the dusty, wide Bolshoya. Her heel was torturing her, and there never was a place to sit down in one of these miserable Siberian towns. She could go into the Sobor, of course, but she was in no mood for church. Perhaps if Hugh got back in time—fortunately, for once there was this village near enough so that Hugh could ride out to the job every day instead of camping, as they usually had to do—they might walk down to the Sad for dinner. A sort of public park the Sad was, though it cost two or three kopecks to sit under its trees and listen to the really fine music that was played of an evening in its band stand. The café there was not bad—for Siberia, Virginia sniffingly qualified the compliment—but the short walk to it from the hotel loomed as a grilling endurance test ahead. And if she even mentioned the blister to Hugh he would probably act as though she had got it on purpose—for her own selfish pleasure and to make things harder for him.

On the other hand, if he came home tired and wanted to stay right at the hotel for dinner—Virginia felt herself swept by waves of prophetic nausea. The great tureen of thick, suspicious-looking soup, the dirty bread! Off on the job Hugh never cared what or where he ate, or how he lived. The morning after their first night in the Moderne Hotel—"modern hotel," now there was a Slavic joke for you!—Virginia had discovered that she and Hugh were far from the only occupants of their rather dubious-looking beds

"Oh, sure there're bugs!" Hugh had accepted her shocked announcement with nonchalance. "There were in Colombia, too, don't you remember? You've got to get used to little things like that when you're away from home."

"There's no need in the world for it!" Virginia protested, outraged. "I'm sure they could get rid of them if they tried. We don't have them in American hotels."

Hugh pulled on his shoes, laced them vigorously. "Well, you tell the proprietor what to do about it," he suggested. "That's what you learned Russian for."

That was a dirty crack. For Virginia had not learned Russian. Of course she couldn't have learned a great deal, anyway, in the two months they had been planning for the trip, but she had really meant to do all she

(Continued on Page 31)

"How Can You Ever Bear to Leave Your Baby? And to Go So Frightfully Far Away Too!"

Men and Women Alike Recognize Chrysler's Leadership

WHEN a product like Chrysler leaps into prominence almost over night and continues growing in public favor month after month and year after year, there can be little question that it offers qualities and values not to be found in other products of its price-class.

The fact is, men and women everywhere concede the dominance of Chrysler engineering—engineering which never rests its efforts, thus maintaining its product as fresh and as new as it was in its very outset.

This spirit of progressiveness has been responsible for the pioneering and development of every significant improvement in motor cars since the first Chrysler. And through the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality, developments originated for its higher-priced cars are passed on to those of lower price.

As a result Chrysler cars—"52," "62," "72" and the new 112 h. p. Imperial "80," priced from $725 to $6795—can be compared only with others far above them in price. For they represent not only far more than money could buy in the past, but more than the same money will buy elsewhere today.

* * *

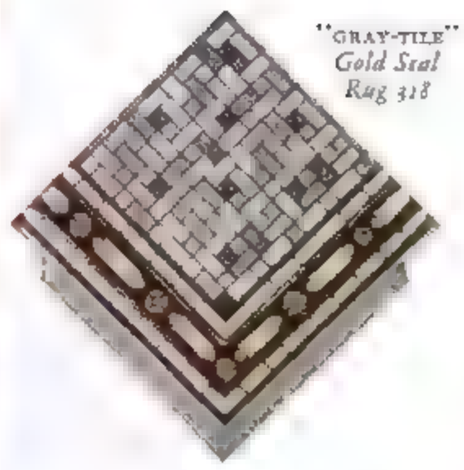
All Chrysler models are exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 28th to Feb. 4th.

CHRYSLER

"52 • 62 • 72 • NEW 112 H.P. IMPERIAL 80"

40 BODY STYLES—$725 TO $6795, *f. o. b. Detroit*

The "RED-TILE" design is Gold Seal Rug 320



"GRAY-TILE" *Gold Seal Rug 318*

Don't be misled~

You can identify the *one and only genuine* "Congoleum" by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the goods. Don't be influenced into buying an imitation. Only the *genuine* can give you the high quality and lasting satisfaction for which *Gold Seal* Rugs are famous.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

"RED-TILE"..... the charm of OLD FRANCE~ in the most modern of floor-coverings

SMARTLY designed in the same lovely shades as the tile floors in old French kitchens. Gay . . . picturesque . . . neat . . . creating an atmosphere of cheerful tidiness. Surely the new Congoleum "RED-TILE" design will be welcomed by a host of housewives—especially those who like warm, radiant colors.

What possibilities to brighten up *your* workshop are offered by this delightful Congoleum pattern. Immediately you visualize gay touches of harmonizing color—bright curtains—a sunniness spreading to every corner. For after all, why should a kitchen be dull and drab?

And "RED-TILE" is only one of the new Congoleum designs. There are nine in all, four of them shown on this page. The others are equally as distinctive and colorful—all were created by noted designers. Among them you are sure to find an appropriate design and size for any room.

MUCH as you'll admire the beauty of these new Congoleum Rugs, you'll like their exceptional quality and very low prices even more. Then there's the matter of labor-saving—so important to women who do their own work. With Congoleum Rugs on your floors, sweeping drudgery is ended. Just a moment with a damp mop and these modern, flat-lying rugs are spotlessly clean.

Are they durable? The *Multicote* finish is the answer. This exclusive Congoleum process is *not merely a surface finish* but builds unequalled durability right through the heavy pattern. It insures years of satisfactory service.

And remember, when you buy a *genuine* Congoleum Rug you get the utmost floor-covering quality and value that money can buy.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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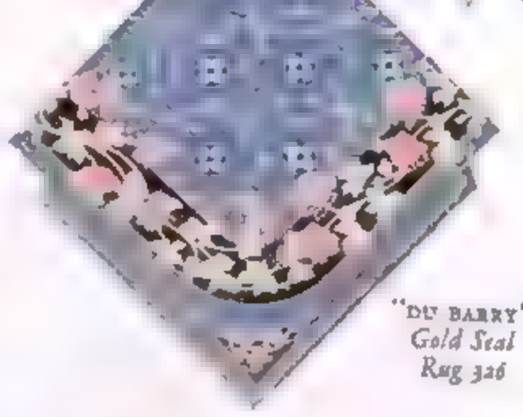
"CHRYSANTHEMUM" *Gold Seal Rug 322*



"DU BARRY" *Gold Seal Rug 326*

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"COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME," by Anne Pierce, has already helped thousands of women beautify their homes at small expense. Full of practical, sensible "pointers" that any housewife can use to advantage. The latest edition is even more complete than the earlier ones. It contains many new illustrations and helpful suggestions, as well as an ingenious chart of color harmony. Send this coupon for a free copy to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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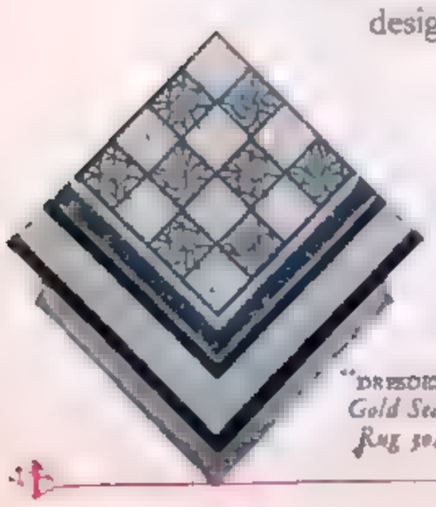

"DRESDEN" *Gold Seal Rug 304*

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

(Continued from Page 28)

could to pick up a smattering. But those two months had been only Tommy's second and third in the world, and she had had her job besides. She had gone back to work just five weeks from Tommy's birthday.

"Women coddle themselves too much," she had often quoted Freddy. "Any broad-minded modern doctor will tell you that there's not the slightest need for a healthy woman—and it's up to us all to be just as healthy as men—to give up more than a month to having a baby."

Virginia's extra week at home had been a compromise with Hugh. Hugh had been downright sentimental about Tommy's coming, had been inclined to treat Virginia with all the traditional awed reverence as the mother of his child. Virginia had secretly liked this, but, warned by Freddy, she had also recognized its danger.

"If a woman wants to be anything in life besides just a wife and mother, the time when her first baby arrives is the most critical time of her life."

All of Freddy's friends—clever young women, reporters or doctors or lawyers or business women—had agreed on that. Some of them had a baby or two of their own and knew whereof they spoke. And they all knew other young women—horrible examples—who had dropped out of the running "for just six months, or a year at the very most"—and never come back.

Some of these other young women had had a handicap that Virginia had never known—old-fashioned, demanding husbands who had fought their progress every painful step of the way. Hugh had been so blessedly different. He had honestly wanted Virginia to do whatever she wanted most to do. He had promised, when they were married, that she could keep right on with her job, and he had done his best to make it easy for her. It was his influence with the chief that had had her sent along as his secretary on every trip he took; none of the other engineers took secretaries with them. It was he, this time, who had found and investigated the trained baby nurse with whom they had left Tommy.

Oh, at home Hugh was the dearest, fairest, most understanding husband in the world. It was only off on trips that he acted like this—throwing it up to her that she hadn't learned Russian, on top of having a baby and a job; to say nothing of all her talks to the clubs.

The thought of her club talks brightened Virginia's horizon now ever so slightly. Christopher—he was the current susceptible young man—was picking up some interesting icons for her. She always took home as large a collection of native craftsmanship as possible from the countries she visited, though Hugh always made a fuss about the extra luggage and the bothers with the customs. The icons would make her Siberian talks so much more effective.

Besides the icons, she had found very little worth taking home from Nizhni-Odinsk—only a brass samovar, which would be stunning on the tea table in her apartment living room, and a half dozen tiny silver wine cups, which would be very effective on the shelves among her pretty china. Then there were five cross-stitch tea cloths which she had picked up this afternoon at a stall in the open-air market. These would serve a double purpose: She would show them the icons, explaining to her hearers how the native women, after serving tea to callers, would, while the callers were still there, wash the tea glasses—tea in glasses, that was a nice picturesque touch she must mention!—and dry them ceremonially on these embroidered cloths. And after they had served their public service, the cross-stitched towels used as tea cloths would add a pleasantly cosmopolitan touch to private little tea parties in her own apartment.

Back at the Moderne Hotel at last, she found that for still another day there had been no mail from home. Queer why that should give her so sick a sense of fear and foreboding. No news is traditionally good news. Unfortunately for her accepting of this reassurance, however, Virginia knew too well that no news in Siberia does not mean necessarily that no news had been sent, but merely that none has been received. Still, though, if there had been a cable, that would have reached her. And Hugh had instructed the nurse minutely to cable in case Tommy should be ill—seriously ill, that is.

Of course Tommy wasn't sick. He was the fattest, healthiest little rascal in the world. That one time, when he was only seven weeks old, had been just because his formula had been changed too abruptly. The specialist had laughed with good-natured scorn at her anxiety. Even an expert nurse makes a little error in judgment like that once in a while. It hadn't amounted to anything. In three days Tommy had become his placid, sleepy, bubble-blowing little self again. But those three days! Virginia would never forget them. She had sat in the office copying Von Wiedel's report on platinum. Even now the mere word "platinum," caught in casual conversation, would set black thoughts to fluttering in Virginia's mind, as though it were a vagrant wind blowing charred bits into the present from some flame-swept bleak field of the past.

Tommy had been so unbearably pathetic. Overnight his lusty cry had become fainter, plaintive, his eyes had taken on that desolate, puzzled, sick-baby look. Of course he hadn't really looked up at her in appeal, asking her in mute helplessness what was the matter, begging her to help him. Scientifically—oh, Virginia had read two of the best baby books—she knew that a seven-weeks'-old baby has neither thoughts nor even accurate vision. Unfortunately emotion and science do not always speak in the same tongue. Each of the three mornings, when she had left for the office, turning her back on that look of helpless, mute appeal, her own eyes had smarted with guilty tears. And the one morning, when she had finally had to loosen Tommy's tiny hand clinging feebly to her finger, it had been like tearing a bit of her own flesh apart.

But of course Tommy wasn't sick now. If he had been, there would have been a cable. Suppose, Virginia thought suddenly, there should be a cable. The thought caught Virginia with the sudden pain of a cinder blown into the eye. It was as sharp and agonizing as though the possibility had not been discussed frequently and sensibly before she had left New York. Suppose a cable should come tonight—tomorrow morning. It would take her four weeks—three at the very least—to get home. And in four weeks—even in three—Virginia pressed her fingers against her eyelids hard to shut out these foolish, irrational speculations. She tried determinedly to recall the feeling of sensible philosophy with which she had left Tommy behind.

There was, though no mail, a message for Hugh awaiting her arrival. It had come, couched in the stilted English of the *emissar's* interpreter, early in the afternoon. The *emissar* would wait upon Mr. Morrow at seven that evening. That was just the way Russians did business, Virginia thought resentfully. Hugh had had an appointment with the *emissar* last evening and another the evening before that. At neither of these had the *emissar* appeared. Quite as likely as not, he would not appear tonight either.

Well, tonight he wouldn't have the chance to disappoint them. Hugh could never be counted on to return at any specified time unless he were engaged ahead. Besides, he would be tired and in no mood for a conference. The *emissar* had kept Hugh waiting twice; let the *emissar* wait once. Virginia located Christopher, and they drafted a polite note, in Russian, asking the local official to postpone the appointment to the following evening, and sent it off by a trusty messenger. They might have telephoned, of course, but, as Christopher said, the messenger was a lot quicker.

Christopher had brought her another icon, of some unfamiliar metal, uniquely carved. Looking at it, getting Christopher's story of how he had obtained it—this would go very well in one of her talks at home—Virginia was able to crowd out her irrational fears about Tommy. There wasn't any cable; it was foolish to go on worrying as though there were. Her sense of irritation, too, was foolish. She would forget that also, put on her blue dress and powder up prettily for Hugh. She could fix the blister with a bit of court-plaster and they would go down to the Sad for dinner. The *sash-lik*—spitted veal and bacon—was delicious there. Some charming folk music—several of Hugh's favorites—was to be played. With the combination of good food and good music, the coolness of the evening and a pretty wife, perhaps Hugh's disposition would improve. Virginia hummed hopefully under her breath as she dressed.

"Hello, darling." She was resolutely cheerful as he came in before she had finished dressing.

"H'lo." Hugh gave her a dutiful peck on the cheek, but his heart was obviously not in the work.

Virginia's little flurry of gayety and hope died down instantly. Unwilling to admit its going, she held up the new icon Christopher had found, began brightly on Christopher's account of how he had found it. But it was obvious that Hugh was not to be won to interest by icons.

At her first comma he broke in: "Haven't heard from Kounin today?" Kounin was the *emissar*.

"Oh, yes, he sent a message sometime this afternoon. He wanted to call on you this evening. I got Chris the very instant I got home"—a faint preening with justifiable pride in her own efficiency—"and sent word asking him to come tomorrow evening instead."

"You got Chris and—what?"

Virginia repeated her statement, but, with complacence instantly vanished, added half apologetically:

"I thought you'd be too tired, and, besides, I wasn't sure you'd be back in time."

Hugh said nothing. In the ominous silence Virginia fluttered nervously.

"Wasn't that all right?"

"It was all wrong," said Hugh curtly. "Has it slipped your mind that I've been trying for three days to get in touch with Kounin?"

"He disappointed you twice," Virginia reminded him defensively. "When that other man—the one with a beard—didn't meet you as he promised you didn't even make another appointment at all."

"If you had been slightly interested in our mission here," said Hugh, "you would have known that the man with the beard had more to gain by seeing me than I had by seeing him, and that with Kounin it happens to be the other way round."

Virginia was daunted.

"You may have observed," Hugh added, "during your four years as a business woman, that that fact always makes a difference in the course of action you take."

Virginia swallowed over a sudden lump in the throat that was not so much resentment as a sense of hurt, frightened home-sickness. She felt suddenly all alone in an alien land. This was not the indulgent, adoring husband that she knew at home; this was an almost frightening stranger, a curt and disapproving boss.

"I thought you'd be tired"—it was a definite effort to steady her voice—"and I wasn't sure you'd get home in time anyway."

"The last thing I said when I was leaving this morning," said Hugh, "was that I'd make a point of getting back by six because something might turn up this evening. I suppose you were too much absorbed thinking about the trash that Christopher was getting you to have heard me."

"Oh, I do remember your saying that now, but I thought ——" Virginia stopped suddenly with the realization that it wouldn't help matters any to explain that his remark had slipped her mind because she had thought he meant that the something which might turn up was of a purely pleasureful and social nature for the two of them, or perhaps hiring a troika and going for a ride.

There was a little pause.

"What time did Kounin's message come?"

"Early in the afternoon."

"Did you send the answer back by his boy?"

"No, I only sent my message a half hour ago. I wasn't here when his came. There wasn't anything to do and I walked over to the market."

"Oh, you did." A significant pause. "I suppose you and my interpreter picked up a wonderful bargain—something perfectly sweet in the way of a pink tea set or a cute little white elephant."

For an instant Virginia's heart leaped to a very feminine hope. Could it be that her husband was jealous of Christopher? His speaking of him twice in that tone! Could it be that that was what had been causing the trouble right along?

"Hugh," she asked gently, with the relief of suspecting that her feet were unexpectedly on familiar soil, "do you mind my going around so much with Christopher? You—surely you're not jealous?"

Hugh laughed shortly.

"Of that putty-faced infant in arms? Thanks for the compliment."

"Then why"—the tears came rushing at last to Virginia's soft brown eyes; one hung on the upward curve of an incredibly long eyelash—"then why are you so cross to me all the time?"

For once Hugh was utterly unmoved by tears.

"Because," he answered frankly, "you're so damned inefficient."

The tear splashed over, traced a fresh damp pathway through the powder on Virginia's childlike, kissable cheek.

"You're taking advantage because I'm your wife," she said brokenly. "If I were just your secretary you wouldn't talk to me like that."

"If you were just my secretary," said Hugh, "you'd have been fired the first day out." Virginia looked so incredulous, amazed, that he elaborated the statement. "If you hadn't been my wife I'd never have dreamed of bringing you in the first place. If you were just my secretary—why, you don't even know what a secretary is!"

Virginia's soft red lips parted in outraged protest, but her husband gave her no chance to utter it.

"A secretary, to be just passable on a trip like this," he elucidated—"just passable, mind you—has got to be a perfectly efficient machine, have her mind right on the job twenty-four hours a day, tend to all the routine part of traveling, from buying the tickets on. She can't forget the things I tell her, or make stupid mistakes; she's got to expect to stick around waiting for messages that, likely as not, don't come. She's got to be a good sport about all the accommodations in a foreign country. That's to be just a passable secretary."

Hugh warmed to his work.

"To be a good secretary—and a blame good secretary is the only kind that it's worth bothering with at all on a trip like this—she's got to understand something about what we're here for. Make it her business to know, without

(Continued on Page 102)

Early in the 17th Century Galileo pioneered modern astronomy and the measurement of interstellar space.

THROUGH the ages men have sought means to avoid the errors of human senses. And little by little science has learned how to replace guesswork by exactness.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Gem Collector in Europe

By Dr. George Frederick Kunz

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

ONE of the things that has always struck me as most curious about gems is that they are never found in the vicinity of towns and cities. As if with a sure foreknowledge of where man would build, Nature has always infallibly, and with great secrecy, hidden her rarest treasures far from these sites.

Yet, in spite of the fact that no gems have ever been mined in the vicinity of large cities, there is no portion of the globe in which Nature has not concealed some lovely gem. In every state of our Union, although we are the poorest of all the continents in this kind of wealth, some jewel is mined; and in practically every country in Europe, again not richly stored with gems, some precious or semi-precious stone is found. Yet—clever Nature—it is in the uncitied continents of Asia and Africa, so difficult of access, that she has hidden her greatest wealth.

To gems, as to other mineral resources, such as coal and oil, there is a limit. True, additional resources are constantly being located. A new opal mine is opened today, a new emerald mine tomorrow; when the famous ruby mines of King Thebaw are exhausted, suddenly, without warning, a remarkable deposit of sapphires is found in the same district. Five thousand years from now gems will doubtless still be discovered. Still it seems fairly certain that many of the chief sources of supply have already been tapped, and as Nature does not go on inexhaustibly producing gems, there will sometime—in the far-distant future—come a day when there will be no more to mine.

Which reminds me that reputable and, in their day, eminent men of science a few hundred years ago firmly believed that the diamond at least had sex, and male and female together would reproduce. The explanation advanced at the time was that "the celestial energy in the parent stones first changes the air into water, or some similar substance, and then condenses and hardens this into the diamond." And even today, it is said, the pearl fishers of Borneo preserve every ninth pearl they find in a bottle with two grains of rice, and a dead man's finger as the stopper, firmly believing that pearl progeny will thus be produced. Would that all this were so! Jewelry shops would then be nurseries with incubators and forcing beds, and little Koh-i-noors would be raised like cabbages. What would happen if the Cullinan and the Excelsior were mated, we scarcely dare imagine!

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His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda

The Age-Old Vanity of Man

BUT things being as they are, we can only rely on the supplies Nature has created. The birth of a gem is the longest birth in Nature. All the time we know about—and a great deal more—has gone into the making of those pretty little things that twinkle so gayly on a lady's throat. Deep in the bowels of the earth Nature may still be forming other gems, but, considering the monumental deliberation with which she does this, mankind for ages to come will not be in the slightest degree benefited by them. The only gem formed during a period of time conceivable to man and over which he has any control is the pearl, which, after all, is not a mineral but an animal secretion. Pearls, if properly protected, can go on forever, but stones must have an end. And, moreover, it is to be devoutly hoped that this earth will never again go through the cataclysmic upheavals that have formed so many of our gem minerals.

There are two great consolations for this eventual extinction of gems: First, that the end is so far off that it worries us no more than the fact that we will one day be absorbed by the sun; and second, that the chief and unparalleled property of gems is their durability. Once in the possession of man, they do not, like cities, or nations, or religions, crumble and disappear; they do not, like Nineveh and Tyre, pass into legend; but, with the permanence of nothing else on earth, they remain from age to age, passing from hand to hand, losing nothing of their beauty or their substance, and gaining steadily in value. The Koh-i-noor and the Orloff, which had their beginnings in the obscurity of prehistory, are still with us, and not only such epic stones but thousands upon thousands of ancient jewels, owned by Pharaohs and Khedives, polished by prehistoric hands—nay, more ancient than that, dug from the earth by those earliest humans who first conceived the idea of personal adornment—are still with us and will be with our descendants until—well, doubtless until jewels don't matter any more. In a universe of change, when beauty exists so transiently in a flower, a sunset or starlike eyes, this permanence has an unspeakable charm, and therefore the durability of gems, coupled with their beauty, is what constitutes their chief value.

Practically every country in Europe has one gem at least for which it is chiefly celebrated, as the coral of Italy, the amethyst of Russia, the rock crystal of Switzerland, the amber of Germany, the opal of Austria. So, in order to study the locale of these gems at first hand, to make my own selections of cut stones and crystals for such collections as the Morgan, Chamberlain, Roebling, and so on, and to gather material for a great mining volume and for the governmental reports on precious metals and precious stones which I made for many years, year after year, I have visited these countries, gathering interesting episode and beguiling incident by the way. Let us begin with England and work east.

We start with a country poor in gems; so poor, in fact, that it is not worth the expert's while to investigate it from this angle. Still, England, and France, too, cannot be neglected, as, however unproductive in gems, they are nevertheless the two most important gem markets of Europe, and, in addition, France is important for the mounting of gems. The concentration of gem wealth at these points in the hands of jewelers, lapidaries, dealers, collectors, museums and private persons makes these countries focal points for every dealer.

I have acquired many interesting treasures in England, among them several gems from the famous Hope collection, which was made about 1850 by Henry Philip Hope and broken up and sold all over the world in 1887. No more famous gem exists in America today than the great Hope blue diamond, a marvelous stone of 41¼ carats. For, whereas, as I have said, the greatest wealth in gems in the world is concentrated here in America, almost all the largest and most celebrated stones are abroad, for the most part among the crown jewels of various nations. As a matter of fact, the Hope diamond was once among the French crown jewels, and here we have one of those curious cases of a gem which for many years was given up as lost.

From about 1792 to 1830 this diamond was among the missing, having been stolen from the crown jewels of France and no trace of it having been found for many years. In 1830, set in a brooch, it was put on the market by a London pawnbroker. One trembles for these great stones when they are lost, for they may be ruined by recutting or division, as in one case of which I know, when a very valuable diamond, brought into this country by Orientals, was later found to have been cut into two stones.

The Hope, however, during its obscurity, suffered no disfigurement. The only written record that we have of it during this period, I myself unearthed. It was in the hope of obtaining some information concerning not only this stone—for every event in the biography of a great gem is as vital to the gem expert as the episodes in the life of a famous man are to the historian—but likewise the even more notable Pigott diamond, that I devoted some time to looking up any persons or papers that might throw light on the subject.

The Khedive's Two Treasures

THE Pigott, weighing 85.8 carats, and being therefore more than an inch in diameter, was almost half as big as the Koh-i-noor—40 per cent, to be exact. This wonderful stone was originally sold at Christie's, in London, in 1802, for £10,099 to one Parker, a pawnbroker of Princess Street, who had his own ideas of how he was going to dispose of it. He had conceived the rather unusual and dramatic coup of selling this diamond by lottery, thus assuring himself of many times what he had paid for it, and, in fact, considerably more than its market value at the time and several times what he could have obtained from any private or public purchaser. So Pawnbroker Parker sold chances on his diamond as one sells chances on a quilt at a country fair, and with no difficulty at all almost tripled what he had paid for it—totaling £30,000. The lucky winner was an unknown youth, who sold it for a low price to the jewelry house of Rundell and Bridge. One wonders what the Koh-i-noor would bring today in a lottery.

I have said that great gems almost never die. But when the Pigott eventually disappeared, it was, we have certain evidence, forever. I know of no other great stone which has been thus irretrievably lost. Colossal pride—a potentate's pride—and jealousy destroyed the Pigott. Shortly after its sale to the London jewelers in 1818, it came into the possession of Ali Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, who paid £30,000 for it. This and one thing else were the two most prized treasures of the Eastern potentate. He carried it always in a little green silk purse attached to his girdle.

One day the Khedive was mortally wounded by his enemy, Raschid Pascha, and sank on his divan to die. But before he yielded up his soul he called his most trusted confidant, a certain Captain d'Anglas. Two treasures there were which he swore should never come into the hands of his enemy. Two commands he laid upon d'Anglas: First, that his adored wife, Vasilica, should be strangled; and second, that his adored diamond should be laid on a stone and crushed with hammer blows. Thus should the enemy be cheated. When Raschid entered Ali's palace, there, escaped somehow from her decreed death, stood the lovely Egyptian queen, but a little pile of glittering dust was all that remained of the great diamond.

Still, even dead, the Pigott interested me—and the lost years of the Hope. I traced the names of the two pawnbrokers who had at one time owned these diamonds. I knew also the name of a noted lapidary of that day who would almost certainly have attended the sale at Christie's. So I browsed and poked about among old books and jewelers' records until one day in Quaritch's famous old bookshop I came across the one thing of all others I would have

collection, but that dear man had no more chance of making a collection than snow has of piling high on the Atlantic. Possessions melted away in the fervent glow of his benevolence. He would ask my opinion of a stone, become passionately attached to it, buy it.

"This," he would say determinedly, "is for my collection. This time I'm really going to start."

A few days later I would see him showing it proudly to a friend. The friend admired it copiously.

"You like it?" Beecher would say, beaming. Then he came closer, pressed it into his friend's hand. "Here, take it; it's yours. Perhaps you haven't any gems yet. I have plenty—a whole collection."

Then he would catch my eye and edge away shamefacedly.

"You know that may mean the beginning of a collection for that chap," he would say defensively.

I recall his telling me of the peculiar and powerful effect which gems had upon him, epitomizing as they did for him the greatness of the Creator in giving us these little treasures of supreme beauty. Upon one occasion, when he was in England during the Civil War to plead the righteousness of abolition, he found himself facing a wildly antagonistic audience, for the English looked most unfavorably upon the cause of the North. For a time it seemed as though even this great orator would be defeated by this turbulent, shouting, catcalling mob which would not even allow him to speak. Above the din he managed here and there to get in a word, then a sentence, and finally he succeeded in quieting them sufficiently to listen to him. Then the floods of his magnificent oratory broke loose, and with that preaching power that has never been excelled he thundered forth his truths.

Shaken and overwrought by the tremendous effort he had made, he returned to his room and took out a lovely opal which he carried everywhere with him. Gazing upon its remote and peaceful beauty, he at last succeeded in calming his shattered nerves and regaining his lost peace of mind.

When not alone the gem man, but almost anyone, thinks of France, the circle of his thoughts narrows swiftly to Paris and focuses almost instantly on the Rue de la Paix, the very heart of that artistry, luxury and fabulous extravagance for which Paris is celebrated.

A gentleman who spoke no French and had consistently proved himself a deplorable pantomimist was one day desperately in need of handkerchiefs. Not knowing where gentlemen's handkerchiefs could be bought in Paris, he jumped into a taxi and pointed straight ahead, thinking to stop when he saw a likely shop. Late that afternoon he returned to his hotel, beaten, fagged.

A Land of Expositions and Jewels

"MY FRIEND," he said to an acquaintance, "I've been searching all afternoon for handkerchiefs and I've decided that the Parisians wipe their noses on pearls."

Ça, c'est Paris!

Of France, as of England, I have said, "She has no gems." But here, as there, there's one little pocket of them that, in kindness, we mustn't overlook—the amethysts of Auvergne. Though they are never more than a few carats in weight, though there are no great quantities of them, though they lack the beauty and brilliance of the magnificent Russian amethysts, yet they have a velvety depth of color that gives them an individual beauty—and they are France's and she's proud of them.

After France's contribution to the artistry and fashion of jewels, after her superb cutting industry, and after her great stores of gems in the hands of dealers, I would rank her expositions of gems. Paris is the city of cities for expositions. Why, if the hairdressers of Paris give an exposition they collect 1,000,000 francs for it, serve tea every afternoon, give a masked ball and "the illustrious Charpentier, composer of the immortal opera Louise," stages a magnificent fête, if not a complete opera! So you can imagine what a jewel exposition is like.

At one of these expositions—I think it was '89—where one of our collections was being shown, I saw and fell in love with—one of my typical *affaires du cœur*—an Indian mace head, a fearsome weapon. Oh, but this was no ordinary love, as you shall hear. It was made of jade, measured five inches across, and had once been heavily jeweled with more than eighty rubies. What matter that the great gobs of rubies—of which only the holes in which they had been set remained—had centuries ago been removed and sold? That this mace head was old was its chief attraction—old, so old that it had once belonged to the great Nadir Shah, ruler of Persia. We all have heard how Nadir Shah took India, and after taking, looted it. And in order that, 200 years later, I might see and fall in love with it in Paris, Nadir Shah considerately appropriated the mace head. *There* was a man willing

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wished to find—a rare old copy of Poujet's Treatise on the Jeweller's Art with certain additional memoranda by John Françillon, lapidary, 20 Norfolk Street, London. And there, inserted among the printed pages of this book, as though it were the one volume he possessed, was this meticulous man's sales sheet containing two steel engravings of the Pigott diamond—the only sketch of it in existence—with a full description, all the details of the sale at Christie's, and a record of its exact weight—a much disputed point.

A little farther along—fancy my delight!—was another insertion containing two detailed sketches of the Hope diamond made in 1812, and the only record we have of its lost years. Nowhere else does there exist such a record of these two stones, which rank among the most celebrated in history. I have the treatise before me now.

Here is Christie's four-page bill of sale of the Pigott at the Coffee House and here is the quaint notation made by the Soho lapidary concerning the Hope: "I drew this round with my pencil," showing that he held the precious stone on his paper and traced around it.

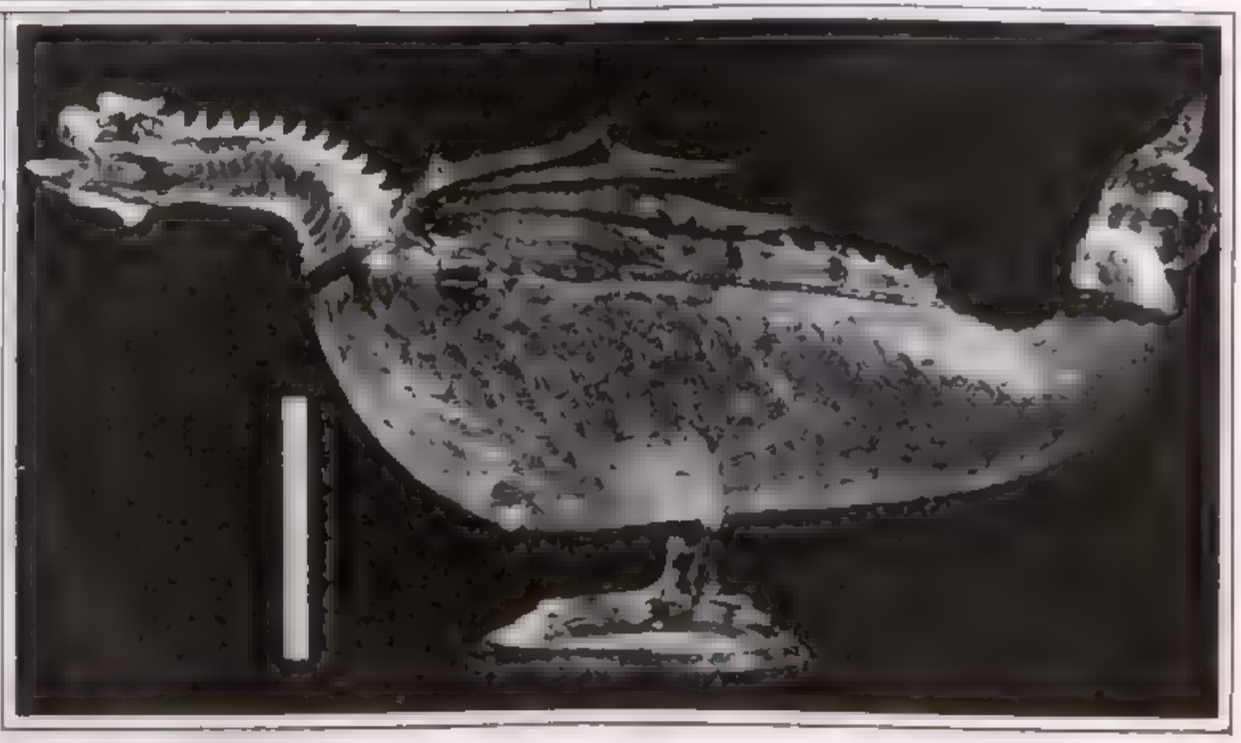
Sermons in Stones

I HAVE said that nothing of importance is mined in England, but we mustn't forget the fresh-water pearls which Cæsar once sent an expedition there to gather. They were, in those days, many and beautiful, but this being the one gem over which Nature has given man control, these sources have, through our usual gluttony, been destroyed. "A pearl in the hand is worth a hundred in the shell" is the slogan which has despoiled so many pearl fisheries. More than the crown jewels, Queen Victoria loved her strings of pearls from local rivers. The Cullinan for state occasions, but her native pearls for private life.

Those who love gems from sentiment are often their most ardent lovers. Madame Nordica felt the same way about her very lovely string of many-colored pearls from American waters, among which is the largest abalone pearl in existence. There are more beautiful and more valuable necklaces than this of Nordica's, and she herself possessed far more costly jewels, but she said to me once:

"Doctor Kunz, I do believe if I were on a sinking ship and could save only one thing, it would be these pearls. I feel, when I wear them, as though I were draped in the American flag."

I have known others who have found equally elevated sentiments in jewels. "Sermons in stones" is not merely a pretty phrase. More than one minister has preached from such a text. Henry Ward Beecher seldom mounted the pulpit without some of these lovely things in his pocket, or, indeed, went anywhere without them, and he frequently referred to them in his sermons. He was trying to make a



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OAKLAND
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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 34)

to do something for posterity, even though posterity had never done anything for him! And of course while he was at it, Nadir thoughtfully provided Persia with all her crown jewels, plunging his hands heavily into the Indian coffers.

But in order that this mace head should be placed before my admiring eyes, still other deeds of high emprise must be performed. Doctor Richard, a French antiquarian, arranged the final chapter for me. While in Persia in the 50's he had an adventure that resulted in his being attacked by an angry mob. He took to his heels and ran—ran straight to a Persian temple—and flinging himself on the ground, protested, not innocence, but instantaneous conversion to Mohammedanism. His life was saved, and thereafter, as a good Mohammedan, he had unrivaled opportunities for obtaining Persian antiquities and art objects. All these—many thousands—he brought to the Paris Exposition, and among them, my mace head.

The Flight of Eugénie

Greatly though I longed to possess this, there was no chance here, for it was impossible to buy a single piece. By mutual consent of the curators of museums, the collection was split into so many parts, each dealer buying his legitimate share. But I bought it at last from the dealer to whose share it had fallen, and gave it finally to the Natural History Museum, where so many of my discoveries go. Thus ends the romance of a gem expert.

While in France I naturally was interested in gathering all the information possible concerning the French crown jewels, a large proportion of which were later to pass through our hands. On the occasion of his becoming emperor, Napoleon had given many of these gems to Josephine, who was crowned with a wreath of diamond sprays of wheat, while he himself placed on his own head—he would permit no hand but his own to crown him—a simple yet nevertheless grandiose golden laurel wreath such as the Cæsars wore. "I found the crown of France in the dust, and I picked it up on the point of my sword," he haughtily declared.

For Josephine, the honor of possessing the royal jewels seems perhaps not quite so great when one remembers that her immediate predecessor in that honor was the beautiful but bad Madame de Tallien, wife of many men and mistress of more, who ordered the crown jewels to her house as she did the wines and venison. The last crowned head to wear them was that of the lovely Empress Eugénie, who added many new ones, among them the American Queen pearl, of which I've already spoken.

That remarkable man, the American dentist, Doctor Evans, who played billiards with kings and dined tête-à-tête with emperors; who was, in his unofficial way, so influential a person and so clever a diplomat that he is credited with having averted several European wars and many other lesser crises; and who had sixty-three decorations—this Doctor Evans was a great friend of the Empress Eugénie and has many times described to me her charm and her beauty, so effectively enhanced by her tasteful manner of wearing jewels. It may seem odd that a dentist, who continued throughout to practice his profession, should have attained so eminent a position, but—well, whatever else they may think of us over there, they do admit without a struggle that we have the best dentistry and plumbing in the world; and to be a good dentist in Paris is just about one of the most distinguished things one can be.

At any rate Doctor Evans was a great friend of King Edward and so close a confidant of the Empress' that—well, here's the story: One evening Doctor Evans was holding a reception at his home in Paris. His butler approached and spoke to him in a low aside, and instantly Doctor Evans quit the salon. This is the story as Doctor Evans himself told it to me. I remember attending a dinner party once and hearing two other people relate the same story, both of whom claimed to have had it from Doctor Evans, but aside from the principal character involved, I recognized no single detail. Doctor Evans ran hastily into the street and up to the vehicle to which his butler directed him. There was a lady within, and the face from which she lifted a heavy veil, pale with many sorrows, was the face of the Empress. The Palace of the Louvre, she told him, was on fire, and unless she could escape the mob, her fate might be the fate of Marie Antoinette. It was now or never. A moment's delay, a single inadvertency, a betraying gesture might deliver her up to the fury of the Parisian mob—and Doctor Evans was the man to whom, in this crisis, she turned. He entered her cab instantly and drove away with her. They drove several miles through the streets of Paris in this *fiacre*, discussing their plan. Then they changed to another, and drove about erratically to make pursuit difficult. From time to time they dismissed one *fiacre* and took another, always working away from the city; and at last they drove out toward the seacoast—to Calais, where Doctor Evans had a friend who, in this emergency, should prove helpful. They drove all night, arriving just before dawn, and in a heavy storm. The Englishman and his wife, hastily summoned, descended to hear their story.

"And," concluded Doctor Evans, "I have come direct to you, knowing you would help Her Majesty to reach England tonight. Your yacht is at hand ——"

"But, Doctor Evans," protested the Englishman, "I would no more think of running to England tonight in a storm like this than of tying a stone around my neck and jumping into the sea."

And then his wife spoke. "My dear," said she, "if you don't run over to England tonight and take the Empress with you, I will never live with you again."

And he went. Thus was the Empress saved from a tragic fate.

Icicles Embalmed

Ladies in distress have a romantic way of carrying their jewels with them as they flee from kingdom to kingdom. Whether in this crisis Eugénie took her jewels with her or not, I don't know, but later in England she was in possession of them—her own private collection naturally, not those belonging to the crown. In her need she sold one piece after the other, many of them magnificent, for no queen in Europe had a greater love or a surer taste in gems than she. Her wonderful American Queen pearl, which she appreciated when it could not find a market in America, was sold to Herr Hensel von Donnersmark of Germany *

It has always struck me as peculiarly appropriate that the national gem of Switzerland—if one may call it so, I mean the only one that occurs importantly there—is the rock crystal. The country of ice and snow and pointed peaks—the white country, the crystalline country—that is the land that produces the gem which is like nothing in the world so much as embalmed icicles—a poetic gesture on Nature's part.

It was near Disentis, in the high, cold, pristine Alps. I started out in one of those dawns which one crosses continents to see—such a wavering gladness of light breaking over the world, such an impalpable scarf of color trailed for those brief moments over infinities of glittering snow, that the heart is unbearably touched. I followed in the footsteps of the crystal hunters breaking trail. We came to the ledge where they were working, and they suggested that I go down below the better to watch the descent. It is every day's work to these men to perform such breath-taking ascents and descents as one would think only a creature gifted with the power of walking on ceilings could negotiate. One almost believes, gazing up from below, that Nature has for the moment suspended her celebrated law of gravitation and that the man hanging so incredibly in space must be held by some peculiar magnetic attraction between his boots and his native rock. Sometimes, on what looks like a silken thread, he passes over the edge of a cliff and, like a spider spinning his frail, airy line as he goes, lets himself down terrifying distances by the rope he gradually unwinds from his waist. Suddenly he halts, for there, glittering unmistakably among all those other sparkling points, he has spied the gleam of the rock crystal.

* Since, in a previous article, I spoke of the Queen Pearl as being among the missing, I have received information from Mr. Fischer, of Alameda, California, that he had seen this pearl in 1911 in a pendant on the breast of the Queen of Saxony and that the king of Saxony himself had told Mr. Fischer that he had bought this gem from Herr Hensel von Donnersmark for a large sum. —THE AUTHOR.

The Gift of Kings

This work is accomplished with infinite caution. It sometimes takes several days to let a man down a distance of from 100 to 1000 feet. They will work for weeks at one likely spot, searching the face of the rock minutely for the tiny crevice that may lead to the cavity that holds the crystal. Sometimes they look thus for months without success, and then suddenly they may open up a cavity containing a lump as big as a man's fist. Once—a hosanna day—a worker uncovered a cavity which yielded up twenty tons of smoked crystals, some as thick as a man's leg, from two to three feet long, and weighing almost 200 pounds—the largest cavity ever found. More than 2000 years ago men went up and down the face of those rocks hunting that elusive gleam just as they do today. The age of machinery has not yet conquered the Alps.

During the past fifteen years rock crystal has been considerably used in jewelry, not only as necklaces and rings but also as a background for precious stones. Faceted and polished, or with a dull ground surface, or engraved, it forms a charming setting for more valuable stones. Its chief use, however, is for *objets d'art*, as is that of jade, agate, chalcedony, jasper, and lapis lazuli; and no more exquisite examples of decorative art exist than the *chefs-d'œuvres* that the artists of all time, from as many thousand years B.C. as we have any record of down to the present day, have executed in these imperishable materials.

Here, as surely as in paint, or ink, or marble, is the endeavor of man to perpetuate his quest of beauty preserved. When even a crystal sphere, perfectly rounded and polished to dazzling brilliancy, becomes a thing of great beauty and of value up to $50,000, and even in a rare case, much more, what shall we say of those marvelous *coupes*, vases, bowls, figurines and chandeliers upon which some of the greatest artists of the past expended uncounted years, upon which such a master as Benvenuto Cellini did not scorn to work? The patronage of art which made this possible was one of the great and good works which justified, and still justify, the wealth and power of aristocracy.

When a wonderfully fine crystal was found an artist was engaged to make sketches to show what could be carved from it, and after him came the expert engraver who executed his conception. Frequently these little gems of art were mounted—as, for example, a *coupe* or a vase—in gold, exquisitely chiseled, wrought with many-colored enamels, and set with precious stones, particularly the square or long tabled diamonds, similar to the baguet diamonds of today. Nothing more beautiful has ever been formed from a hard substance than these crystal ornaments, the gift of king to king. Yet I doubt if a single crystal has ever been carved in Switzerland. It is chiefly in France and Austria that this work is done.

One of the most impressive pieces I have ever seen is the chandelier in the Château of Fontainebleau, which is probably worth about $20,000, although some of the much smaller treasures in the museums would be valued far higher.

I remember one evening dining with a very good friend of mine—Mr. Garland—who was an indefatigable collector. As I took my seat I noticed a beautiful chandelier above the table and remarked to my host that this was the first time I had ever dined beneath a rock-crystal chandelier.

"You are the first person who ever knew that it *was* a rock-crystal chandelier," laughed Mr. Garland.

It isn't easy to find a good-sized piece of rock crystal that is without flaws, and that's why the crystal balls are so highly valued; for, whereas, in a bowl or figurine, the flaws may be cut away, the ball must be perfect from transparent center to glittering perimeter.

For the Morgan collection I was able to obtain several of these perfect balls, but though one, which measures five and seven-sixteenths inches in diameter, is absolutely free from flaws, another measuring seven inches has a few imperfections, thus making its value far less than that of the smaller ball. One of the most interesting crystals in this collection is completely and cloudily covered with the signs of the zodiac—like a miniature universe.

I recall one particular piece of rock-crystal jewelry not so much because of the gem itself as because of the amusing use to which it was put. One day—I was a very young man at the time—I was walking along Sixth Avenue—in the days when Sixth Avenue was a fashionable shopping district—laden, according to what seems to be an inevitable law of my nature, with bundles. I will walk for blocks sometimes, absorbed in some problem, before I remember there are such things as taxis.

Well, as I was saying, I was walking along, practically submerged in packages, preparing for a trip to a country party before the days of motors, when I caught sight of a lovely lady of my acquaintance—a famous lady—Clara Louise Kellogg, one of the great opera singers of her time. I had learned that, as regards bundles, other men—and especially women—were not as I am. I recall without bitterness the question put to a noted authority on etiquette: "Should a gentleman, on meeting a lady who is carrying a parcel, relieve her of it?" and the terse answer: "No lady ever carries a parcel." So I knew my place and never bowed first to an acquaintance on the street. That saved us both pain. I was passing Miss Kellogg with averted face but, evidently curious, she peered over my little Mont Blanc of bundles and laughed.

A Fruitless Disguise

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I thought I recognized your legs."

I carefully built up a Leaning Tower of Pisa on my left arm and shook hands.

"So nice of you," I murmured. "I can usually trust my disguise." I groped for a conversational opening and found it at once. "Oh, my, Miss Kellogg, you have your pin on upside down!"

She glanced down at her brooch—a crystal beautifully engraved and surrounded with Auvergne amethysts alternating with diamonds. It was obvious that the pin was upside down, for the little engraved horse and jockey were racing on their heads.

"Why, yes," laughed the lady, "so it is," but made no attempt to right it.

"It's an exquisite thing," I said. That's always my best compliment. Ladies like a gem expert to comment on their jewels. "Where, may I ask, did you get it?"

"Oh, that's a story," she smiled. "I attended the Derby one day a few years ago with the Duke of Portland, who was racing one of his horses. Like all turfmen, he was a bit superstitious. He thought he could throw a bribe to Fortune. 'If my horse wins,' he said, leaning toward me, 'I'll give you a present—anything your heart desires.' His horse won and he gave me this pin." She laughed up at me. "Now would you like to know why I always wear it upside down? So that shy young men

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BRINGING THE HOME TO THE MOTOR CAR

MILADY enjoys the beauty and comfort of her living room. She is conscious of the swans-down-softness of her chairs, the glowing loveliness of the upholstery. Yet when she steps into her motor car she experiences the same charm, the same comfort. It is as if she had moved from one corner of the living room to another.

Both her home and her motor car are beautified by CA-VEL. Both have the same luminous velvet-bloom that remains undimmed for years. Both interiors are yielding and restful. Both boast upholstery of an almost unbelievably enduring sort, for the luxurious pile of CA-VEL absorbs wear and protects the base of the fabric—which, by the way, will not soil even the filmiest frocks. Thanks to CA-VEL milady has merely to step from her home to her home on wheels.

Naturally CA-VEL is in great demand, being now more widely used for fine car interiors than any other fabric. To require it in your next car will mean greater interior car-beauty, greater comfort, and a better price at resale. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 36)

can call my attention to it and so break the ice." An ingenious use of a gem!

No more heavenly examples of what the skill of man has wrought in this mineral exist anywhere in the world than in the Escorial in Madrid. Some pieces are more than a foot long, carved in exquisite shapes, touching the thinness of a bubble, so that I almost feared to breathe on them lest they vanish into thin air.

I happened to be in a small souvenir shop in the Alps one day to purchase some post cards and saw some American tourists buying gifts. One lady asked to see a string of deep blue beads which lay in the case and the jeweler brought it out. One glance at the beads and I smelled a drama. I waited interestedly.

On the counter close at hand was a rough piece of the same deep blue material, and pointing to it, the dealer said, "These beads, ladies, were cut from this very piece you see here."

Obviously! But what was the piece? I noticed he had given it no name. However, this logic was absolutely convincing to the two ladies. They drew their own conclusions, which was evidently what the dealer desired.

"What a heavenly blue color!" exclaimed one.

"The true lapis blue," said the other. "I simply adore lapis lazuli, don't you?"

There was no call for the jeweler to name his wares. The ladies had done it for him. Nine times out of ten it would work perfectly, and the dealer had not committed himself. The price was low—for lapis—and the lady said she would think it over.

Some time later I was introduced to these ladies by a mutual acquaintance, and the purchaser happened to show me her "lapis" beads and ask me how I liked them.

"They are very pretty agate beads, Mrs. Y." I said, "but one is apt to pay rather a high price for agate here, and eventually it fades, you know."

"But they're not agate—they're lapis!" she exclaimed.

Necessity, the Mother of Gems

Then I explained to her, to her intense mortification, that this intensely absorbent agate, which, when dyed in layers, forms the true cameo, is frequently put to such illegitimate uses because of this singular property, possessed by almost no other stone. Heated and placed in a vessel with a solution of Prussian blue, it will take up the color and retain it for a long time, making an imitation of lapis, but if exposed to ammonia or perspiration, which contains ammonia, it fades to its original gray.

No nation has ever been more avid of the wealth of precious stones than Spain. Expeditions, raids, wars, pillage were not too high a price for her to pay for her immense acquisitions of jewels; and it was this very motive that was in a large measure responsible for the discovery of America. For Spain produces not even a semiprecious gem and must therefore obtain her jewels by conquest. The best that she can squeeze from her soil is quartz, and quartz, though a perfectly good mineral, doesn't make the grade as a gem. Still, necessity, which has produced so many other inventions, came to the Spaniard's rescue here Quartz isn't a gem, but the Spaniards swore to make a gem of it.

There is only one place in the world from which comes the true yellow topaz, and that is Ouro Preto, in Minas Geraes, Brazil. There is a true blue topaz from Siberia and likewise a white and a pale blue in New Hampshire and Southern California. That exhausts the world's resources for topaz; and only the yellow from Brazil, which sometimes occurs in crystals six inches long and twice as thick as a man's finger, is used in fine jewelry.

The Spanish have known this Brazilian topaz for several centuries, and one day conceived the really neat idea of transforming their almost worthless quartz into pretty, honey-colored topas. Alchemists have long given up the attempt to change base metals into gold, but chemists go on forever seeing what can be done with gems. They found that quartz was peculiarly susceptible to heat, and so they heated smoky quartz, which is almost black, until it turned brown, and then kept on heating it until it turned yellow. And behold their topaz! There being only the trifling difference that true topaz is a six-sided crystal and these had four! But what's a side or two among friends?

The Chameleon of Minerals

True topaz itself can be changed in color by heating, and the beautiful pink topaz so obtained is of more value than the original yellow. I have, for scientific purposes, included some of them in the Morgan collection. Here we have fine crystals, many of them the natural and original color, some of them of the color to which they have naturally faded, and others bleached by heating. Although white topazes are found in the rock, there can be little doubt that these were originally a color and have been faded by sunlight. We have proof of the fading of these topazes—although it probably did not take place in one man's lifetime—in the fact that they are found in pockets of different depths, the white being in the uppermost pockets and the better, rich-colored yellows and browns deeper in the rock.

The Morgan collection includes all these colors—yellow, brown, pink and wonderful blues and whites which were probably originally yellow or brown. Some of the most exquisite lapidary work which exists is manifested in these topazes. One stone, a wonderful blue topaz from Ceylon weighing 308¼ carats—about two inches across—and a second Ceylonese white topaz, weighing 600 carats—larger than the present Cullinan Number One—have both been so beautifully cut with so many gleaming facets—several hundred, in contrast to the usual fifty-eight of the largest diamonds—by Nockhold of London, that although they lack the inner fire, superficially they sparkle with almost as much life as a precious stone.

Do you remember how you approach Rome from Paris—by the swift *Train Bleu* which, when you open your eyes in your first Italian dawn, is slipping through arches and caverns and bridges of white rock which frame for, oh, such a heart-breakingly transient moment, your first glimpse of the ultramarine Mediterranean and the ultracelestial Italian sky with fishermen in all manner of colorful corduroy breeches—plum and violet and copper—dragging their nets up on the white sand with the silvery fishes still leaping in them? And do you remember that through one of those archways you catch a glimpse of Elba?

This sad little island of Napoleon's—think of him gazing, gazing upon forbidden Italy from such a very little, insurmountable distance—insurmountable even to that indomitable will which in the face of his commander's "Sire, circumstances are against you," had declared, "I make circumstances"—this sad little island of Elba has quite a lure for the gem hunter.

But before I speak of the gems found there, I should like to make it clear once and for all that, as far as I have any knowledge, the famous Napoleon Necklace does not exist; is, in fact, pure myth. I haven't, of course, any illusory hope that, because of this statement, the reporters will cease from troubling and the weary—meaning myself—be at rest. But it may, just perceptibly, cut down the Sunday-supplement rumors.

There are at least 500 versions of this necklace story—at least 500—and not one of them has a grain of truth in it. I have never been able to discover whose was the majestic reportorial intellect in which this truly Jovian idea was first conceived, but his faithful followers I have frequently met. Where one is destroyed by my invincible logic, a dozen spring to life full-armed with rumors and questions. I admit that Napoleon existed. I admit that he married Josephine. I admit that it is within the bounds of reason—even probability—that he once went so far as to give her a necklace. But I have never seen that necklace, nor even heard of it on admissible authority.

This is how it usually happens: I am called to the phone. "New York Daily on the wire. We understand that a gold necklace was recently left for repairs and that on opening the locket you found a miniature of Napoleon and the inscription: Napoleon to Josephine. Naturally we want your version of the story."

"I haven't any version."

Dead silence.

"You haven't any version? I mean, I'd like your statement as to whether the piece is authentic or not."

"I don't know."

"But surely, as a gem expert, if you saw this necklace you'd of course know whether or not it was genuine?"

"Of course."

"Well, is it?"

"I don't know."

"But—but why ——"

"I haven't seen it."

"Oh! Oh, I thought it was shown to you. I was told so."

"No. Nor to anyone else as far as I know. Of course, you understand that this is the 464th necklace which Napoleon gave Josephine and which I personally am supposed to have examined. I do occasionally attend to other matters—which I couldn't do if I really did examine all the necklaces Napoleon gave Josephine."

Laying an Old Myth

"Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor Kunz. You mean there's nothing in this atory then?"

"Don't apologize. I'm only sorry that it was merely a gold necklace this time. I usually examine much more valuable necklaces which Napoleon gave Josephine. This one seems scarcely worth bothering about. There was one—a beauty—all of perfectly matched black pearls. And there was another of magnificent diamonds, every one of which had belonged to a king. I liked that one. And one was of cameos engraved with the heads of English royalties. Yours seems rather a shabby necklace in comparison. Couldn't you do better? After all, it only requires a little ingenuity."

A laugh, a thank you, a good-by, and that's over with! Is it? . . . It's now the stilly depth of night; I've sunk deep into velvet sleep. Ting-a-ling-ling, a-ling-a-ling-ling, a-ling-a-ling! Oh, all right, I'm coming! Dressing robe, slippers—where's that telephone? "Yes, hello. . . . New York Press? Yes. . . . Oh, the necklace? . . . Oh, it's emeralds this time? I'm so glad. That's better—much better. So nice of you not to bother me about garnets this time of night. You wouldn't have bothered me about garnets, would you? . . . No. I was sure of it. . . . Look here, young man, you're trying to earn an honest living, aren't you? Well, instead of following up this foolish myth any longer, why don't you hunt it down to its source, endeavor to discover the originator, and relate all the many and varied forms in which it has cropped up? That really would make a story."

Elba produces several gems, but chiefly tourmalines. Some of the finest tourmalines in the world are mined there, and these I found usually associated with pink beryl. I obtained many specimens there, not only of these exquisite tourmalines but also of beryl and hematite, which I found in the most brilliantly colored crystals. Many of these are in the various American collections I have made, but one of the finest groups, consisting of thirty-one tourmalines of various colors and measuring, set end to end—good old slogan—more than one foot, is now in the British Museum.

Farther down in Italy, on the Mediterranean coast, one finds the gem for which this country is famous, and has been since the earliest times—the coral, which for twenty centuries was classed as a precious stone and up until fifty years ago was so rated by the United States Customs. Even today some necklaces are produced which are worth $3000 and even $5000, but there are more at fifty cents apiece.

A Monopoly Disappears

Not all of a coral reef is coral, and not all the coral of a coral reef is gem coral. It was Darwin who first proved that these islands are for the most part volcanic upheavals and deposits on which, down the ages, trillions of lazy little sea polyps, who preferred a slothful inertia to sight-seeing, built their houses, gave birth to equally unadventurous offspring, died, and left their shell houses to be transformed into limestone. These sturdy little polyp dwellings have, in the course of centuries, covered the entire island—sometimes to a depth of several hundred feet. It took a different kind of polyp to make precious coral from the species that made the white coral substance of the reef; just as it takes a different kind of oyster to make a pearl from the one that makes mother-of-pearl. And so, on a coral reef it is only occasionally that a branch of the precious coral is found by the divers, who break or chisel it off.

Of course they built coral faster in the good old days when the dinosaur flourished, when moss grew forty feet high, and even the today almost invisible polyp was one foot long. Sometimes these larger polyp shells became hermetically sealed, inclosing a thimbleful or so of water; and when we occasionally find one of these today we can hear, on shaking them, the soft swish of prehistoric liquid within. But I have never heard of a piece of precious coral formed by these giant polyps. Precious coral is of later formation.

Of the several shades of coral—white, yellow, pink, red, and white flecked with pink—the pink is really the most valuable today; although the flecked variety, when skillfully cut by an Italian lapidary so that each bead is round and spotted exactly like its brother, is very pretty and quite costly.

Ever since coral began to be used it has been an Italian monopoly—until, you might say, just the other day. The Japanese have always been the greatest admirers and purchasers of the pale rose coral of Italy, which they used not only for jewels but also in their exquisite floral decorations built up of jade, coral and rock crystal. Then suddenly, about twenty-five years ago, as though to reward them for their devotion of centuries, great hoards of pale pink coral were found in Japanese waters. They have since taken from these waters, not the usual small sprigs and sprays such as are found in the Mediterranean, but branches so large and so beautiful that a single natural group has been sold for $50,000. No Italian coral ever approached that.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Doctor Kunz and Mrs. Ray. The next will appear in an early issue.

Unusual Studies of Children

that reveal, in the life, actual results of the "growth element" in food at breakfast

What that element is—and how to supply it

"WATCH Your Child's Breakfast" today is, to a great extent, the most widely-urged food rule of child experts throughout the world.

That is because it has been learned that much of a child's school work and both physical and mental well-being depend on successful forenoons.

To start the day right—according to the most recent scientific findings of world-respected scientists—the "growth" or protein element must constitute an important part of the breakfast regimen.

Children inadequately supplied with that element are usually found dull and listless. Serious effects in after-life are thus invited. Many home breakfasts, investigations reveal, are gravely deficient in this element.

Quaker Oats, for those reasons, is being internationally urged for children's breakfasts—food that builds children; food that "stands by" them. For children from the age of 6 months on.

Thus infants, on the advice of thousands of physicians, are given strained Quaker Oats so as to supply, in earliest life, the protein in which many cereals are gravely deficient. Then at the age of two years, Quaker Oats is given as protein-containing, whole grain food

16% is protein

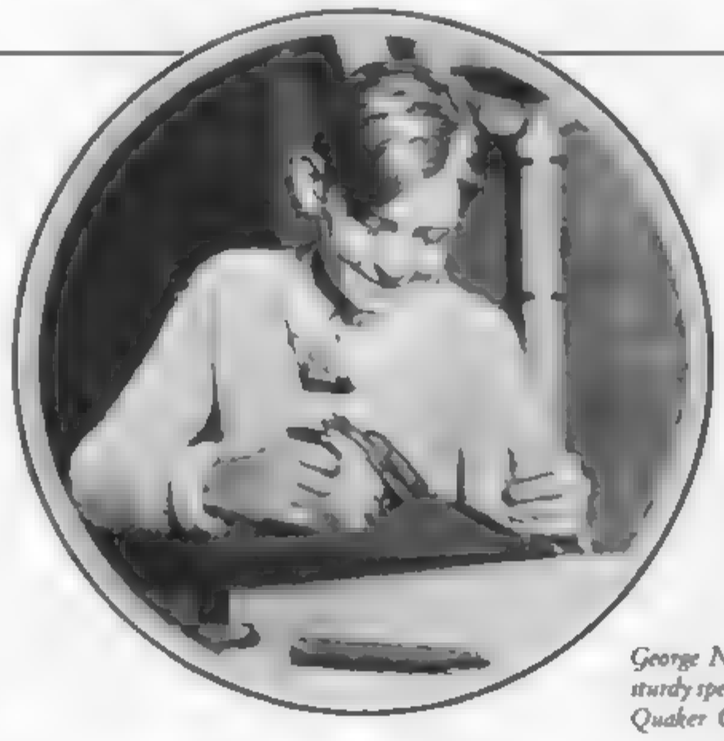
Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—vegetable meat. The oat contains more of this element than any other cereal known.

That element is the "growth" element you are urged on every side to give your children regularly.

70% of the day's school work crowded into 4 morning hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.



George Nichols, a sturdy specimen of Quaker Oats boy

That element builds muscles. It re-supplies the body with energy tissue lost in exercise and play. It, according to all authorities, largely influences the mental activity of both children and adults.

Plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in carbohydrates and minerals, and abundant in Vitamine B. 65% is carbohydrate. The roughage to lessen the need for laxatives also is importantly contained.

The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows. It is richer in food's tremendously important growth element than any other cereal known. It contains half again as much protein as wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, 100% more than corn meal. In carbohydrate, mineral, vitamines, it equals any others.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats: That is, Quaker Oats as you have always known them, and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than plain toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

Hot oats breakfasts are wisely provided by most mothers for body building, during the important growing years

HONESTLY IT'S THE BEST POLICY

(Continued from Page 21)

with two aces—I got mo' sure. Ise been studyin' these cards an' I craves to show you-all somethin'."

They bent eagerly over the table as Jasper pointed out to them the delicate markings on the back of the cards. The evidence was incontrovertibly damning.

"Wh-why didn't you 'cuse him, Jasper?"

"'Cause I didn't know for sure. I didn't have a chance to study them cards. But when he win the last hand that way I figured to find out. So I handed him the wrong automobile check. Then I done some inwestigatin'. If I had of been wrong I could of esplained my mistake an' made it good. But now that I ain't wrong, I wishes him plenty of luck—all bad."

Florian Slappey chuckled. "Gosh! 'Magine that feller drivin' roun' Bumminham in a car which ain't hisn. Owner sees him an'—fooey!"

"Hope he gits it good an' hahd," grated Jasper. "No matter what occurs to him, it ain't as bad as what he tried to do to me."

Meanwhile Semore Mashby, financial backer of Mr. Migraine Nobles, had trailed that gentleman to the white-front garage. Yes, the doorkeeper there remembered Migraine. He had been gone, Semore was informed, for perhaps ten minutes.

Mr. Mashby did some intensive thinking. Half that car was his. He didn't suspect that Migraine might attempt unethically to acquire the whole car, but then Semore had left the card room before Jasper's exposé of the stranger's conscienceless methods. Therefore Mr. Mashby was in thorough and complete ignorance of the fact that Migraine was not so addicted to honesty as he should be. His only thought was for the safety of his friend.

He remembered that on the previous night he had taken Migraine to Epic Peters' road house, just off the Montgomery highway. There Mr. Nobles had tripped the light fantastic to the itchy strains of Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra and appeared to have a very wonderful time. What then was more natural than that he had again sought that festive spot? Semore hired a flivver and a driver to carry him over Shades Mountain.

Epic's place was ablaze with light and urgent with merriment when Semore arrived. One glance through the wide-flung windows satisfied him that Migraine was very much present. Mr. Mashby paid and dismissed his driver. Then he went inside, stationed himself on the edge of the dance floor and beckoned earnestly to his friend. Migraine finished his dance and joined Semore. That perturbed gentleman took the stranger into the night air and made clear the horrid dilemma into which he had been plunged. Migraine gave vent to a large portion of profanity anent any person who would stoop to such a dishonest deed.

"C'mon, Semore," he rasped, "I drives back to town an' finds that long tall drink of water, an' when I finishes with him ——"

"Nos-suh!" Semore was quite positive. "What you invites by doing such is trouble an' lots of it."

"How come?"

"'Cause the car you got b'longs to somebody, an' that pusson has mos' likely came back to the garage an' foun' out the car is somewheres else. Now I asks you, Migraine, what would be the mos' likeliest thing that pusson would do?"

Migraine looked troubled. "Report it to the police, I reckon."

"Prezackly. An' with motorcycle cops lookin' fo' that car, what happens to a strange cullud man when he drives into town with it an' tells how he won a car in a poker game an' tooken the wrong one out of a garage? I ask you that, Migraine."

"Hmph! Then you think ——"

"I think us better put that car where shadows is the mos' thickest an' do a li'l' consideration."

They sat under the trees and smoked. Migraine was filled with righteous wrath, yet he knew a return to Birmingham now simply invited trouble. "If us could only think of some way ——" he started, but Semore interrupted him with a gesture.

"My brain is busy now, Brother Nobles. Jus' keep yo' breff to yo'se'f a minute an' see what I concocts." A few moments passed in utter silence. Then Semore announced triumphantly, "I got it!"

"What?"

"A scheme."

"Splain it, Semore."

"Well, what would you say, Brother Nobles, if I was to tell you how us could sell this car to Jasper De Void?"

"Great wiggilin' tripe! You don't mean ——"

"Yes, I do. Mind you, Jasper don't know that you an' me has anythin' to do with each other 'cept just as friends. Now s'pose I tooken this car to Jasper's house an' tol' him what a bargain I got buyin' it off a feller which was in hahd luck. Us bofe knows that Jasper don't think he can git away with handin' you that wrong check, so he gives us a li'l' money fo' this car. Whatever he pays is gravy to us, an' then, by golly, all the trouble he figured fo' you he gits into fo' drivin' a car which b'longs to somebody else!"

Migraine let the idea percolate. Then he threw back his head, opened his lips and gave vent to a roar of laughter. "Gosh, Semore, what you has got in yo' haid is brains! I never seen the beat! Le's go!"

The night moved on. Jasper De Void reached his room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored after a satisfying repast of luscious pork and succulent Brunswick stew at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor on Eighteenth Street. He undressed and crawled between the sheets for a few hours of placid sleep.

At one o'clock there came an insistent tapping on his door. He sat up straight in bed with a frightened "Who that is?"

"Me."

"Who's you?"

"Semore Mashby."

Jasper switched on the light and blinked in the sudden glare. He rose and opened the door, looking very much like a debauched scarecrow. Mr. Mashby sidled within. "Jasper," he whispered, "I come to see you on business."

"Gosh, man, ain't you got a lick of sense? One o'clock in the mawnin' ain't no time fo' such."

"Cain't wait." Semore rubbed the palms of his hands together. "You is gwine need an automobile soon, ain't you, Jasper?"

"Who says?"

"I know it. You cain't git away with any such stuff as you done to Migraine Nobles tonight. He comes back an' deman's the right car. You got to give it to him. Ain't that the troof?"

"Reckon so."

"Then that leaves you without no automobile. Now just a li'l' while ago I met a feller which was broke an' down an' out. He had a swell car with him—sedan. He wanted to sell it to me fo' five hund'ed dollars, but I seen he needed the cash, so I offered him one hund'ed. He assepted, an' that car is mine. Now seein' as I an' you is frien's, Ise willin' to take a hund'ed per cent profit fo' a quick turnover."

"You mean you sells me the car fo' two hund'ed dollars?"

"Previded you buy it right now—quick. I could git mo' fo' it in the mawnin', but Ise a great believer in quick profits an' no worry."

Jasper reached for his trousers. "You got the car heah?"

"Uh-huh."

"Can I look at it?"

"Suttinly. Come on downstairs."

In the dim darkness of Eighteenth Street Jasper inspected the gleaming sedan. He mounted to the driver's seat and sent it purring through the loop. Then he escorted Semore back to his room.

"Gimme a bill of sale, Brother Mashby."

Semore hesitated, but only for a moment. There was small chance that he would find himself in trouble as the result of this deal, and if he did, he had an excellent alibi—that he had bought the car in good faith.

Jasper scrutinized the document, and then, satisfied that it would hold water, extracted his wallet. He counted out two hundred dollars of the four hundred which had been on the poker table earlier that night. "There's how much you ast fo' the car, Semore. An' I depreciates yo' interest in me mos' hearty."

"You ought to," grinned Mr. Mashby. "You don't know yet just ezackly how lucky you is."

He returned to his boarding house, where Migraine Nobles was waiting impatiently. "Did he buy it, Semore?"

"Tha's the most thing he done."

"How much?"

"Two hund'ed dollars."

Migraine extended an avaricious paw. "Gimme my half."

"You talks craziment, big boy. Tha's the two hund'ed I staked you with. You gits half of how much Jasper's car brings when you sell it."

Migraine nodded and chuckled. "Ain't that feller the dawg-gonedest idjit? Prob'ly tomorrow mawnin' he drives aroun' town in the car you jus' sol' him an' he gits 'rested. I reckon tha's gwine learn him not to commit no foolishment with such as us."

"Reckon it is," agreed Semore. "Previded any pusson as dumb as Jasper can learn anything."

At ten o'clock the following morning there came a knock on the door of the dingy room which Jasper De Void called his office. He uttered a courteous "Come in," and Migraine bulked in the doorway. Semore Mashby was in his wake.

Jasper was not alone. Seated on the edge of the desk was the dapper, debonair Florian Slappey, arrayed in all his most elegant haberdashery. And slouched in a corner—formidable, silent and observant—was the herculean figure of a colored gentleman who looked suspiciously like a friend of Jasper's.

It was Florian who spoke first. He tapped the heel of a yellow-shod foot with a thin Malacca cane. "Look at them two storm clouds, Brother De Void."

Migraine paid no heed to Mr. Slappey. He advanced to the desk and addressed himself to Jasper: "What kind of a dirty trick did you do me las' night, Jasper De Void?"

"Says which?" inquired Jasper meekly.

"I asks what kind of a dirty trick you done me, givin' me the wrong automobile check?"

"That wasn't no dirty trick, Brother Nobles. It was jus' a li'l' joke."

"Funny humorousness you got." He thrust his jaw forward pugnaciously. "You di'n't expeck to git away with nothin' like that, did you?"

"Like what?" queried Jasper.

"Sendin' me off in the wrong car."

"We-e-ell, maybe not."

"You lost yo' automobile an' Ise heah to git it."

"Oh, you is, is you?"

Jasper turned his gaze upon Semore Mashby. "Mistuh Mashby," he said, "you was backin' this pusson in the poker game las' night, wasn't you?"

Semore spluttered, but Jasper waved an airy hand. "Nemmin' to splain about it. I know you was. I forgives you free an' easy, 'cause while you loves money, Brother Mashby, I ain't never knowed you to be dishonest." Mr. De Void uncoiled himself and bent over his desk. His voice came like the crack of a whip. "When I 'nounced las' night that I had gave this man the wrong claim check, you lef' the room in a hurry. You went to warn him 'bout drivin' aroun' in a stole car. Is that true?"

Semore was dazed. There seemed to be a good deal happening that he did not understand. "I—I ain't sayin' it ain't."

"Well, is it is or is it ain't?"

"Maybe it is. But I guess I got a right ——"

"You got all the right in the world, Semore. But I ask you this: Did you know that Migraine was cheatin'? Did you know he was playin' with marked cards?"

Mr. Nobles uttered a bull-like roar. He started forward menacingly, but the huge figure in the corner rose and growled and Migraine tactfully subsided.

"That ain't true," he murmured.

"It is," said Jasper. "Mistuh Slappey heah can prove it, an' so can ev'ybody else which seen that game. You lef' the room, Semore, befo' I had a chance to splain, which is how come you didn't know about this cheatin' until now."

Semore was blinking. He had fully intended to trim Jasper, but dishonesty had been no part of his scheme. He turned angry eyes upon Migraine.

Mr. Nobles knew he was in a corner. He blustered: "You cain't prove nothin' like that, Jasper De Void. I reckon I got as much right to say you put them marked cards in as you has to say I did. Thing is you los' yo' car to me an' I b'lieve I can colleck it."

"P'r'aps," grinned Jasper sweetly. "P'r'aps so."

"Then ——"

Jasper gestured comprehensively. "In fack, Mistuh Nobles, I might say that you has s'ready collected the automobile."

"Wh-what you mean?"

"I mean that the automobile you gotten out of that garage las' night was the right one. It was my car."

Dead silence filled the room. Migraine's mouth was opening and closing very much after the manner of a large fish suddenly landed.

"Y-y-y-you mean ——"

"I mean that when you won that thing I wasn't shuah you had been cheatin'. I give you the right check. But after you beat it, I seen somethin' funny 'bout them cards an' I said what I did about the check bein' for some other car. Semore busted right out of the room to warn you, so I knowed it was a frame-up an' I let it ride. Then I zamined the cards an' seen they was sho'-nuff crooked. Tha's all."

Migraine was perspiring freely. "I—I been swindled!" he howled. "I been cheated!"

"Hush yo' mouf, strange boy. You ain't been nothin'. You won a car offen me. You got the car. I reckon it ain't my fault that you sold it back to me th'oo Semore Mashby fo' two hund'ed dollars."

Mr. Mashby's eyes were wide open. He stared at Migraine disgustedly, then turned to gaze upon Jasper. Genuine admiration was in his voice. "That was yo' own car you boughten back las' night, Jasper?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' you knowed it?"

"Sholy."

"An' Migraine havin' already had it, he ain't got another leg to stan' on?"

"Nary one."

Mr. Mashby extended his hand. "Jasper," he said, "you is a plumb genus!"

"Thanks, Semore. Yo' praise suttinly makes me happy." Mr. De Void looked once more at the stricken Migraine. "An' nex' time, Brother Nobles," he said, "be careful how you fool with folks."

"B-b-b-but, Jasper ——"

"Don't but me, Migraine. Ise lettin' you go 'cause ev'ybody is happy. Semore has got back the two hund'ed dollars he staked you with, an' I has got my own car an' a hund'ed dollars cash profit." Mr. De Void looped thumbs in the armholes of his vest. He was suffused with a glow of civic pride. "You see, Migraine," he explained, "us Bumminham fellers is just nachelly slick."

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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

LAURA LA PLANTE

A beautiful girl in odd atmosphere

Can you imagine the sweet face and figure of LAURA LA PLANTE clothed in an iron hat and a soldier's uniform? They are a little different from the gorgeous costumes this talented young woman usually wears, but they do not take anything from her beauty.

She wears these "implements of war" in Universal's successful production of ***"Finders Keepers,"*** adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's humorous and clever story of the same name, that ran serially in the Saturday Evening Post.

The story concerns the experiences of a Colonel's daughter who falls in love with a private in her father's training camp. JOHNNY HARRON, who played opposite MISS LA PLANTE in ***"Silk Stockings"*** is again the opposite in this play. Others in the cast are EDMUND BREESE and EDDIE PHILLIPS. It's a Wesley Ruggles Production.

Pictures which I can conscientiously recommend to you are: GLENN TRYON in ***"A Hero for a Night,"*** which I announced under the title of ***"Paris or Bust"*** in this column on November 26th; JEAN HERSHOLT in the pathetic comedy drama, ***"Alias the Deacon"***; ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** with LAURA LA PLANTE; ***"A Man's Past,"*** with CONRAD VEIDT; ***"The Fourflusher,"*** with MARIAN NIXON and George Lewis; ***"Les Miserables,"*** the Universal Film de France triumph; MARY PHILBIN and IVAN MOSJUKINE in ***"Surrender."***

It pleases me to be able to tell you that REGINALD DENNY in ***"On Your Toes,"*** a Fred Newmeyer Production, is back in the line which originally made him famous in ***"The Leather Pushers."*** HAYDEN STEVENSON is with him again as the Manager, and the picture, in the language of the day, and actually, is a "knockout." See it and write me your opinion

I don't suppose any picture ever made has such an irresistible appeal for every member of the family as Universal's fine production of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*** Watch for its premiere in your vicinity.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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OUT-OF-DOORS

PHOTO BY CHARLES COTTRELL

Shanty Boating

MOST kinds of travel are pretty complicated by schedules, possible itineraries, and have to be taken all according to rules and regulations; but tripping down a river, if it hasn't too many rapids and dams, is an experience all by itself. One time a friend of mine argued the notion into my head.

"Now, Jim," he said, "when you're trying to think of something to do without having to bother about it, going somewhere sitting still and living cheap without worrying too much, take a shanty-boat trip down a branch of the Mississippi."

I'd been crossing back and forth through the Mississippi Basin a lot, and I couldn't look off a bridge without remembering what that fellow had told me. I knew he had been down some of the rivers himself—the Tennessee, the Mississippi, a spell on the Missouri and on some of those little rivers lots of people never heard of, like the St. Francis, Red, Chaffeli, La Romp, Louisiana, Grand, and so on. He'd drift into my camp, probably on Northrup Lake or up Metcalf Creek in the Adirondacks, and then one time over on the Llano River, in Texas, and again on the Green River, in the Dakota Bad Lands, more or less accidental, the way us trappers meet from time to time.

We'd talk fur prices, hunting luck, which kind of car is the best for camping business, and then he'd shift the subject around to river tripping. He always looked sorry for me because I couldn't tell him how I had been down a real river. 'Course I knew skiffs and canoes. So one time I came down to the Ohio River on my way north out of deep mud and hard rains, "in the springtime, gentle Annie," as the song that always made me mad goes on to say.

Lots of people grow enthusiastic about the spring, when furs are shedding, traveling is mean in slush and mud, mosquito time is coming on, and if you shoot anything the Federal laws get you if it's a flyer, and you feel ashamed of yourself if it's some mother animal. 'Course when the water is down and the weather is settled fishing comes good; and when you go after trout or bass or some of the pikes and pickerels, there's sport to be had catching them. Well, the Ohio looked good to me, and that autumn I swapped what was left of my third car for a shanty boat with the fixings all on.

The place I started at was about four hundred miles down from the Ohio River, on a river as big as the Hudson and Mohawk together. I was going south again for warm weather when I stopped at a ferry to talk to a man in a little house boat. He had two outboard motors on the stern bumper and a talking machine inside, with a lot of mountain-music records, among others. He had word from some of his folks to go home to New England on account of some inheritance and an estate, so he took my car and I took his boat as was, except I kept my traps and sporting things and he kept his books and clothes. The river was called the Cumberland, and I floated down it, just like my shanty-boating friend told me I would, sitting with my back to the cabin, my heels hooked on my chair rungs and watching the world go up past me. Just a day or two of that was enough to pay for any boat I might have got if I'd dickered about my old car.

It was pretty early in the autumn. The water was green and clear. Woods in autumn colors were up the steep slopes, or even hanging onto the rocks on one side, while corn bottoms were on the other. And for a change, the river'd twist across the bottoms to have the ridges on the other side. Then all of a sudden my shanty boat would kind of lift at the corners and begin to prance, and I'd have to pull like sixty on my sixteen-foot-long oars, so I wouldn't slam into some rocks ahead or slip up onto an island head.

I had a good boat, twenty-eight foot long and a little better than seven foot wide pretty long and narrow—built of two-inch plank bottom on a good frame of white oak. The hull was thirty inches deep and the floor was laid on the stringers six inches high on the bottom. The sides were two inches thick, too, and the cabin was six-foot-six clear between floor and stringers. The roof was thin matched boards covered with ten-ounce canvas, painted white, and the cabin was white with red trimmings, the hull being covered with three coats of good red paint. It never leaked a drop, and it was worth $350 or so, and the furnishings were worth another hundred or two. With the two outboard motors, my old car brought me about $600 all told, and this was fair, for my car was in good condition.

I went to sleep once while I was floating down. It was a nice balmy day in a wide water, the sun shining and birds singing in the trees. The broad river was so still I could hardly make out I was floating at all. The river always has kind of swells running through it, and these tipped and swayed me so I dozed off. I yawned and sighed and presently stretched out on my iron bedstead.

The next I knew we hit something, kerslam! I jumped up and saw the bank hanging over me, but going by like a running horse was towing me. Bang-go, and the hull hit into a tree which had fallen off a woodlot top first. A whole tract of woods seemed to crash into and drag the cabin, making a noise like a gale of wind. There was a crash as one of my sweeps hanging on it hit into a slit and then twisted short off. A branch end came through the thin side of the cabin in a hole a foot long, and I thought it'd tear the whole cabin off, but we slipped by and about fifteen minutes later we were down the shoal in still water again, with my breath coming short and sweat on my forehead. So after that, if I wanted any naps, I tied in or anchored first. In two minutes or less things can change an awful lot on a wide river—yes, sir! The main idea, shanty boating, is always paying attention to where the boat is drifting and what's going on around.

Game was generally scarce. Fur was the same. There were pockets along, though, where I could kill enough to eat almost sitting on the deck, especially ducks and geese, which were migrating. I was floating northward into colder weather all the time and I ran into a line storm which lasted four days, and I was blown to the bank, where I tied up at about the most uninteresting cornfield I ever did get to see.

I'd been there three days, with nothing to read but a plane geometry which was almost as monotonous as that corn bottom, but I made up a lot of neglected education in mathematics, or whatever geometry is.

Continued on Page 44

To the Women of America

"We would like to have you drive this car *yourself*"

IF YOU and your husband are thinking of new cars this month, as most husbands and wives are, we'd like to have *you* drive a Reo Flying Cloud.

For if ever a car was built for a woman to drive, it's the Flying Cloud. You'll appreciate this when you feel for yourself how easily you can swing it around the sharpest corners or into a place at the curb. You'll find comfort for yourself and safety for all your family in the way a Flying Cloud responds to its 4-wheel, *internal* hydraulic brakes. And you'll recognize its appeal to women in the graceful symmetry of its lines, the quiet elegance of its interior appointments—finished as by a fashionable decorator.

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(Continued from Page 42)

When I came to Paducah, though, I found some books to read, most of them written by a favorite son. I don't remember other times I was blown ashore at unamusing places near so well, and I guess it was because I had a good assortment of reading matter. I dropped down the Ohio into the Mississippi and caught my breath as I looked ahead into the misty blue arch below the jumping-off place.

I rowed my genuine home comfort, mostly, with the oars. I made a new sweep out of two four-inch-wide boards, with a blade and a handle and a hardwood pin block, same as the one I'd broke. But when I came to other rivers down the line, like the Obion, or St. Francis, or Yazoo, or White, or Arkansaw Old Mouth, and along there I'd start my two outboards and they drove me up the slow currents of the streams. And they took me into old river lakes, around the bends, like the one below Helena, Arkansas, and into the dead waters behind islands and in cut-off bends.

The Good Samaritan

I didn't have any maps or charts. I just went by guess and by gum, and lots of times, by gosh, I guessed wrong. That was funny too. I started out in a fog one day, needing flour and wanting fresh tame meat. Game is good, but it gets monotonous after a time. I wanted pork sausage and beefsteak for a change. I expected to stop at New Madrid. Out in the middle of the river I couldn't tell which was which way. I'd pull awhile and then I'd start my outboard—one of them—and drive for a time.

I knew the town was somewhere below me, because a fisherman below Hickman had said so. I looked at my compass and we were drifting north. I couldn't make that out at all. Then I dropped a chunk of iron overboard on a string, and sure enough we were kind of going north, but not very fast.

Then a big shadow loomed up and I was hying along a steep, caving bank, which was lumping off in chunks as big as a house, making a lot of rumpus and waves. Night came on and I was still going. The water was too deep to anchor one spell, but pretty soon it was so shallow I was scared. I hooked into the bottom, though, and when it cleared up next morning in the sun I was ten miles below New Madrid, at Point Pleasant Crossing. Steamboats tie up when it's foggy, which is the best way.

Along at first on the Cumberland I was pretty nervous. One day when the wind blew and held me to the bank, rocking and pitching about, I was feeling funnier and worse, till I was sure enough seasick. I went up the bank to walk around awhile, so I was all right.

Just a while before dark one night, when it was drizzling chilly rain, a woman came to the top of the bank in the woods. She was all wet, cold, and looked miserable, pinched and hungry.

She begged for something to eat, and as I had enough for four just putting on my table, I fed her. She didn't eat any too hearty for one as hungry as she claimed to be, but drank a lot of coffee. She talked awhile, looking around real sharp, and then headed up the gangplank without being asked.

I cleared off the table and washed the dishes. This was in a lonely bend away down below somewhere, and all of a sudden somebody let go a charge of BB's at me. Some came through the thin boards of the cabin and some flattened out on my kitchen window. That was the first I knew I had bullet-proof glass in my frames. One hit me after coming through the thin boards and went into my leg about an inch. I doused my lamp and jumped for my repeating shotgun, which was in the front-room cabin of my boat. I went through the front door, up the bank and caught a glimpse of a fellow silhouetted against the river as he started to run up the bottoms through the woods. I let go at about forty yards with Number 6 shot and I heard him give a yell. I rummaged around there like a grumbling bear, but didn't find anybody else.

I was pretty mad, but it served me right, not pulling down my curtains at night. About six weeks later I saw the woman with a man three hundred miles below there, and they looked mighty nervous, ready to run, but I just went on by, not paying any attention. I had the BB shot I'd dug out of my leg to remember them by, anyhow.

Another night I was coming down I saw a shanty boat in a long horseshoe bend and dropped into a short eddy near by. I tried to be sociable with the people on it, but when I saw them I just naturally insulted their looks by casting off my lines and floating a couple hours in the dark. I heard afterward they were the loading end of two-three moonshine stills back in the brakes.

Entertainment Along the Way

I heard some music I'd never heard before, one night, though, when I'd floated alongside another shanty boat dropping down like I was. He was an old fellow with reddish-brown whiskers, and his wife was nice-looking, well fed and fat. They watched me pretty sharp, but after a time kind of thawed out. Then in the evening when I was playing some of my hill-billy song-and-dance records, they came over with a banjo and a fiddle, visiting. I'd play two-three records and then they'd play something my tunes reminded them of. They practiced some of my pieces too. I heard music I'd heard when I was a boy going to dances in the Adirondacks, in New York. And there were pieces I don't expect anybody ever hears unless it is down old Mississip'.

Some of us shanty boaters had a dance on a sacred-concert boat at a sawmill landing. Among others, there were five ladies on the boat, giving exhibitions and entertainments along down. They could step, play string music and sing—terrible new pieces mostly, but when they gave us some of the old-timers I can say it was fit to make a man remember back a long ways. They made me dance square sets with them some, and I was so stiff for a week that I was afraid I had the rheumatism, which I've always been afraid of. Six or seven of us boats dropped down together; they said, just like in the old days—about 1900 and before that. We landed in at one place and some plantation men came down and ordered us to float on down, so we did.

There was a feather hunter, a patent-medicine outfit, a photographer, the sacred-concert-and-dancing-platform boat, a store boat selling groceries, drygoods and hardware, a junker, and two ladies and their husbands just tripping down for the experience, in our party. And down at the foot of an island where the crows were roosted, coming in long black lines for an hour before sunset, we all went to a missionary boat and had a regular revival meeting. And one of the dancing girls broke down and was converted. We all chipped in so she could go back home above the jumping-off place, which they say is at Cairo, the Ohio River forks.

Times Have Changed

In the old days boats used to come down the Mississippi in hundreds. Ten thousand boats came down the Ohio one year in the early days. Now there are years when hardly any come down. Then again there are spells in the autumn when on a pretty day there is a shanty boat or cruiser motorboat floating down sideways in about every reach or bend. One might drop down for years and not see a village of shanty boats floating down, like the one I was in.

It costs $250 to trap in some counties now—license. It used to be so that one could kill game, catch fur, trap-net fish and make a good living all the way down. Now boats cost a lot to build. In 1900 it cost $35.80 for the lumber of a good twenty-two-foot boat. Now the same lumber would cost more than $100. It used to be one could buy a meal on a shanty boat for ten cents. Now it takes two bits, or a shilling - twenty-five cents at least, and sometimes fifty cents.

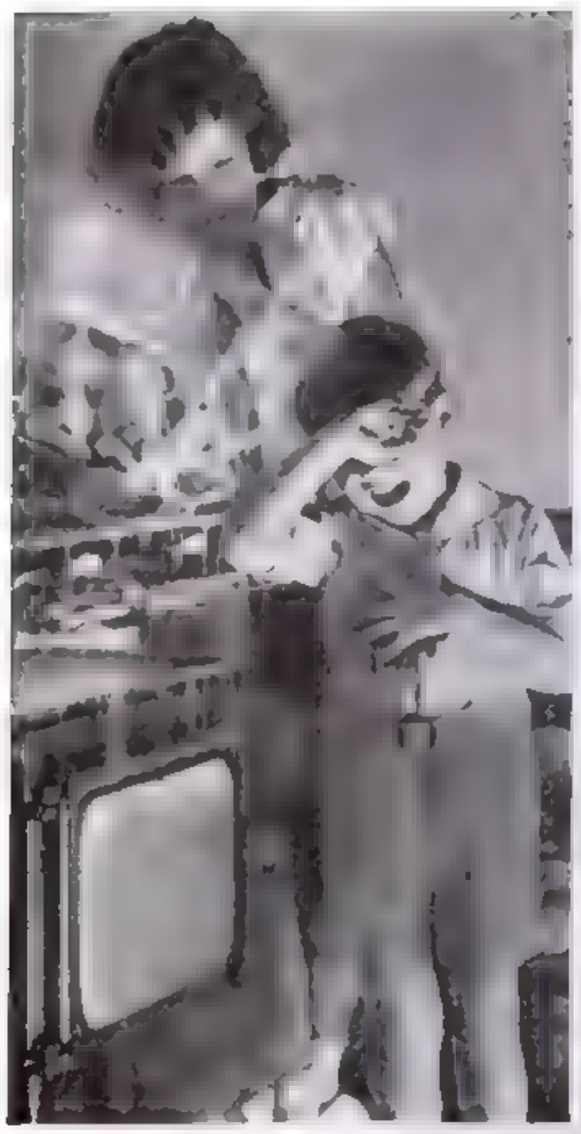
I had a good boat and sold it for $400, and got $100 for the two outboard motors. The furniture brought, with the phonograph, $90. But I kept the records, on account of the old-time music from the mountains and the river bottoms. For just a one-trip boat, I suppose $100 would build a scow and put on a roofing-composition cabin. And it costs about $3.50 a week for the raw materials for cooking meals. A good oil stove and a little tin stove heater to burn wood to warm the cabin will serve well. A man could build a two-person boat and outfit it for around $150. It would sell for $15 or so after a winter trip. Anybody could live on a boat all winter, say, for $100 or $150. So one can travel downstream for seven or eight months for $300, going about 2000 miles on upper and lower rivers.

When I came off the river in N'Orleans—as we shanty boaters call it—I met that fellow who told me about the river.

"Well, say, Jim," he exclaimed, "you tripped Old Mississip'! And you didn't drown, get killed or 'loped with?"

"Nope," I told him, and we took steerage on a steamboat to New York together, and I went back home to the Adirondacks, while he went to Fort Benton to trip 3000 miles or so to N'Orleans on the Missouri. But I wasn't ready to start again so soon. I liked river tripping, but I needed a rest afterward.

—Jim Smiley.



"I heard my child scream!"

"Helen and her little brother were playing at housekeeping in the kitchen. Helen tried to pick up the boiling teakettle . . . The whole kettleful of scalding water poured over the boy—right on his cheek and chest! His screams were terrible . . . I remembered Unguentine—spread it on thickly. The first touch of Unguentine made the child comfortable . . . The scalds were healed in a very short time. *Not a sign of a scar is left.*"

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For cuts, scratches and bruises, too. Bandage lightly when necessary. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Unguentine

The famous surgical dressing

FREE!

—a trusted name

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. S-1, Norwich, N. Y

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M D

Name

Street

City and State

A Winter Scene in Quebec

If I were a *Motorist*

I'D BE primed for changing tires along dark country roads, ready to pick out road-signs at dark intersections, ready for all those jobs that come to the man who drives a car at night.

Not only ready, but Eveready, if you get me, with a good flashlight. And I'd keep that flashlight hitting on all cylinders by using genuine Eveready Batteries—the kind that lasts and lasts and lasts.

Get the flashlight habit. That's *my* tip to motorists, and no foolin'.

If I were a *Pedestrian*

AND had to walk along dark, heavily traveled roads, no motor-car would ever tackle ME for a loss. Because I'd carry a lighted flashlight so that all drivers could see me . . . *in time!*

And because it would be MY life to guard, I'd take no chances on just-any-old-batteries. They would have to be genuine Evereadys, ever-ready and ever-dependable, crammed and jammed with life and light.

Get the flashlight habit. It pays. And that's no "light" fiction!

If I lived in *the suburbs*

THERE would be trips to and from the station along dark roads; there would be guests to see off in motor-cars; there would be dozens of situations where only a good flashlight would fill the bill.

And I would load my flashlight with genuine Eveready Batteries, to be sure of strong, white light every time I called for it. Yes, *Sir*, the battery's the thing, and Eveready's the battery. Remember this!

Get the flashlight habit. It's just common sense, Man!

$1.00

the difference between danger and safety

WOULD you pay a dollar to prevent a skinned shin, a broken leg, a wrenched shoulder, a torn or mud-spattered suit of clothes? What would it be worth to avoid being picked off by a passing motor-car along a dark road some night? A dollar, *at least!*

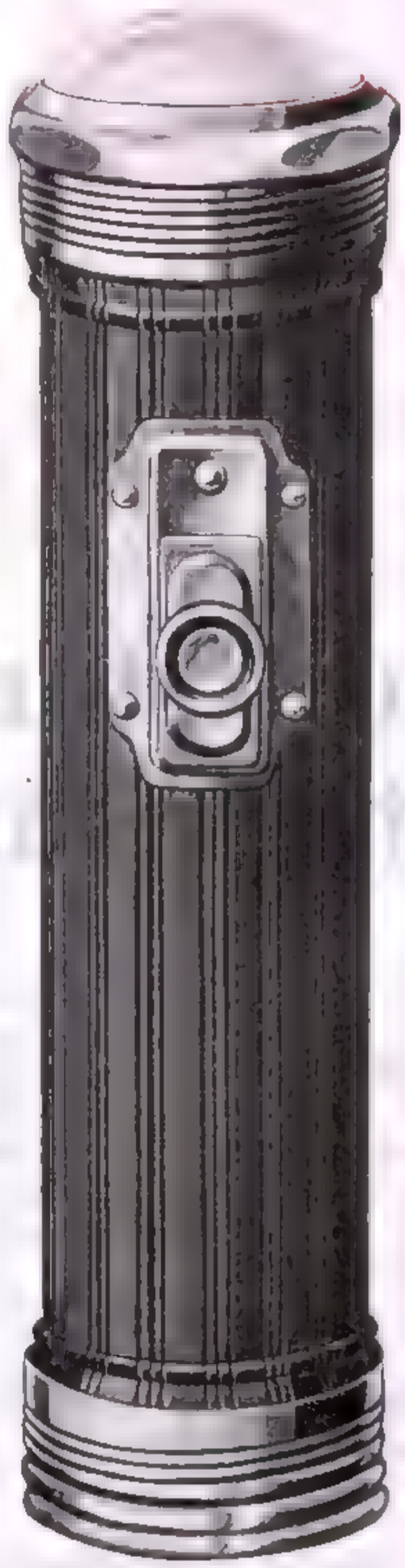
Well, that's all it costs now for a genuine Eveready Flashlight, complete with batteries and standard Eveready features . . . ready for darkness and lots OF it. Strong white light to drive back the black of night and the dangers that lie in ambush.

Eveready Flashlights and Batteries are made by the same people that make the famous Eveready Radio Batteries. The first practical flashlight and still *first* in looks, materials, dependability and popularity.

Ask to see the Dollar Eveready. There are other Evereadys at other prices. Whatever type you select, hold out for an Eveready. That is important!

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
-they last longer



Here's the "Bull's-eye" Flashlight, No. 2604, in black ribbed case, $1, complete with batteries.

If I were a *Mother*

I'D BE listening at all hours of the night for those wistful wails that every mother knows. I'd sleep with a flashlight nearby, knowing that its soft rays and quiet switch wouldn't disturb the lightest sleeper.

I'd use it, too, for examining the children's throats—the place where most troubles start. When I had the dealer reload it, I would stand by to see that he put in genuine Eveready Batteries. You bet it DOES make a difference.

Get the flashlight habit. A flashlight is always a convenience—often a life-saver.

If I were a *Boy Scout*

AND went camping, hiking and other things that good Scouts do, I'd own a good flashlight. And I'd see that it was always on the job, by keeping it loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries.

In fact, I'd insist on using Eveready Batteries and no other. They're crammed with energy . . . alive . . . ready to supply a stronger light for a longer time; ready to put night to flight; Eveready!

Get the flashlight habit. And hold out for genuine Eveready Batteries when you reload.

If I were *Traveling*

I'D CHOOSE a companion that would serve as a faithful body-guard—a good flashlight. I'd pack it in the grip for every trip, and park it alongside my bed at the hotel.

To make sure that it would deliver the goods when I pressed the button, I'd see that it was loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries—the kind that gives the brightest light for the longest time. Because they're built to do just that!

Get the flashlight habit! It's good travel-insurance.

AC PRODUCTS

"Standard of the world"

AC SPARK PLUGS

AC SPEEDOMETERS

AC OIL FILTERS

Your oil filter ceases to function when it becomes filled with dirt. Only by installing a renewal cartridge when needed can the oil be kept clean. Have your AC Oil Filter tested today.

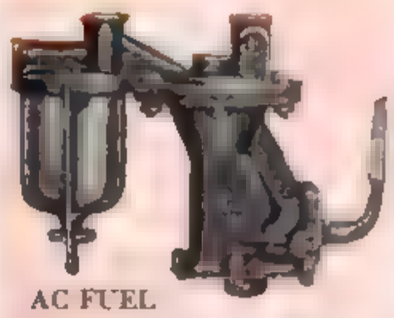
A few outstanding AC victories in 1927

LINDBERGH	New York to Paris
CHAMBERLIN	New York to Germany
BYRD	New York to French Coast
ACOSTA-CHAMBERLIN	Endurance Flying Record
STINSON	National Reliability Air Tour
MAITLAND-HEGENBERGER	California to Honolulu
DE PAOLO	A. A. A. National Automobile Racing Championship
MYERS	New York to Spokane Air Derby
SCHLEE and BROCK	World Tour
WOODBURY	A. A. A. National Dirt Track Championship

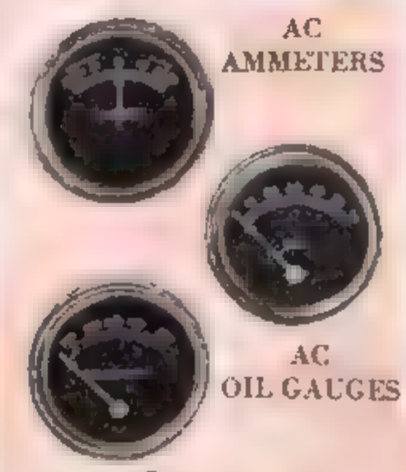
You, too, can have the same spark plugs as were used in establishing these victories.

All spark plugs in time deteriorate and need to be changed.

By insisting on AC Spark Plugs and installing a new set every 10,000 miles you can be sure of perfect spark plug performance.



AC FUEL PRESSURE SYSTEMS



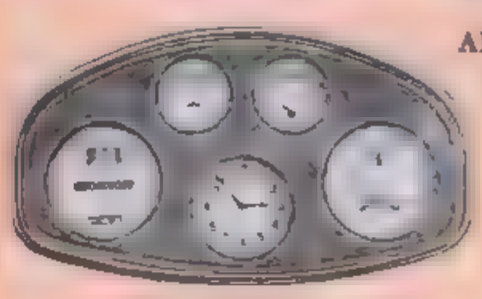
AC AMMETERS

AC OIL GAUGES

AC THERMO GAUGES

Over 200 of the world's most successful manufacturers use one or more, or all of these AC Products as regular factory equipment

AC AIR CLEANERS



AC INSTRUMENT PANELS

AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN Cheby (Seine) FRANCE

MATTIE'S MACHINE

(Continued from Page 5)

go away for a rest and a change. So Mr. Welch sent him West the very next day, and got you."

"The jackdaw sat on the cardinal's chair ——" murmured Mr. Short, his eyes teasing Mattie; and then he said, more soberly: "I'm sorry he's sick and I hope he gets better. But while he's gone, he's gone, and whether you like to work for me or not, here I am!"

With that he left her, running lightly down the stairs and closing the door at the bottom firmly. Mattie worked on with mechanical precision, but her thoughts swung afar in a whirling circle. How changed everything was, and in how short a time!

It wasn't two weeks since Mr. McCarty had last come up those stairs. Kind, good, patient Mr. McCarty! He had all the work planned out for months ahead, and scarcely changed a thing, year after year. He knew all the time-honored, worked-out ways of getting circulation, and he did not experiment. They hadn't appreciated Mr. McCarty, she told herself, although this was scarcely true of her, for her loyalty to him was a proverb in the plant.

Well, she had reason to be loyal to him. She had known him all her life, for the McCartys were neighbors to the Medarises. When she graduated from high school at seventeen her mother had asked Mrs. McCarty to ask Mr. McCarty to give Mattie a job on the paper. They needed a duplicator operator in the circulation department at that time, and he took her down and showed her how to run the old machine. It was almost a wreck. For two years Mr. McCarty had been trying to talk Mr. Welch into buying a new duplicator. But the farm-paper publisher had developed a wonderful power of resistance against the needs of his department heads for new employes and new equipment. As long as the old duplicator could be made to turn over, it would have to do. It had almost got beyond functioning when Mattie took it in charge. Mr. McCarty showed her how to operate it and left her to practice. When Mr. Welch came upstairs a few hours later to take a look at the new girl he almost had heart failure.

For Mattie was happily scrubbing parts of a dismembered duplicator in a pan. The iron stand of the machine was empty and scoured, and out beyond, clear to the end of the long table, were arranged tiny screws and bolts and gadgets. The internal mechanism of the duplicator was there, nut from bolt, and spring from hook.

"Do you know," said Mr. Welch, in the quivering voice of hard-held self-control, "that that machine cost three hundred dollars?"

"It was mighty dirty," said Mattie with modest pride. "Some of it was just about grown fast with grease."

"Don't you know you've ruined it!" shouted the harassed publisher. "You'll never in this world get it back together again! You're fired! Three hundred dollars' worth of machinery ruined because it was greasy! Who told you to clean it? Where did you get that wire brush? How did you ever think of doing such a thing?"

He rushed downstairs to Mr. McCarty, and in a few moments an anxious-looking circulation manager came up the stairs and found Mattie crying. She had never been spoken to so in her life. Mr. McCarty said nothing, standing there with lip thrust out, looking at the wrecked duplicator.

"I can put it back together again," she sobbed. "I can! I laid every piece in order as I took it off. I only have to start at the other end and put them back together. I know I can fix it."

"Well, go ahead then," said Mr. McCarty. "If you can fix it you can keep your job. I'll see to that."

He went away and left her, and at eight o'clock that night Mattie came slowly down the stairs and brought Mr. McCarty, where he sat reading and waiting in his own little office, a letter printed on the rejuvenated duplicator. He looked at it as one looks at a miracle

"I fixed it," she told him quaveringly, and he answered: "Good girl! Be here at eight in the morning."

Afterward Mattie became a skillful operator. The duplicator, with her careful nursing, and tender care, promised to last indefinitely. Mr. Welch never referred to the incident again, and Mattie had now been in the circulation department for three years, gradually becoming almost an assistant manager. She prepared the letters for the machine and printed them, sometimes making great improvements over the copy given her. She kept the files and records for the duplicator, and had charge of a good deal of the mailing. Girls brought from the stencil cutters worked for her at the long table back of her machine at intervals. She had a sharp tongue and a ready wit, and if her mailing gang became hilarious, Mr. McCarty turned a deaf ear to them. He could count on Mattie to get the work finished. They were isolated on the third floor. Mattie was given a nice increase in her pay every year, and Mr. McCarty allowed her to arrange her own work and go her own gait. A canny man, Mr. McCarty. For Mattie worked best out of loyalty. She would strain every faculty for a little praise and become extremely difficult when criticized or blamed.

A tall, sturdy, red-cheeked girl, with snappy black eyes and crisp black hair, robust and sweet and difficult, emotional and prejudiced, and feminine, all the loyalty she felt for Mr. McCarty was turned into an intenser channel in her hostility to Mr. McCarty's temporary successor. For none of them considered Mr. Short a permanent improvement. Mr. Welch's loyalty to his old employes was something that could be banked on. Though he had for three years resisted the cry for a new duplicator, he had, in one moment, resolved to send Mr. McCarty away with all his expenses paid and with the assurance that his salary would be deposited in the bank for his family every pay day. When Mr. McCarty was well he would be back.

In the meanwhile the Assyrian had come down like the wolf on the fold. Mr. Short had not for a moment concealed his impatience with the slow, smooth functioning of the circulation department. All the subscription-getting schemes were out of date, he declared. He was vastly amused at the countrified atmosphere of the farm-paper organization. He had obtained all his business experience on a city paper, and he found something funny in a plant where everyone was a cousin or an uncle or a niece of someone else. They all knew one another with the precise and fathomless knowledge of small-towners. All of them, in the self-defense of people who are much together, dissembled and were casual. They went by their first names, they did their tasks with an unhurried clocklikeness that ate up the work. Those who wanted responsibility, assumed it; those who didn't, shirked. Practically no one, once employed, was ever dismissed, but the plan was to get them to stay and to do the work. Mr. Welch was a peculiar combination of petty tyrant and benevolent grandfather, with a strain of shrewd wisdom in his make-up, and an almost artistic instinct about when to blow up.

It made it no easier for Mattie that she had a secret and growing conviction that the new circulation manager was right about the work. The fact that his ideas functioned, that he knew his stuff, did not improve her temper to him. To have been completely acornful would have been more satisfying. He was going to put crews in the field. He was going after a better class of subscribers. He was going to abandon premiums, except for agents. He was going to do this, that, and the other, with or without the consent of a spoiled and temperamental duplicator operator. And Mattie felt herself disloyal when she remembered how hard a time Mr. Welch had had to talk Mr. McCarty into giving up the old motorcycle and automobile contests.

She repressed a desire to sigh as she read: "—— the straightest shooting rifle a boy ever had ——" Certainly, he wrote a good letter. She almost wanted the rifle herself.

It was the first of the following week before she had the doll follow-up finally ready to mail. Ike, the janitor, brought the inclosure up to her in the freight elevator, along with four hundred new copies of the paper. Mattie arranged the plan of work at the long tables as she always did it, and brought up six girls from the stencil room and set them at it. Back at her duplicator, talking over her shoulder, but keeping track of the work, Mattie entertained them, and tongues and fingers flew together.

Mr. Short came upstairs, frowning at the clatter, and walked around to see what they were doing, and Mattie walked behind him. When he stopped to look over a girl's shoulder Mattie bent her body at exactly the same angle, tilted her head a little, and with a slight artistic exaggeration, made him somehow so very ridiculous that when he went downstairs they were all convulsed with mirth. Their laughter got away from them and one hysterical middle-aged widow let out a kind of whoop. At this, they ceased pretending and laughed aloud.

Mattie, pushing her short hair back of her ears and drawing her round face down into an important-looking grimace, swaggered about the table, peering over their shoulders, saying to them, in a voice half mockery, half impatience, and a perfect feminine replica of his:

"What—what, my good girl? No, fold them this way—they have been folded that way before, so we must change it. Anything that's ever been done before must be done differently now. We can't allow you to do as Mr. McCarty did. He was only an old fogy, and now we've got somebody that knows all about it. We've got a smart young boss from the great big city now. What—what?"

They all stopped laughing, their faces half awry, for Mr. Short had not gone down the stairs. He had only started, and had been listening, just out of sight, and had quietly returned.

The sudden cessation of mirth brought out Mattie's last remarks with astounding clarity. She turned and looked into Mr. Short's eyes. His face was as red as his hair, and his young mouth was grim as he stood there, looking at her, his body leaning forward a little, his under lip thrust out. A wild thrill went through Mattie—a thrill of fear, of some inner, mysterious joy and recklessness.

She returned his gaze boldly, though her own face crimsoned, and before he could speak, she said, "Spying, eh?"

Mr. Short did not answer at once, but his contempt burned her, though she stood her ground. Then he turned, brought a tall stool from the file cases, banged it down at the end of the table farthest from the duplicator, sat down on it and pulled up his long legs. His gaze fell somberly on the subdued and tittering women and came back to Mattie.

"If you've anything to do," he said to her harshly, "do it. If not, you may have the day off."

He stayed all morning, and all morning Mattie, at the duplicator, felt the fire burning in her cheeks, felt the wild smile pulling at her lips, felt all her being stirred with profound excitement. When the bell rang at noon they all went away quickly but herself. Slowly, and with an outward show

(Continued on Page 49)

The Heel of America's Leading Shoes

NUNN-BUSH stands at the top among fine shoes for men. Smart styling, choice leathers and meticulous workmanship have won for them well deserved leadership.

Contributing to this success are the rubber heels made by the Essex Rubber Company and sold with Nunn-Bush Shoes. These are TITE-EDGE Heels in composition and appearance—the only difference being that the name, "Nunn-Bush," is stamped upon them instead of "TITE-EDGE."

Many other successful American Shoes, famous for high quality, are sold with these heels. Their choice can be yours by asking the repair man for TITE-EDGE.

ESSEX RUBBER CO.
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

TITE-EDGE

Sold in six colors for men, women and children; also specify size for wood heel shoes

P. A. suits my taste like nobody's business

WHEN I opened my first tidy red tin and got a full breath of P. A.'s fragrance, I said: "Here's *my* brand!" I was absolutely sure of it the instant I tasted the tobacco itself in my pipe. What a taste! Cool as a climb in the Alps. Sweet as getting down again safely.

Mellow and mild and long-burning, with the last pull as cool and dry as the first. Prince Albert is great tobacco, all right, all right. You can hit it up from early morning to midnight, with never a regret . . . except, maybe, that you have to take time out for sleep!

They tell me P. A. outsells every other brand of pipe-tobacco on the market. I don't doubt it, and I don't wonder why. When you consider P. A.'s unbroken record of leadership over a period of years, it stands to reason it *must* be giving smokers more for their money. Try P. A.!

And look how much you get for your money —TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 47)

of calm, Mattie stopped her work, stacked her letters together and put them on the end of the table, covered her duplicator, took off her apron and folded it, and took a comb from her purse and combed her hair and pushed it up about her ears. She powdered her nose and smoothed her dress. When she was through with every possible delay she turned and smiled at Mr. Short. It seemed as though not Mattie but some queer personality that had come up from the depths of her being possessed and governed her, controlled the curve of her lips, the challenge in her eyes. They regarded each other, and for a moment there passed across the young man's face an errant glimmer of fun. It seemed to Mattie that they tottered on the edge of sane and wholesome laughter that would sweep them all alone into a place made and waiting for them. But the moment passed. His mouth hardened with pride and anger, and he looked at her coldly.

"Are you going to spend the afternoon with us too?" she asked him sweetly. He gave a little snort and got down from his perch and came and stood close over her, looking down at her darkly.

"Get next to yourself, young lady," he said, and his voice was gritty. "One more show like you put on this morning and you're through. You may be the office clown and a clever little show-off but I'm not going to fall down on my job or give up my own ideas about circulation because of you or any other girl. You're to do your job and that's all."

"Or you'll fire me?"

"Or I'll fire you."

"You've told me that before," said Mattie gently, and added: "Do you think you could? Are you big enough?"

"We might find out," he answered, and then, after another hard and threatening look into her eyes, he turned and went downstairs.

It might have been instinct, and it might have been simply decency, but for a little while Mattie walked softly before her boss. She did what she was asked to do, and in no open flagrant way did she defy him. But it is doubtful if his masculine arrogance could get much comfort out of the sort of meekness she turned upon it. And there was a subtlety in her opposition which he could not meet. For on that day when she had been ready to laugh with him over all their warfare and he had turned a stony face to her, Mattie had hardened her heart against him completely. It seemed, queerly, as though she were engaged in some vital struggle in which every fiber of her being demanded that the yielding be resisted as long as possible.

Mr. Short found it increasingly hard to get his own way in the circulation department. The duplicator, which had been so obedient to its mechanically minded mistress for three years, now began to collapse once or twice a week. The girls in the mailing room were slow and fell behind. The stencil cutters ran clear out of stencils before anyone told him. The freight elevator stuck in the most unlikely moments, so that Ike could neither take printing and sample copies upstairs, nor bring baskets of mail down. Saunders, the composing-room foreman, looked at Mr. Short blankly. The job presses were always piled with work. When it was time for the October renewal letter the post cards that went as surprise packages could not be found. The subscription blanks were printed in the wrong colors, the girls could not be spared from the stencil room for mailing, the stock room was out of envelopes—things stood still.

Mr. Welch practically forsook the advertising department and came and went frantically in the circulation rooms. There were long and hectic conferences in Mr. Short's glass-partitioned office. Flurries of work followed in the wake of the publisher's appearance and at once died into apathy. His white hair was always rumpled, his glasses dangled impatiently. He raised his voice so that all might hear, and rode his nephew with spur and crop. He questioned individual members of the circulation staff, but all assured him meekly that they were doing their best.

Then the duplicator went completely lame, and it was necessary, Mattie said, to send to the factory for a new part. Mr. Welch was at a point of sizzling impatience, and Mr. Short not far from desperate. He had come down a good deal from his high horse in the past weeks. He no longer gave orders, but he argued, pleaded, exhorted, and worked feverishly; appreciating, now that it had gone back on him, Mr. McCarty's smooth organization. His energy was solitary and wasted, like the energy of a squirrel in a cage. It availed nothing.

Mattie sat at her duplicator, idle, her hands folded on her clean apron, and gazed pensively out across the hills, and Mr. Short came up the stairs, thrust his red head above the railing and looked at her. She turned slowly from the window and returned his inquisitorial gaze with a look of purest, mildest innocence—a little-girl look, in a round and pretty face. She smiled at him gently. Mr. Short swore under his breath and withdrew. Mattie nodded to herself. Mr. McCarty would certainly find his job waiting for him when he came back. Mr. Short's days with Welch's Farm Weekly were practically numbered. Strangely, at the thought her throat tightened and her eyes filled with tears, and a great longing came over her to cry. She felt an irreparable loss and disappointment.

The frost brought a bright shower of leaves down upon the river, and the tang of smoke and burning brush was in the sunny air. Mattie appeared at the office one morning in a new red felt hat and a pretty, new brown suit, with brown slippers and stockings. She had brightened her lips and tried to tone down the natural scarlet of her cheeks with powder. She went, arrayed in all her glory, to ask Mr. Short what he wanted her to do while she waited for the duplicator repairs. He looked at her haggardly, as though he had not slept all night. He had changed since he came to Welch's Farm Weekly. The gay, sardonic look of boyish mischief was gone. He was hardened, mature and, under his weariness, amazingly stubborn. He sat staring at Mattie as at the personification of all his woes. Then he got up and closed his office door behind her.

"Sit down," he said. The circulation department could probably see them, but at least it couldn't hear. Mattie sat, her body folding softly in the chair, her pretty feet crossed before her.

"What is it, Mr. Short?" she said meekly. He looked at her and his lips thinned and tightened.

"Mattie," he said, "do you know what circulation is?"

Mattie was surprised. It was a job, to her.

"What is it," she asked, "besides a list of names?"

"A list of names," he said slowly, and it seemed for a moment that he forgot Mattie and looked back at something he had seen in a long and lonely vigil. Then he looked at her fully and gravely, and she saw that he had changed. She felt the impact of his manhood, of the reality that lay behind his youthful complacence.

"That's what it is, I suppose, in the poorest sense of the word," he said slowly, weighing his words—"a list! But it ought to be more. I had an ideal when I came here—I've got it yet, for that matter—of something more than a list. Do you know what I think circulation is, Mattie? It's the lifeblood of the paper. It's the most important thing in the publishing business. When it fails, everything fails. Who would read the paper if we didn't get subscribers for it? Who would advertise or who would answer ads if we didn't keep the list up? You've worked on circulation for three years, and yet you sit there and tell me it's a list of names. Mattie, it's life. It's the paper itself. Can't you feel those readers—hundreds of thousands of them? Can't you see them, not as names but as persons, getting the paper out of mail boxes, turning up their sitting-room lamps, getting out their glasses? Readers, Mattie—people! Men and women who pay for our paper because they want to read it!" He paused and sat for a few moments marking on the pad before him, and then he went on in a low voice, earnestly: "The agents and the dolls and the clubs, the renewal offers and all of it are simply our machinery. But, Mattie, I want more than a list of names for Welch's Farm Weekly. I want a list of grown, prosperous readers. Do you get the difference? Not just an address, but a name a creditable agent gets because the person who stands behind it wants the paper." He drew a deep breath, and his voice was bitter. "Circulation," he said. "Not just a job. Not just a list."

"Mr. McCarty never looked on it as just a job," said Mattie, her own voice trembling, "if that's what you mean. He loved every name that came in on a dingy blue sub list. He loved every reader. He "

"I see," said Mr. Short. He got up and opened his door behind her, and sat down again and took up his mail. "Well, he'll be sorry to know that we haven't got half our renewals, that the doll scheme has been almost a failure, that the agents I've got on the premium catalogue are sending in about all the real subs we're getting. We're ten thousand behind our quota for the last two months. That must be a comfort to Mr. McCarty, out West, and sick."

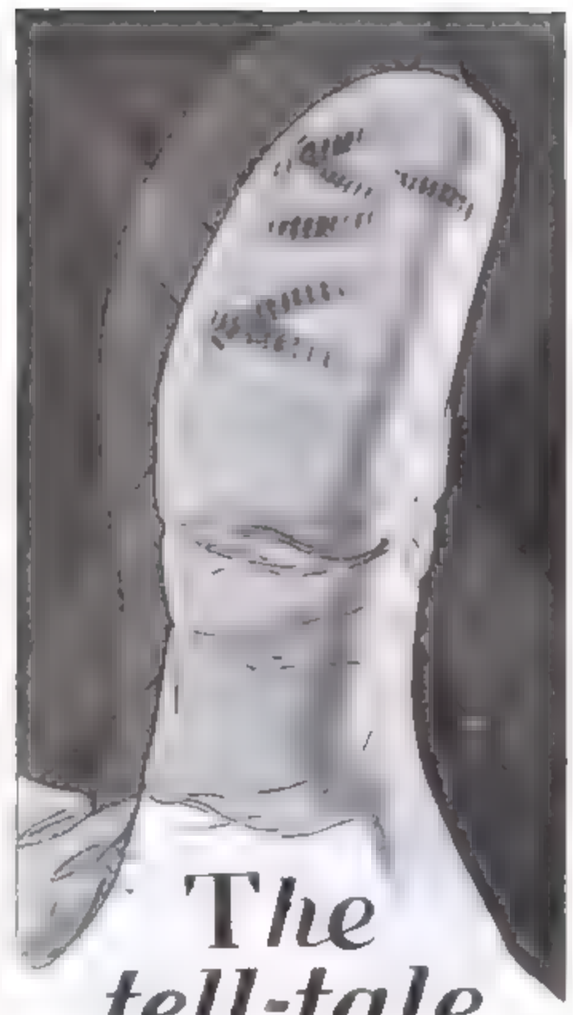
He began to read his letters and Mattie slipped away and went upstairs.

She went over to her duplicator, pulled off her little red hat and stood there with her hat in her hand, staring out of the window and across the sunlit world. Slowly the confusion and the trembling within her fell into quiet and clarity. She had betrayed her job. She looked at this appalling fact with a sort of sad calmness. For the first time in her emotional young life she felt and saw the sharp hard edge of principle.

She had forgotten the real issue, in her own private feelings. For three years she had been actuated by personal loyalty to and affection for Mr. McCarty. For months now she had been inspired by hostility to Mr. Short. It seemed as if she saw in herself the two attitudes that women so frequently bring to their jobs. And now, for the first time, she saw the job itself.

The duplicator! It was a separate thing, which compelled her respect and her obedience regardless of personalities. If she had been a good worker for Mr. McCarty it had been because she liked the freedom and the spoiling he gave her. And in her desire to strike at Mr. Short, to wound him, to compel some respect from his scorn, she had forgotten the thing which nourished them all. She had forgotten the paper.

She had been spilling its blood, losing its readers, delaying its functionings, while she took her pay each week and fed and clothed herself with it. And she had been responsible for more than her own personal failure. For she had spread disaffection all down through the building, through the old-timers, through her cousins and friends and confederates. Mr. Short, she made them feel, wanted Mr. McCarty's job and was trying to get it away from him. Mr. Short despised them all for country Jakes, she had said. It was unfair fighting. It was too easy. No stranger, no city-bred man could possibly understand or cope with the ramifications of this small-town organization. He could not know that back of the blank looks he received was perfect coördination and conspiracy, instead of stupidity. He was like a man with a motor he could not start. Mattie, looking on herself with cold



The tell-tale thumb tracks!

NEVER will you find these smudges on the thumb of a man who uses a Clark Lighter.

The wheel which makes the strong spark on a Clark Lighter is covered. You do not touch it with your thumb. The wheel you do turn always is as clean as the winder on your watch.

Keep your thumbs and gloves clean—but be sure, too, you have a gentlemanly lighter, of excellent character, that you are proud to own and use.

Clark Lighters are made by a jeweler. They are good-looking. They always work. You can buy them for $7.50 or as much higher as you want to pay.

W. G. CLARK & CO., Inc.
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CLARK
ALWAYS WORKS

How To Make REAL MONEY Just Doing This

New Shaving Invention Offers Excellent Money to Men Who Will Act as Our Local Representatives in Their Home Territories Many are Making $15 to $30 a Day and More In Full or Spare Time. No Investment Required. Write for Details on

GENEROUS OFFER

PROBABLY you have heard of KRISS-KROSS—the amazing stropper and razor-blade renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade *keener than new* and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS is one of the most surprising money-makers ever seen A large number of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from $200 to $500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns KRISS-KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but *never sold in stores*, so we must have people to take orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into *real money*. Even spare-time workers earn $15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

An Astonishing Invention

KRISS KROSS' mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "lucky" leather grooves do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic reverse. Strops heavy at the start light at the finish, and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

Profits Waiting For You

So great is the present demand for KRISS-KROSS that agents are reaping profits almost beyond belief. During one period of three days, W C Paige made $104. R. C. Walker (Idaho) made $9 his very first demonstration H King of Massachusetts, made $66 in one day—and J. C. Kellogg cleared $200 in seven days' spare time alone!

Get Details—Special Offer

Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this surprising money making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $100-$225 a week with KRISS-KROSS Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon for details now!

RHODES MFG. CO.
Dept. A-392
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo

Rhodes Mfg Co., Dept A-392
1418 Pendleton Ave., St Louis Mo.

Please send me [illegible] KRISS-KROSS [illegible], also [illegible] sold through stores—and tell me about your unusual offer of big profits to demonstrators and order-takers.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

clear eyes of reason, felt a kind of heartbreak that she had betrayed not only her job, not only the paper, but her own folks. In trying to force Mr. Short out of his job, in trying to pay him back for being so high-handed with her, she had endangered the job of each and every one in the department.

She heard a step behind her, and turning, she saw the red head of the circulation manager. She shook the bright tears from her eyes.

"I've thought it out," he said in his deepest voice. He did not look at her, but out of the window, and this was perhaps the most serious and stern young man she had ever seen. "I've decided to let you go, Mattie. I haven't anything definite to charge you with, but you know, and I know, that the place won't speed up while you're here."

"I've been on the duplicator three years," said Mattie. "You'll give me a month's notice, won't you?"

"I suppose so," he said dully.

"All right then. But don't say anything about my going, please. I—I don't want them all to know. They'll tease me."

"As you wish," he answered, and looked at her somberly, hesitated, and then went away. Mattie sat down, dried her eyes, took from the table drawer a piece of machinery, fitted it into the duplicator, spun the drum, and set to work.

The change was felt all through the paper. Saunders was a cousin of Mattie's—a fact Mr. Short could not have known. Saunders could listen to reason, albeit reluctantly. Ike had gone to school with Mattie. The boy on the job press admired her. The girls on the stencils liked to get away from their machines now and then to laugh together on the third floor. The freight elevator flew up and down, the job presses banged out the circulation printing. The stock room found the proper paper, the girls worked like machines, and the big box of post cards was unearthed in the storeroom. It was hurry, hurry, hurry, with Mattie's fingers and Mattie's tongue the fastest of them all. The mail went out and the subs came in. Mattie put a special intensity behind Mr. Short's schemes for getting agents. With her own mind stimulated by the picture he had shown her, and with years of experience behind her, she was able to suggest simpler methods, more direct appeals. He took her suggestions greedily and used them all. The days flew by in a bright charm of achievement. Mr. Welch took up his regular work in his own office with his temperature back to normal. Mr. Short emerged from gloom, with his old sardonic ways softened by friendliness.

The Saturday before Thanksgiving, Mattie paused at his door on her way out.

"I've got my pay," she said to him. "Put Elise on the duplicator, Mr. Short. I've been showing her how to run it. She's got a mechanical turn of mind and she's a sturdy little worker. Good-by and good luck to you." She left in a hurry, and though he called her back, she rushed on down the stairs. But Mr. Welch was at the door. He had been talking to the bookkeeper.

"What's this?" he demanded. "What's wrong here? Why are you leaving? What's the matter with you anyhow, Mattie? Don't you get enough pay? Come here—come up to my office. I want to talk to you."

In his office, Mattie wondered why she had always been afraid of Mr. Welch. It seemed she wasn't any more.

"I'm fired," she explained to him impatiently.

"You've been fired before," he answered. "What difference does that make?"

Mattie laughed.

"It took, this time," she said.

"Who told you to leave?" he demanded.

"Mr. Short," said Mattie reluctantly, and Mr. Welch bounced in his chair.

"He can't fire you," he snorted. "He's been so nearly fired himself a half a dozen times that I won't have him firing you. I'd have to get another duplicator for a new girl. Anyhow he needs you on the job. You be back here Monday morning. Do you hear?"

"I can't," she said.

"Nonsense! Of course you can. Simply come. I tell you I've got to have you over there. Mr. McCarty was to come back to the advertising department to do promotion work. He's always wanted to do it, and he could work at it half a day for a while, and it wouldn't be as much a strain as the circulation department. But I'll not trust my nephew over there without you'll help him. He pretty nearly ruined the paper. He's picked up now, and I think he may be able to swing the job, but not alone. I want you to stand by him, Mattie, as you stood by McCarty. What's the matter between you two anyhow? Why did he let you out?"

"I made him," said Mattie. Mr. Welch stared at her.

"What's this?"

"I made him," she explained patiently. "He had to do it. I simply forced it on him." She straightened a little and looked at Mr. Welch coldly. "If he hadn't fired me you might have something to complain about. For he didn't want to do it, but he thought it was his duty—and it was. It was my fault things fell down over there. He's a good circulation man. He's got good ideas and he knows what he wants. And he can run the department better without me. I—I interfered with him."

"H'm." Mr. Welch put on his nose glasses and stared at Mattie, a gleam in his shrewd old gray eyes. Mattie blushed. Mr. Welch jerked his glasses off by their ribbon, rumpled his white hair and said mildly: "Would you mind telling me why? Why did you interfere with him? You know, he's my nephew. He's away from home ——"

"No, I won't tell you," said Mattie, and added, in a low voice, and with an enchanting smile: "I reckon you know anyhow." Mr. Welch suddenly laughed and banged his fist down onto his knee.

"Well, Mattie," he exclaimed, "you have my consent." But she fled from him, without dignity. At the outer door she hesitated. Almost everyone was gone for the Saturday afternoon. Then, as though drawn by a power she could no longer resist, she turned and climbed the stairs, with cheeks burning and hands icy. Mr. Short was sitting in her chair before the duplicator, looking out the window. The afternoon sun glinted on his red head. His eyes were sardonic but clear, and when he saw Mattie his lip curled irresistibly. Mattie could hear bells ringing and whistles blowing. Her heart speeded up, her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew brilliant with feeling.

His face shone with a radiant smile, and he caught her hand and held it hard.

"Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire,"

he chanted, and then, half teasing, half imploring, he said to her, "How does it feel to be out of a job, Mattie?"

"Not so bad," said Mattie, trembling and smiling. He drew her along, by her hand, into the little space between himself and the window.

"Mattie," he told her—and though his voice was earnest, his eyes glinted with happiness—"I've seen a lot of things these last few weeks. I wouldn't wonder if I don't get to be a good circulation man some day, when I learn more about organization and less about bullheadedness. What do you think?"

"I wouldn't wonder," said Mattie. Her heart was beating like a fairy hammer now and her cheeks were stained with red. All her being was in tune, and she felt once more upon her lips the old excited smile.

"Do you want a new job," he asked her—"assistant circulation manager? Get up every morning at seven o'clock and cook a nice hot breakfast for a red-headed husband, and welcome him with tender affection when he comes home in the evening? Listen to him expound all his crazy plans and tell him when they're too crazy? Have him bring all his come-on letters home for you to read, and confide in you about how stubborn the composing room is? How'd you like the job? I'd split the old pay envelope fifty-fifty, Mattie, and you could manage your own part without a word from me. And if we add a hundred thousand to the list this year, perhaps uncle will come across and we can get a car, and you shall drive it exactly half the time."

"You're so awfully practical," she complained, and then he crushed her in his arms and kissed her as she knew now she had wanted to be kissed since first she saw his head above the stair well months ago.

"Mattie," he said after a little, "I knew it from the first. But I hated to give in. I had an idea I wanted to be free. Can you imagine it? And then—I guess it was my hair made me so darn mean, but you were such a little thorn in the flesh. How could you be so difficult, darling?"

"I don't know," she said faintly. "I had to find out how strong you were. It was important. I'll only have one husband, likely, and I had to be sure he was—strong enough."

Ah! se Adorable Bob an' Mam'selle es Jes se Type to Wear Eet!

Ah! se Adorable Bob an' Mam'selle es Jes se Type to Wear Eet!

Ah! se Adorable Bob an' Mam'selle es Jes se Type to Wear Eet!

CAN FIRE PUT YOUR WORKERS IN THIS LONG, WEARY LINE?

Fire is your most dangerous enemy. He not only destroys buildings, merchandise and equipment. He cancels orders, wipes out records, ties up finances, ruins credit, throws men and women out of work, steals their jobs and their wages.

What are you doing for yourself and your work people? Are fire rules rigidly observed; are you demanding caution with matches, lights, cigarettes, inflammable material?

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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

Gilberts the Chocolates of Connoisseurs

The connoisseur of sports is devoted in winter to the skate and ski—just as the chocolate connoisseur is devoted the whole year 'round to Gilberts. Solely through their merit, and without the aid of salesmen, Gilberts have become more widely favored every year by those who exercise discriminating taste in their selection of package chocolates. Every package of Gilberts is guaranteed by John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan, and Los Angeles, California.

Caballero package, $2 the pound. Panama and Very Best, $1.50... Other Gilberts, $1, $1.25 and $1.50... Ask your dealer.

PRAGMATISM

(Continued from Page 13)

"It'd take a considerable straw to knock you down, daughter," Mrs. Egg said. "An' what did Madame Carreno have on? I can't rely on your poppa for such news."

"It was green velvet. Everyone in the dining room had been looking at her all through dinner, and she had a gold cloak with some gray fur on the collar, and it was simply heavenly; but, of course, her hair's dyed. And Mr. Saunders says you simply can't get a ticket for the concert tomorrow. She's never sung in Cleveland before and the whole orchestra accompanies the Liebestod."

"I don't care for songs about animals much," said Mrs. Egg. "They always remind me of Sunday-school pieces, like What does little birdie say? an' such. Well, your poppa didn't get home until three this mornin', an' of course his rheumatism's got him in bed today. Dammy drove him down."

"But where did father meet Madame Carreno? At Hot Springs?"

"Pansy, your poppa meets such lots of people at rheumatism places, lamb, that I can't keep it in memory just where he met whom," said Mrs. Egg evenly, with her chins in tumult and her hands shaking. "It may've been Hot Springs or Miami or maybe Mount Clemens. I can't recall."

"But I don't see just how he'd get to meet her, mamma."

"Pansy Egg Orthwein," said the great lady, "you make me sick! A person like your poppa, which has the second biggest dairy business in the state of Ohio, is naturally knew of in any hotel, even if they don't take Egg butter. And for a woman which sets such store on her eyes an' hair, you might remember where you got 'em from. Mr. Egg is a very distinguished-lookin' pers'nality, an' none of your stuff about his clothes bein' untidy, neither!"

"But what could he talk to Madame Carreno about?"

"So far as I know, Pansy," Mrs. Egg puffed, "women often do some talkin'. A female frequently tells a handsome man her troubles an' such of her past as she thinks he'll appreciate. Your brother Adam told Benj'mina, an' she told me, that an opera star which he danced with at a sailor's ball in New York in 1918 told him so much of her past he blushed all down his stummick an' felt much older for a month. Women frequently tell extremely handsome men who stand six-feet-four, or like that, a large quantity of stuff, for one reason an' another. Your poppa's only five-foot-eleven, but ladies have often took notice of him. An' it was sweet of you to telephone me so early in the mornin' to ask foolish questions about nothin'. I need my breakfast. Good-by."

She rolled back in her chair, and her hand, reaching out for another peppermint, shivered slowly on the bureau. Adam had driven his father to Cleveland three times this week. . . . Oh, well! . . . But John Egg didn't know one note of music from the next, and in her pictures she wasn't such an awful good-looking woman, nor so young, either. She had been singing around a long time. She was singing in an opera the night they went to New York in 1919 when Adam got back from being bounced around in the destroyer off France, and they had those peaches with smashed nuts in the whipped cream for dinner. . . . And now Fern or Pansy or Violet would come out and ask Mr. Egg where he met Madame Carreno, and that would be pretty bad too! . . . Oh, well! . . . Mrs. Egg bit hard on a peppermint. It gave her the funniest feeling, like what you read about folks when they drowned. Everything went reeling past her, and a photograph of Madame Carreno, dripping furs off one naked shoulder, seemed to hang over the spinning pictures. But Mr. Egg had never said a word about her putting on so much weight and —— Where would he meet any such woman as that?

"I don't think it's very bad, mother," Benjamina said, fluttering in a pale-green robe.

"I hope it ain't, lamb. Run down and get your breakfast, sister. . . . Mercy, how slender you do keep, honey! And you seem to eat a plenty too."

"I simply couldn't get fat, you know," Benjamina yawned. "I'd be horrid if I did, though. I don't see how you manage to weigh two hundred pounds and be so handsome, mother."

"Two hundred twenty," said Mrs. Egg, "if you want to know the truth, sister. You wouldn't believe it, Benj'mina, but I was thin as a rake the day I got married. Mamma padded my weddin' dress. I think frugality was what kept me slim in those times. I certainly always ate anything I could catch, an' it gave me kind of luxurious feelings when Mr. Egg brought me home to a pantry full of provisions. . . . He was awful good to mamma too." Something was cold in her throat, as if she had swallowed a pebble. "And ——"

"Mother!"

"Benj'mina, I can't help it," said Mrs. Egg, slapping a tear from her upper chin. "I hate sickness in the house. I got to think about lunch too."

She glanced in at Adam kneading his father's shoulder and saw that Sandy had brought up a cup of coffee for the giant and was civilly holding it on a tray. Sandy was certainly the best of the grandchildren, so far. And he looked exactly a shorter version of his grandfather, too, and stood the same way, always a little stiff, with his chin up. His yellow curls warmed her throat in a mysterious manner, and then everything was dim and chilly downstairs, and Benjamina kept looking at her from the dining room while she planned luncheon in the kitchen.

"An' you better set up a pie, Matilda, an' be sure there ain't too much egg in the sauce for the fish. An' thank heaven it's a blizzard, so the girls won't be out to symp'thize with their poppa."

"Don't you hold with kind words in time of sorrow, Mrs. Egg?"

"I don't," said Mrs. Egg, into a tin cup somewhat filled with coffee. "When poppa run off with his Swedish person, many's the kind word mamma got from all and sundry, but it was real friends which fetched in mendin' to be did an' clothes to be made. Kind words, Matilda, are extremely inexpensive. Kind deeds don't happen so much. To have Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Orthwein and Mrs. Preble come an' coo around always aggravates Mr. Egg when he's rheumatic. . . . Benj'mina, lamb, when you're through breakfast, you could take some of these biscuits up to Damm and kind of feed 'em in while he's workin' on his poppa."

"Why don't you lie down a while, darling?"

"My gee, what for, Benjie? I'm only fifty years of age and this ain't made me frail all at once. . . . Matilda, when that imbecilic nurse girl fetches the babies down, you can tell her to keep 'em extremely quiet. . . . I think I'll dust in the parlor."

She moved wearily in through the brown sitting room and opened the door into the still parlor, where the colors of Adam's portrait in white sailor clothes were numbed by the dull day and the grand piano sulked in its corner, with her mother looking down woodenly out of a golden frame above its shimmering bulk. Mrs. Egg closed the other door into the front hall and ate some candied orange peel from the china box on the piano. Tiresome stuff. No taste. But the ginger was all gone from the pantry and it was too long to climb upstairs for a peppermint. She sat down on the piano stool carefully, and the snow seemed to fall clean through panes and curtains into her breast.

"Darling," said Benjamina, behind her, "he isn't suffering much. He said 'Hell!' just now when Adam rolled him over. Don't worry so."

"Honey, I can't help it. Adam's only twenty-six, an' all he eats goes into muscle, an' he ain't ever been sick in his life except one time when he was Sandy's age, an' then it was just a cigar an' some orange cake I got out of a recipe book. But he's mortal flesh, an' you'll know how bum I feel some day, and —— They ought to make handkerchieves bigger, lamb. . . . It's two hours to Cleveland, with the roads bad, an' two hours back, an' it's too chilly even in a closed car."

"They didn't drive to Cleveland and back last night, mother!"

"Yes, they did, Benjie. It's enough to give Mr. Egg ten fits of rheumatism. I dunno why Dammy would let him!"

She wiped an eye on Benjamina's handkerchief and watched a vast green car lag down the road from Cleveland, brilliantly colored as a raw apple even through the storm.

"They're probably planning some terrific birthday present for you, mother."

"Terrific," Mrs. Egg said. "Yes, I'll be fifty-one week after next. . . . What price would you say that car is, lamb? It looks extremely like a bandbox on wheels."

"I suppose it's a way of saying you can pay twelve or fifteen thousand dollars for a machine, mother."

Benjamina's hands kept drifting to and fro on Mrs. Egg's forehead, cool and soft, and the green car went past, lifting its glass and its furry driver over a swale of packed snow under the beeches of the roadway.

"You're the nicest girl in this world, Benj'mina. I used to be nervous some about what Dammy'd marry. To have him get such a satisfactory person as you when he was just twenty-one was a big pleasure, an' your relations are so remote, kind of, it don't matter they're all Scotch an' unsociable."

"Close your eyes, mother. They've got red."

The hands passed delicately over her eyelids. Mrs. Egg wanted to bellow because she was being taken care of. She felt insufferably old and empty, but the white fingers soothed her lids, and Benjamina bent down her aristocratic nose and touched it to her ear.

"He'll be better tomorrow, mother."

"Of course," said Mrs. Egg.

The front-door bell had a jingling, silly ring, like a foolish woman's laugh. Benjamina jumped. Mrs. Egg blinked and saw the green car poised at the old hitching block on the roadside. Then a button of Sanderson Patch Watson's trousers squeaked as he slid the rail's length. He said, "Ouch! Damn!" in a private tone, and the hinges squawked as the formal door was opened.

"Good morning."

"It is not," a woman said, "at all a good morning. . . . Mr. Egg is at home?"

"Yes'm."

"Tell him that Madame Carreno is here."

"I don't think," Sandy said civilly, "you could see grandfather. He's in bed with the rheumatism."

"Oh, but the poor darling! Rheumatism!"

The voice was not loud. It came pouring, cool and sweet as sirup from some jar of spiced fruits long in the cellar. It was so very cold and sweet that a chill passed up Mrs. Egg and she clutched Benjamina's hands under her chins.

"He is nice, isn't he?" Sanderson asked companionably.

"Ever so beautiful, with his curly hair all white and his eyes, which you have got. But you are not the son of Mr.—Mr. Hercules—what is his name?"

"You mean Uncle Adam. . . . No, my name's Watson—S. P. Watson," Sanderson Patch Watson explained. "No,

(Continued on Page 55)

Don't Let WINTER Hurt Your Car

Your gears should shift easily, even in zero weather. A hard shifting gear is a danger signal

THE gears on your car should always shift easily, even in zero weather. If they don't, it means you will have a repair bill on the way unless you act *at once*.

For when gears are hard to shift, it means you have either a cheap grease or worn-out grease in your gear boxes. This grease freezes up and "channels." The teeth of your gears mesh without being lubricated. Chips of fine steel break off, and your car becomes noisy. The vital bearings on your car also suffer in the same way, due to faulty lubrication.

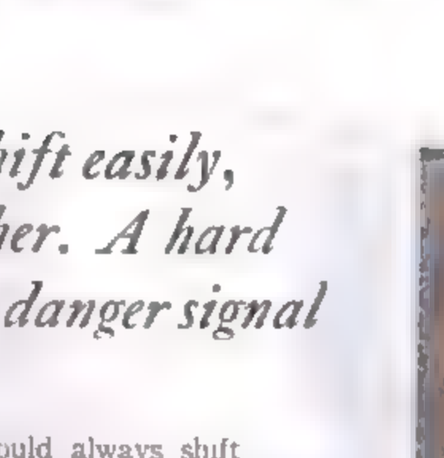
That is why you hear experts say that "winter driving is hard on a car." What they really mean is that ordinary lubricants fail to work in cold weather. And this is the main reason, too, why cars become full of rumbles and rattles during the winter months.

Alemite-ing

So if you want a sweet-running car next spring, don't just have your car greased. Have it ALEMITED! There's a vast difference!

95% of all cars today are equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. The car manufacturer has put this system on your car *for you to use*. For he knows that if you use it regularly you will eliminate most repair bills.

As manufacturers of this system, we have now developed special lubricants to use with it. Lubricants that will work in any kind of weather. Also a special service for you, called "ALEMITE-ING." The word ALEMITE-ING (*trade-marked*) means to have your car lubricated with nothing but genuine Alemite lubricants.



The transmission is first thoroughly cleaned with the Alemite Gear Flusher grit, dirt and old grease are forced out. Alemite Lubricant is then forced in as illustrated

All dealers who can give you genuine Alemite-ing service display the sign shown above. They use genuine Alemite Lubricants. The sign shown here is their franchise and your protection. Look for it as you drive.

What To Ask For

Ask to have your car "Alemited." Genuine Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

1. GEARS:—

By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all gummy substances, grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant.

Alemite Gear Lubricant is a pure, semi-fluid lubricant that will lubricate freely not only in hot weather but also at 15° below zero, thus giving you an easy gear shift in the coldest weather.

The use of Alemite Gear Lubricant also usually adds 1½ to 2 more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running.

The differential is first thoroughly cleaned grit, dirt and old grease are forced out. Alemite Lubricant is then forced in as illustrated

2. BEARINGS:—

Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This lubricant is specially made for high pressure lubricating. It stands up under 3,000 pounds pressure. Average grease breaks down at 200 pounds. It resists heat up to 200°. (Ordinary grease literally burns up your bearings when heated.) It will also lubricate your bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn bearings in your car.

3. SPRINGS:—

Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. A special spring-spraying machine spreads a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service once. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2640 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

For Street or Stream

—get the extra protection, the extra service of pressure-toughened rubber!

WALKING, working, wading cannot wet your feet when you wear the right kind of Goodrich Hi-Press Rubber Footwear.

Of course, any kind of rubber gives you the protection when it is new. But you keep right on getting protection from Goodrich Footwear, because it is made with rubber *toughened by pressure* at the time it is cured.

Women are sure of lightness, combined with longer wear, in the neat, trim Hi-Press rubbers.

Zippers—with all their smart style—are always made with Hi-Press soles. The rubber is colored to harmonize with the wide variety of fabrics used in Zippers this year.

And in boots, the Hi-Press treatment is the most important of all! It squeezes the rubber into the fabric—joins all the layers of the boot stoutly together. With this pressure-cure, reinforcements have a real meaning, and thick, husky soles give you extra months of service.

Over fifty thousand department and shoe stores handle Goodrich Hi-Press Footwear. Experience has shown them what the public wants.

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Established 1870 Akron, Ohio
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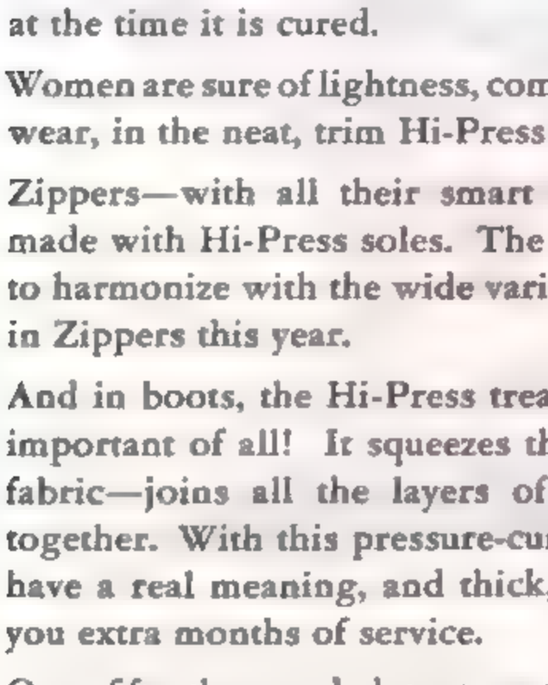
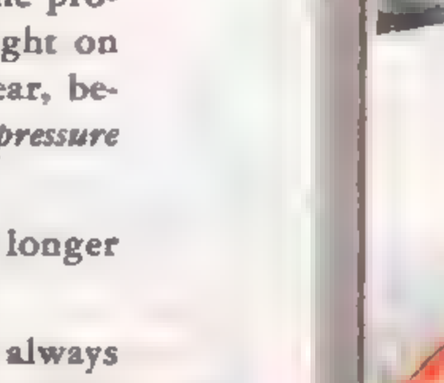
Listen In every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network



Black Zippers give practical protection combined with graceful, ankle-fitting style.



Goodrich
HI-PRESS
Rubber Footwear

(Continued from Page 52)

Uncle Adam's only twenty-six, an' I'll be thirteen in April, an' I couldn't be his kid, y'know."

"Very probably not, Mr. Watson. Would it be possible, then, to speak to Mr. Adam?"

"I'll see," said Sanderson, "if you don't mind waiting."

"I shall wait."

Sanderson's moccasins hurtled on the stairs. He made an announcement in cheerful soprano from the upper hall. Benjamina breathed heavily, suddenly, and then Adam said on the stairs, "Rub him some, kid, an' shut the door. . . . How did you get here?"

"It is simply that I could not sleep," the woman said. "Listen! I leave Cleveland on the train after my concert. You do not understand this. I must see your mother. I must see Myrtle."

"You can't. Poppa told you. It'd bust her wide open," Adam said monotonously. "He told you so. She'd be shocked to death. Quit! An' get out!"

"I must see her. . . . What arms you have, Hercules! Do you sit about in winter in pantaloons and no more? Ugh! I am ice in all this fur."

"I been rubbin' the old man's shoulder. . . . Get out!"

He was angry. His nostrils would be white and all the muscles shivering in flat bands down his breast.

"You have no conscience. You are too young. Listen, Mr. Adam, to your mother I am going to speak. This gives me bad dreams for a year. I do your mother a hurt. I shall speak to her and feel better. You see? You are too young to understand this. Your father is afraid. Men are so kind when they are kind. It will not break her open. See? She will be angry, but she will understand."

"Clear out!" said Adam. "Mamma'd hate the sight of you. Go down to the hotel an' I'll come talk to you some."

"Bring your mother then. Outside her house, she might not hate me so much. To see me in her house—yes, that perhaps would make her angry. *Je suis canaille pour elle.* But women get along. She will understand, better than you and the beautiful papa think. She will be angry, and then she will understand."

"You clear out before she sees you!"

"Where is she?"

"In the kitchen. She'll spend about three hours gettin' poppa's lunch. You dunno nothin' about her. She wouldn't talk to you. If she knows this, she'll ——"

"Bring her to see me," said the cold voice. "Have your wife tell her. It might be better so. Do it so. I shall wait at the hotel then—the Eagle House, is it? Yes. Bring her." The short words bubbled in music. "I shall take a room. Do this. I must"—she laughed—"get done with my bad conscience."

A cloak made of furs that seemed black went down the walk. In the hall, Adam said one word. Benjamina jumped. Mrs. Egg had to think that male conversation was very interesting. His feet trotted lightly on the stairs. The green car bungled over ruts and its glass shook brilliantly because a match was lighted in the deep shadow of its cave.

"Conscience," said Mrs. Egg.

"Mother, where did you ever meet h· –"

"I never did, lamb. And I don't know where Mr. Egg picked her up neither."

"She called you Myrtle."

"Pretty familiar. She was married to some duke or like that, wasn't she?"

"It was an Italian nobleman of some kind. Someone told me she's really German or Russian."

"She sounded some like a Danish person which cooked for me in 1915, but not long. Scoot up an' get my coat, Benjie, an' let's have this over."

"Coat?"

"Any old coat," said Mrs. Egg, breaking a spar of candied orange peel in two. "An' hurry. The sooner this is over, the worse I'll feel."

"Mother," said Benjamina, "you—you weren't meant to hear that. It's ——"

"I ain't any principles, lamb! I heard it, an' I'll see her. She appreciates that John Egg's a good-lookin' man, anyhow. I'm goin' to get rid of her if I have to tell her he'll beat her like poppa used to thrash mamma, an' that he's bankrupt."

"You couldn't tell her that!"

"Benj'mina, I'd tell her he poisoned milk if that'd work. I been in love with Mr. Egg since I was fourteen years of age, an' am, an' will be. He's the best man I ever knew an' you'll excuse me sayin' so. . . . Get me a coat."

"Oh, mother!"

"Get it!" said Mrs. Egg.

Two hired men wanted to ask for Mr. Egg's shoulder in the great yard where a bull was being led up and down the snow, grumbling, and then, as her car started, Sandy snapped the door open and hopped in.

"Uncle Dammy don't want you to go downtown in this snow, grand——"

"Go an' tell Dammy he can shut his mouth, lamb!"

"But ——"

"Do like I say!"

He fell out of the machine and landed sitting. Mrs. Egg hoped he wasn't broken. The warm car raged up the slope toward Ilium and Mrs. Egg's nose did not chill, which was what she hated most in the world. A woman made of iced sirup and perfumes and red hair was ahead of her in a hundred thousand dollars' worth of green enamel and furs. All right! The green machine was sitting venomously in the gutter outside the Eagle House, and a lot of kids had come to stamp around its glitter. One of these interfered somehow in her march across the sidewalk. He then slid immeasurably down the icy stones and set up a bawl.

"It serves you right," said Mrs. Egg, beating flakes from her face.

The lobby of the Eagle House was hot and she had to pant three times before speaking to the clerk at the desk.

"The lady's just took the suite on the second floor, Mrs. Egg. Shall I ——"

"If this hotel had any sense you'd have an elevator, Sam!"

She marched at the staircase, and brass edges of the steps flickered in her eyes. A waiter from the dingy dining room came up past her with coffee smelling from a pot, and a chambermaid in the hallway was trying to look through the door of Number 1 in a fixed stare, although the door was shut. Mrs. Egg gathered some breath and walked dizzily into the place after the waiter's black jacket

"If you wish an interview," the sweet voice said, out of a chair, "for the newspaper, I can not oblige, madam. I am privately here."

"From how I understood this," said Mrs. Egg, "you were askin' to see me."

Madame Carreno leaned forward and then sank slowly back into the plush frame of the fat chair. Her furs lay all over a couch and her hat was thrown on the bed in an alcove behind her. Yes, the hair was dyed too. But she lay sinuous in the chair's depth and her gown hung in bronze loops over her knees. The stockings were black and the narrow shoes had metal clasps.

"The big son told you!"

"Accidental. I and his wife was in the parlor. Dammy's tryin' to shield me out of this news. Men have this notion a woman won't catch onto a thing which stares them square in the face. But I'm fifty years of age," said Mrs. Egg, "an' no fool!"

"Precisely. And because you are no fool, you come to see me, the wicked woman, and you see," said the iced voice, "I am not very dreadful. And it is kind. You let out my conscience. When you come near to sixty, you will find this conscience comes to sit just on your pillow at nights. I am fifty-nine."

"Mercy an' goodness!" Mrs. Egg said. "You don't mean it!"

She sat down on a gilded chair and looked at Madame Carreno for some time. It did not seem probable, even after a stare. The woman's curious wide mouth was curling into a smile and the smile was somehow timid.

"I have been very lucky, you see. I think they say in Dalecarlia that an ugly woman may live to be pretty. But that is so long ago I forget all those sayings and proverbs. I am ugly at fifteen, and now I am the distinguished Madame Carreno. My body," she said slowly, "is always very good. *Bonne canaille, bonne taille,* the French say."

"Do they?"

"They frequently say good things," said Madame Carreno. "Very plausible people and common sense full of—is it not funny? I am embarrassed, and my words become turned around."

"I always rub my nose when I'm embarrassed," Mrs. Egg reflected. "Adam does too. He ain't embarrassed often."

"No, and so much less than the beautiful husband. But both say you will be shocked in pieces to talk to me. It is strange that men think women so soft in the brain. But so nice to have the good husband and the big son wish to save you from this wicked woman, eh? I tell them all you can do is to perhaps slap my face and throw perhaps a pot of tea. . . . Well, so he is dead?"

"It's just rheumatism Mr. Egg has, which ain't likely to ——"

"No, no! I am speaking"—the voice lifted—"about the other—your father."

Mrs. Egg reached for the tray and found a sugar lump presently in her fingers. This helped her to look at the painted woman in the chair comfortably.

"I shouldn't have knew you in a bull's age," she said after a time. "It's certainly miraculous, an' to think of you bein' fifty-nine!"

"Time goes. . . . Yes, memory is like this. We think of them as we last did see them. The good, nice boy that married me after your papa had educated me—I ask you to pardon the cynicism—died in 1899. I see his sister yet standing in the funeral at Dallas. She writes me. A fine woman. But still I see her a thin girl in big black sleeves yet. For you I am remembered as this Karen who sweeps General Patch's steps and speaks to boys on the street. The young fool she was too! That is forty years ago. . . . And your father?"

"He's buried in San Francisco. He run some kind of gamblin' business out there. We heard of it five years back, accidental kind of. Mamma often wondered how long he'd stick to you."

"As it occurred, for three years. There occurred," said Madame Carreno, "an accidentality. He had me to sing in a bar in Spokane. His misfortune was to take my pay and buy a butterfly so pretty of cut steel beads which I had liked in the window and pin it on somebody else. He was not a careful man. He thought I was as big a fool as I looked to be. But I am anyhow practical. If a thing works, it does work; if not, no. I saw this butterfly and immediately it seemed sensible to get on a train with three dollars and go to Portland, where hired girls can make a living, and the Lutheran pastor finds me a place in a choir. I had no conscience, you may say, and no principles. These developed after a while. I am a peasant girl from Dalecarlia, with no sense much, and no thought but to be made love at. It would be a romantic episodism in my biography, but it will never be written, because I intend to leave a respectable edition of my life for my grandchildren. The career of Madame Carreno commences, you will see, in Portland, Oregon."

"That's extremely sensible too," said Mrs. Egg. "How many grandchildren is there?"

"Four. My daughter has no children, and Henry, my youngest son, is not married yet, but engaged. All born in Dallas, but they so much lived in New York and Europe you would not know them from Texas."

"You was a choir singer to begin with?"

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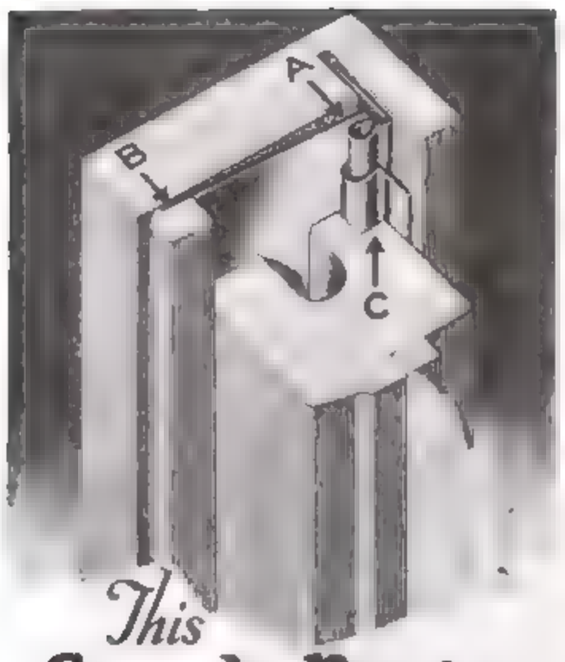

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"Oh, in Portland, Dallas, and in New York when I came to make my name, after George died. Then the concerts. Some opera for advertisement. And the Prince Amandorini for an advertisement. He was, though, a very bad idea. He acted too much like a husband, and he was expensive, and the children did not like him. They are very fond of me, and the prince annoyed them a good deal. And yet it was good advertisement. It counteracted, as they say, the effect of coldness in my vocalization. To be romantically married to a prince in Italy raises the level, but Tonio was a horrible nuisance. I believe he fell in love with me."

"You've certainly had a very interesting life," said Mrs. Egg.

"Yes, but so much work, and the annoyances. The dressing up and the scenes with managers and the bothers. I do not let myself get excited. That is the self-preservation necessary. And you must — in the United States—try to look *un peu trop fardée* always. You must try to be of a disreputable appearance, and that is a nuisance, Myrtle, when you are domestic, like me. To be seen with a cigarette in the hand in a foyer of a hotel is part—you see?—of all this flapdoodle, as my George called it. And the hair is a bother, too, and the modistes, and all this. But I have more than six hundred thousand in the best investments, and the children have plenty. Olaf is a good lawyer, and Henry does very good, indeed, in his architectural business, and Cora's husband makes well in essential oils."

"It's nice to have them all settled," said Mrs. Egg, nibbling another sugar lump. "My girls all have providin' kind of men, an' Dammy helps Mr. Egg run the place. I was certainly puzzled Monday night when Mr. Egg an' Adam was out so late. You wrote Mr. Egg to come to Cleveland?"

"Last year," the sweet voice told her, "I was quite ill. It came on the pillow about your mother and you, maybe always poor. You were a pretty girl, too, but I think perhaps she marries a small farm or a carpenter, something like that, and there are babies, and the old mother to see after. I send a detective to see, and it was nice to know how prospering and how comfortable you are and that your mother lives happy in her old time with you and the good husband. Your father always was so afraid of her common good sense. He did not like people who saw through him. After a year of me he began to be much fearful of me, and I was still pretty crude, very silly."

"He was an awful idiot," said Mrs. Egg.

"But your mother perhaps loved him?"

"I guess he'd cured her of that when I was a baby, Karen."

"Ha! He knew how!" For a moment the voice was a hot noise. Then Madame Carreno said, "But the shame? The humiliation to be left for a servant girl?"

Mrs. Egg took more sugar and pondered.

"Why, I dunno. Yes, an' then, no. To tell you the truth, he was so mean in the house, an' drunk his pay up an' threw things, that mamma was just as good off sewin' for our keep as with him around. It's humiliatin' like you say, honey, but mamma was extremely respected for askin' no help an' keepin' her upper lip stiff, an' we got along an' put some money in the bank, an' Mr. Egg took care of her sweet after we was married. Some sour things work out very swell. She once mentioned, after I was married, that she often felt real obliged to your kindness in removin' poppa off her hands. Not but what she felt it some at the time. You ain't got to be so sorry about it."

Madame Carreno moved in the chair and said, "Yes, but I am sorry. And then I lie at night and think if I had not been such a fool as to run off with him, why, I should not have come to Portland or met George at church. And is not a good husband a fine thing?"

"They certainly are, when you catch one. An' Mr. Egg didn't want you to come an' see me?"

"No. And the big son just as severe, Myrtle. Your men look after you very good. Hercules invents the story that I might be recognized here and tries to say your father is still alive, but he is not a very expert liar. For three nights they come and argue. . . . Well, this morning I cannot sleep. I made my car come, and got a box of flowers for the mother's grave—if there is no objection—and came down from Cleveland. I feel better now. One cannot apologize to those in heaven. I tell you how sorry I am for all that, forty years gone. I shall put the flowers on her grave and say a prayer and go back to work."

"That's certainly very sweet of you," said Mrs. Egg. "I appreciate it a lot. I'd never have knew you, though."

"I have made myself into something I was not, you see. I have to. And I have to take such care too. The figure must not get fat and the hair must be dyed and I must be in good clothes and converse as if I am somebody. You can do just as you please. The good husband makes the money and the big son eats what you cook and you have time to see the grandsons. I work. If my good George had lived I would be just Mrs. Lundquist in Dallas, and I should like to be Mrs. Lundquist better than to be Madame Luisa Carreno. I am domestic."

"My gee!" said Mrs. Egg, taking more sugar. "It must be ferocious to have to tour round all the time an' paint up an' all. An' my figure can take care of itself too. It ain't ever worried me in the slightest—not in the slightest."

It made her sad, on the stairs, to think of how much trouble it took to be a celebrated soprano. And, really, when you came down to it, cities were no place to bring up grandchildren in, either; and if Matilda had thrown out the coffee and not made some fresh, she would have to be spoken to.

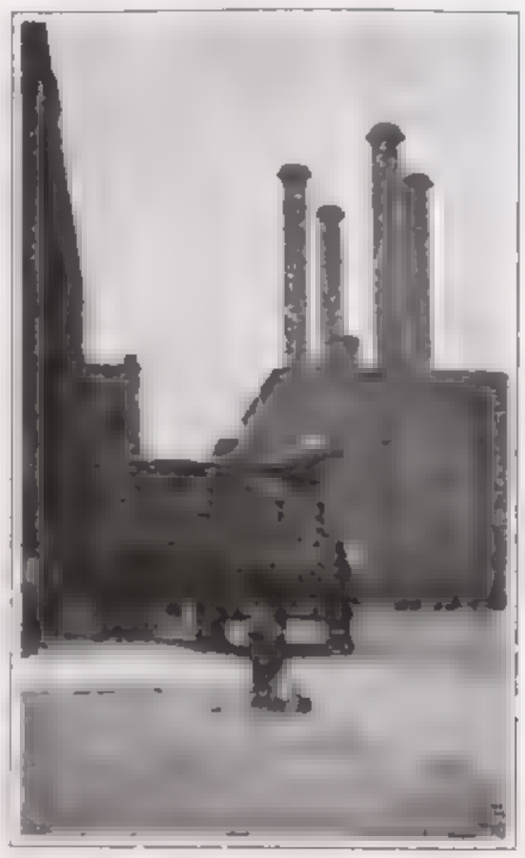
She ate her last sugar lump and got cautiously down the steps of the Eagle House onto the slippery sidewalk. She was just getting into her car when Fern and Violet spoke together, swooping at her under umbrellas:

"Mamma, where's your hat? In all this snow!"

"I'll thank you not to bawl at me like that in the public streets! I had to come downtown in a hurry—and what about a hat?"

"But, mother," said Mrs. Watson, "what were you doing in the hotel?"

"If you got to know, Fern, a friend of your poppa's came through, an' he's rheumatic this mornin', an' she needed some advice an' I came down. She's an operatic person which has to sing in Cleveland tonight an' she's in a hurry. An' the rest is none of your business. Mr. Egg got a cold last night drivin' down from Cleveland an' is poorly today an' can't be disturbed. I've done what I could to help her out. . . . Good mornin'."



She drove up the street, ignoring the warm invitation of the soda fountain, and thought that after Fern and Violet had talked to Pansy about this they would be meek for a month. As for when she might tell them about Madame Carreno, that would have to be thought of when she wasn't so empty. And Benjamina ought to have one of those bronze gowns too. And hadn't it turned out nicely? And Adam was pacing in the yard with his jacket's furred collar buttoned around his bare neck and a cigarette hung in one end of his scarlet mouth.

"Feel all right, mamma?"

"Mercy, baby, extremely well, thanks! I had a very interestin' talk with Madame Carreno, an' it was a relief to know she's survived an' lived to be a use to the community an' all. An' you an' Mr. Egg been awful silly in this business, because it worried me much more to have him drivin' up to Cleveland an' catchin' cold. I know your poppa ain't easy to manage, Dammy, an' you did what you could."

"Told him you'd prob'ly know who this Carreno was from her pictures."

Mrs. Egg put a foot carefully into the slush and blushed a little.

"Baby, you think I'm smarter than I am. . . . She looks taller in her pictures. Of course I've always wondered why she was so familiar, kind of, and ——"

"Yeh, you knew. I told him," Adam nodded.

He spat away his cigarette and delicately kissed Mrs. Egg on her nose and patted her back, with an intention of tenderness, although she felt like a drum.

"Well, a woman can't totally change her appearance, Dammy. And you mustn't tell Mr. Egg I wasn't extremely shocked, neither. It's very flattering he thinks that I'm such a timid kind of creature I couldn't stand meetin' a mere human bein' like her."

"Mamma," said Adam, rubbing his nose, "the old-timer—he talked some drivin' down last night. He don't know you ain't a girl still, see? He thinks you still got your hair down your back."

Mrs. Egg sniffled suddenly, because she felt that she had done Mr. Egg a wrong somehow, and she owed him something, more than a good omelet for his luncheon. She went lumbering up the steps into the kitchen and did not pause for even a piece of candied ginger, and panted up the backstairs.

Meeting Benjamina at the nursery's door, she puffed, "Well, I went an' made a fool of myself, didn't I, lamb?"

"Brush your hair back, mother. . . . I don't blame you at all, and I didn't tell Dammy."

"You're a good girl, sister. . . . Do I look idiotic?"

Benjamina did things swiftly to her gown and hair and Mrs. Egg surged into her husband's bedroom with some assurance. He was sitting up in bed, and after three strivings he said, "I tried to stop her from comin', Myrtle," and then was mute and red.

"Now, Mr. Egg, it didn't do me any harm to go an' talk to the poor creature. It's made her easy in her mind, an' she had a dreadful time, an' she's tried to do her best for her family. An' it's all over now, an' you did what you could to spare my feelin's, an' it was real sweet of you, an' —— Did I set on your leg then? An' just don't worry about it no more."

Only, if he went on looking like that at her, with his innocent man's eyes, she knew she would bawl like a calf. She pulled his head against her shoulder and said, "Now it didn't hurt me a particle, Johnny; an' don't feel bad any more about it, an' she behaved very ladylike. An' go to sleep. You've been real sweet in this business, an' I'll see the toast ain't burned for your lunch if I got to scalp Matilda first. . . . An' you've certainly got the nicest hair in the world."

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THE GLORY OF KINGS

(Continued from Page 19)

gray, weathered house. It seemed to him that on so level a plain as this these houses might have been in any spot at all. He tried to discover why any one of them had been placed exactly where it was, and could not. About the houses there were usually cottonwoods, but these trees upreared themselves in other places where no houses were. Dave knew what the cottonwoods were without ever having seen them before, and he felt an instant and curious affection for them. They grew in such tall and stately fashion, graceful yet luxuriant, too, and they stood like aristocrats, not clustering together, but a little apart from one another.

Once or twice he saw a grove of these trees near the railroad; and at such times the trees nearest the eye seemed to pass quickly, as a car passes on a much-traveled road, while those a little farther away appeared to keep pace with the train, or strive to do so, losing ground imperceptibly, falling at last behind.

The first dawn had been somewhat dimmed by morning mist, but as the sun rose higher it defined the shadow of the train, and this faint shadow raced with them. From his window to the farthest reach of this shadow must be, he thought, half a mile or more. The distorted silhouette of the cars and of the trucks beneath them was a tremendous blot upon the blending colors of the prairie. And by and by, when the sun drew a little higher, the train passed a spot where the prairie floor was like the surface of a sea teased by vagrant winds into many little eminences. These small pinnacles tossed themselves aloft like billows, five or six feet high, yet their slopes were so gradual that to one afoot they must have been scarce perceptible. It was only the fact that the sun cast from each one of them a shadow that made them at this moment so conspicuous and so easily distinguishable. They were formed with dancing, elfin contours.

Counce roused presently and leaned over to look through the window with Dave, and he pointed out an angle of darker color above the horizon mists. "That's Pike's Peak," he said. "You can see it plainer in the middle of the day." But Dave had no wish to see it more plainly, since in its present guise it wore such loveliness. The lower mists were golden tinted and the sky was a fine blue against which lay in silhouette the darker hue of the mountain.

When they were dressed and he looked out again, an array of jagged summits was beginning to appear above the prairies ahead of them. It extended like a wall from north to south, as far as they could see, and Dave felt a quickening of his pulse as though he were one of those pioneers who had been in his thoughts the day before. The feeling was so keen that he spoke of it to Counce.

"What a sight that must have been," he said, "to the old chaps in prairie schooners. Not knowing what was ahead of them, sick to death of the flat country, and then to see that barrier of mountains in the way."

"It's a wonder it didn't give them the willies," Counce agreed. And he added in a practical tone, "We might as well eat. We'll be in Denver pretty soon now."

They spent that day in Denver in a manner ordained by Counce, checking their bags at the station and engaging an automobile to drive here and there within the city and without. The prairies were behind them, but in the fringes of the city they appeared as real-estate developments scarred by newly made streets placarded with signs which bore the names of these untenanted thoroughfares. That sort of thing, Dave thought, was characteristic of his countrymen; that trick of anticipating the future, of laying out streets, installing hydrants and stretching wires before there was a single house or dwelling anywhere about. That trick of bodying forth the future while it was no more substantial than a dream. But he felt a sudden lift of pride in the thought that these countrymen of his went further. They dreamed, but also they gave their dream shape and form, and made it in the end reality.

He was increasingly conscious all that day of a curious exhilaration, an acceleration of his pulses and a sharpening of his senses. His lungs expanded to fill themselves with the rare air of these altitudes, and his eyes widened and quickened to miss nothing of the prospect all about him. He was more and more restless, and he was at the same time oppressed by the interminable and eternal bulwark of mountains which hung like a wall against the sky above the city, snow patches gleaming against their blue summits here and there.

He said once to Counce, irritably, "I should think they'd get sick of those mountains, seeing them all the time."

And Counce replied, "Sick of them? They brag about them. Me, I don't mind a little hill, but it gives me the itch to see one I can't go out and climb." He added honestly, "Don't mean I would climb it if I could, but I like to know I could! The way it strikes me, these mountains are too high."

Dave grinned. "Well, we might go out and pare them down," he suggested, and Counce said philosophically:

"They tell me they're wearing down all the time. Couple of million years and there won't be any of them left to mention at all."

"That's all right with me," Dave assured him. "They can make it quicker if they want to. Cut it in half, and they won't get any kick from me."

It was a relief to Dave when darkness shut down, blotting the mountains from their sight. A thundershower swept over the city at late dusk, and when it was gone night had fully come. They dined leisurely, and by and by drove to the station and sought their accommodations. Dave found himself surprisingly tired, and when Counce suggested that they sit for a while upon the observation platform he negatived the proposal.

"I'm going to bed," he declared. "You go ahead if you want to."

Counce grinned. "I stick with you," he reminded the younger man. "Whatever you say goes, unless I have to say different. Bed it is."

Dave, the first to undress, lay watching the other man prepare for the night. He was sleepy, his eyes half closed, but when Counce, having removed his coat and vest, leaned over to unlace his shoes, Dave's eye fell on the wallet protruding from the other man's hip pocket. Counce, he observed, must have put on flesh since his more active years, for now his posture forced the wallet a little upward; and as the man labored with a stubborn lace, his movements increased the pocketbook's dislocation. Counce was sitting on the foot of the couch which served him as a bed. He straightened up at last, puffing.

"Getting too fat for this sort of thing," he confessed. "Man's in bad shape when he can't untie his own shoes! Got a hard knot there." And took a deep breath and dived to the task again.

The wallet slipped a little farther out of his pocket, and when he sat up once more it became dislodged and dropped to the floor. Dave watched, smiling in faint derision. Counce was not, then, so infallible as he pretended to be. The detective's reactions were not so finely attuned as he supposed; and Dave waited to see how long it would be before the other discovered his loss.

Counce stood up and yawned, said drowsily, "I'm kind of sleepy myself. Didn't sleep so good last night."

"You snored hard enough," Dave told him.

"Always do if I sleep on my back," the other agreed, and went into the washroom.

Some impulse springing from no formed plan prompted Dave to action then. He slipped one leg from beneath the sheet, and with his toe pushed Counce's wallet under the foot of the couch. So far as he had any intent at all, it was merely to find amusement in Counce's perplexity when he should discover that the wallet was gone and start to search for it. But Counce, when he emerged from the wash room, was still unconscious of his loss and got into bed, and Dave chuckled at the other's fallibility.

A little later he went to sleep, but sometime in the night he was awakened by the laboring exhaust of the engine and by the erratic and irregular movement of the train. They must, he decided, be ascending a steep gradient; probably crossing a pass somewhere. By the lurching of the car and the occasional inclination of the berth in which he lay, he judged they were rounding sharp curves, winding this way and that, tracing the meandering course of some mountain stream. He tried to go back to sleep, but was astonishingly wakeful, and it occurred to him that it would be pleasant to go out to the rear platform. If the stars gave light enough to see, the prospect must be rugged and beautiful.

Counce was snoring heavily. Dave sat up in bed and swung his feet to the floor. He could not very well pass through this car and the one behind in his pajamas; so he drew on over them coat and trousers, and slipped his bare feet into his shoes. As he opened the door of the stateroom, it occurred to him that if Counce woke and found him gone, the other man would be disturbed, would spring into a desperate activity; and the thought amused Dave. He was still chuckling as he went along the hall between the curtained berths toward the rear of the car.

There were three or four camp chairs on the rear platform, and he unfolded one of them and shook it free of cinders and sat down. The night was cool, but he sat with his back against the end of the car, and thus sheltered from the wind felt no discomfort. Beneath him the wheels clicked over the rails which flowed out behind like ribbons, dimly visible when they caught and reflected the light of a brighter star. On either side he could see the dark bulk of nearer mountains rising above them, and sometimes there seemed to lie a black pit on their right hand, and he caught the glint of water far below. Now and then they passed switches whose lanterns gleamed behind them until they were obscured by a buttress of the mountains; and now and then the train slowed, laboring ponderously up a steeper grade.

Dave, with his coat collar turned up and his arms folded across his chest, sat still, contented to be alone as though in some vast wilderness, removed from the world of those who slept in the cars ahead of him. Who slept as soundly as Counce slept, he thought; and it occurred to him, abruptly and with an illumination like that of a flash of lightning, that Counce was in fact very sound asleep.

"He's not much of a watchdog," Dave told himself; and he thought, "I could drop off here and he'd never know." And he thought, "He'd be crazy in the morning if I did." And he thought, "I wonder what he'd do." And he thought, "He'd wire the old man. I wonder what father would do." And he thought swiftly of many things.

The end of them was at last not thought but action. Dave, his movements suddenly become furtive, bent and knotted the laces of his shoes, and he rose and laid his hand upon the rail. One last consideration checked him. His pockets were empty; penniless and in a strange land, his way would not be an easy one. But Counce's wallet lay beneath the couch in their stateroom, two cars ahead.

Dave turned, at that memory, and went back through the car, his movements now

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The TEENIE WEENIES

NOTICE . . . All the Teenie Weenies are requested to meet in the storeroom at noon today . . . . The General.

This little notice, printed neatly on a piece of paper no bigger than a postage stamp, had been pasted up about the Teenie Weenie factory. There was one in the salted peanut and the peanut butter department, one each in the pickle department, the sardine department, the breakfast-food department, the pop corn department, and two or three were put up in the great canned vegetable department.

The little papers caused much excitement, and when the whistle blew at noon most of the little folks hurried to the great storeroom where they found the General awaiting them.

The Turk brought in a peanut for Gogo, the little colored Teenie, to sit on, for the tiny fellow had strained his back lifting a pickle and it was hard for him to stand.

"Friends," said the General, as he stepped onto a box of Teenie Weenie Sardines and smiled at the little folks, "I want to ask you a question: *Who are the Teenie Weenies?*"

"*We are! We are!*" shouted the surprised little people. "*We are the Teenie Weenies!*"

"Of course we are," smiled the General. "We are the first and only genuine Teenie Weenies. Our friend here," said the General pointing to Tilly Titter, the English sparrow who sat on a box of Teenie Weenie Wheat Hearts, "tells me that she has seen Teenie Weenies on can labels and that they are not us but imitations of us."

"*They can't do it!*" bellowed the Dunce from the top of a can of Teenie Weenie Pop Corn. "They haven't any right to imitate us. I am the original Teenie Weenie Dunce and I won't stand for it. We have been copyrighted hundreds of times, and my picture is on the sardine can and I'm on the . . ." The Dunce made such an outroar the policeman had to rap with his tiny club on the pop corn bucket for order.

"Well," continued the General, "an imitator is never genuine. Only real Teenie Weenies can appear on a genuine Teenie Weenie label."

The Dunce was so disturbed he began to dance up and down with rage. Suddenly he slipped and before he could catch himself he tumbled off the pop corn bucket onto the floor. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt and the rest of the Teenie Weenies had a good laugh at the Dunce's expense.

When the little folks became quiet the General went on with his talk. "I thought you ought to know about these imitators," he said.

"An imitation is never so good as the real thing, so all we've got to do is to keep right on doing the best we can and no imitation will ever hurt our good name. People know the Teenie Weenies and they will want only the real Teenie Weenie foods, with the genuine Teenie Weenie pictures."

"I'd just like to say one thing, General," chirped Tilly Titter, flipping her tail so violently she nearly knocked the Cowboy off the package of Teenie Weenie Wheat Hearts on which they both stood.

"I do quite a bit of flyin' about and I see a lot of children and I can just tell you one thing, no imitation will ever fool the boys and girls . . . they know real Teenie Weenies when they see them."

"I think you're right, Tilly," said the General. "It's pretty hard to fool children . . lots of grown-up folks think children don't know much, but I happen to know a great many children and I think they are pretty smart."

"I wish that folks wouldn't grow up, so the world would be full of children," sighed the Lady of Fashion.

"Well, there are an awful lot of grown-up children, too," answered the Doctor. "And that's what makes the world such a nice place to live in."

"Sometimes," said Tilly Titter, "when I'm sittin' in a tree near the sidewalk, I see old folks with white 'air goin' along, and when I get a close look into their faces I find they're not old, but just children with white 'air—it always makes me 'appy and I sing."

"Folks," continued the General, "it's about time for the whistle to blow and we'll all have to get back to work, but I want to ask one more question: *Who are the Teenie Weenies?*"

"*We are the Teenie Weenies!*" roared the little folks so loudly they nearly frightened Tilly Titter out of her pin feathers.

The tiny whistle blew and the little people hurried to their various departments where they set to work putting in the neat packages, the delicious Teenie Weenie food, which so many people enjoy.

MONARCH
QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

THE HIGHEST QUALITY
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REID, MURDOCH & CO. (*Established* 1853)
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, WILKES-BARRE, TAMPA, JACKSONVILLE, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, PHOENIX

Reid, Murdoch & Co., manufacturers and distributors of the famous MONARCH BRAND FOODS, are the only authorized distributors of the TEENIE WEENIE FOOD PRODUCTS. No other person, firm or corporation has been given permission by me to use the original and genuine Teenie Weenie name or characters in trademarks on any food products. All genuine TEENIE WEENIE FOOD PRODUCTS carry the Lion Head.

Wm. DONAHEY

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(Continued from Page 58)

furtive and alert; and he opened the door of their compartment. A snore greeted him, deep and reassuring; and Dave with a sudden chuckle bent and fumbled in the darkness and found that which he sought to find. He shut the door again, and as he retraced his steps it seemed to him the pace of the train was slackening. When he emerged upon the platform, it had in fact slowed to no more than a fast walk; and Dave, hatless, half clad, but with the wallet in his pocket, swung a leg over the brass rail, descended till he hung by hands and feet, selected what seemed in the darkness to be a level spot beside the track, and dropped off the train.

It rolled heedlessly along up the grade, wound tortuously around a shoulder of the mountain, and the lanterns on its rear end disappeared. The click and rumble of the trucks were presently lost in the murmur of the stream somewhere below him in the canyon, and Dave laughed abruptly and delightedly to know himself alone.

VI

DAVE had dropped off the train upon impulse and without any considered plan for what his subsequent movements should be. This escape of his appealed to him principally as a joke on Counce, who was so wise and so confident and so assured; who liked to boast that he slept so lightly, who insisted that no one could evade his vigilance, who considered himself adequate to deal with every possible emergency. In the first few minutes after the train disappeared, Dave's thoughts centered chiefly upon Counce; and he sat down on one of the rails and laughed aloud, in frank enjoyment of the perplexities that would when he woke confront the other man.

But after a few minutes Dave began to be a little chilly, and he had to consider what to do. It had never occurred to the young man heretofore that his life had been a singularly sheltered one. Yet since his boyhood there had seldom been a moment when he was left wholly to his own responsibilities. There had been first a tutor, who supervised not only his studies but most of his waking hours; there had been the frank discipline and surveillance of private school, and afterward the somewhat veiled supervision of the college authorities. In the office he was under his father's eye; and even though he had his hours of freedom, there was always the necessity of turning eventually homeward, or of reporting at the office by and by. Soon or late he had always to give an account of his movements, and soon or late he did so, defiantly or evasively as the case might be.

Always there had been as an undercurrent in his mind the consciousness of the necessity of that eventual accounting. He wore a financial and personal independence, yet was dependent too. Over his head there hung the financial club which his father could wield if he chose.

And there had been, also, Dave's very real affection for his mother. He was fond of her as she was of him; he cajoled her and imposed upon her, but he loved her too. And he had sometimes been deterred from a course of conduct which momentarily attracted him by the resentful certainty that if she came to know of it, she must be made unhappy by the knowledge. There were many things he might have done but for the fear of his father's too-often-tested temper and but for his unwillingness to wound his mother's heart. He had stood thus in subjection to the discipline of power and the discipline of love, and had been by them sheltered as he was controlled.

But this night, in the starlight, sitting on a still-vibrating steel rail above the creek that sang in the canyon below him, he was free of those disciplines as he was of the shelter that was a part of them. Was, for the first time in his life, his own man.

The only immediate reaction to this fact was the thought that he was a little cold and that he must find shelter. Heretofore when he had been cold, or hungry, or weary, he had only to go home. His mother there would comfort him. But tonight he must find comfort where he could.

He looked up and down the track, and the wind trickled past him, penetrating his thin garments, flowing down the back of his neck, tickling his bare ankles. There was nothing to be seen save the lines of rails vanishing in the starlight in either direction. The grade here was steep, but the spot was isolated. There was no switch light, no station, no freight shed. Nowhere did he discover the least suggestion of human presence; there were only the rails to link him with the world. And he was cold and a little faint with hunger, as a healthy man roused from sleep is apt to be. His wrist watch told him it was a quarter past two o'clock in the morning. Two hours or so till dawn.

He shivered; and for a moment he was lonely and sorry for himself and resentful and angry because he was thus driven out of the life he had known, to sit like a tramp on a railroad track in the dark hours of morning. But that resentment passed in the necessity of solving the immediate problem. He was cold, and he must move about to warm himself. So he got to his feet and set out along the ties.

He went down grade. If Counce discovered his escape, the detective might return; and instinctively Dave sought to put space between himself and the departed train.

His eyes were become accustomed to the darkness, so that he was able to set his feet down precisely and without stumbling, and the movement warmed him. He walked steadily, yet without haste; and since his way was downhill the effort did not produce in him that breathlessness which sometimes results from exercise at these altitudes. He was going nowhere in particular; followed the railroad because it was at least something like a guide. But as he walked he became more and more wide-awake, and his thoughts more active.

He began to feel a certain exhilaration. His head lifted and his lungs filled. The night, save for the song of the creek, was very still; but little sounds came to him, and he harked to them alertly, his senses all attuned. Far ahead of him there was a flicker along the horizon; a thundershower passing somewhere beyond the nearer mountains. He was sensitive to this as to all the other impressions—the scent of flowers, the song of the stream, the scuttling of some creature beside the track. He had never been so finely tuned to harmony with his surroundings; and he became conscious of this sharpening of his perceptions, and sought to analyze it, and decided at last that it arose from the fact that he was free, with the world to do with as he chose.

The fact of his own freedom from all restraints struck him for a moment powerfully. It appealed to him most keenly as a joke on his father and on Counce. He was foot-loose and he had money in his pocket; might do anything he pleased.

He might even, he reminded himself, go to join Lush in Paris; but save as a gesture of defiance toward his father, the thought did not appeal to him. The memory of this wife of his, in fact, made him abruptly sick and shamed. And then, for no particular reason, he remembered Miss Manter and how cool and steady and sweet she was. But that recollection made him vaguely lonely, and he put her from his mind.

He came by and by to where a narrow road crossed the right of way, ascending at an angle along the face of the steep slope above him. With no least hesitation, as though this road were guidance, he turned aside and began to climb. The road's pitch was after a little so sharp that his breath labored, and he slowed his pace and went more leisurely upon his way. The road wound; it picked up somewhere a stream and followed its meanderings; and its serpentine curves, each almost a complete circle, hemmed between the mountain on one side and the stream on the other, made him walk a hundred yards to cover a third of that distance in a straight line. But by and by the road diverged from the stream; and some time after that he perceived that he was near the summit of the climb.

He was unwearied, walked now more swiftly; and when he paused for a moment at the crest and looked behind him, it was to see a dull gray along the eastern horizon, so that he knew it would by and by be day.

The descent was not so long nor so steep, or thus it seemed to Dave, as the climb out of the canyon had been. And by the time he came near the level, the sun was nearly rising and the darkness gone. He was descended now into a great valley, high among the mountains, which extended to the south as flat and level as the prairies through which the train had borne them two days before. The slopes down which he had come were raw, covered with a reddish and dusty soil sparsely grown with strange plants here and there; and when he looked back he saw along the rest of the low range which he had crossed rock masses like blockhouses, with steep walls, from whose bases there extended far down the mountainside a slope, like a grout pile, of tumbled, crumbling fragments.

He remembered what Counce had said about the continual disintegration of these mountains; here that process was visible. In a thousand years those crowning masses of rock would have been broken by rain and frost and wind and lightning, by the wrenching and prying of the elements, into fragments. The slide of rock would be a little longer; that was all.

At its foot he could see that the shards themselves crumbled and decomposed, melting into coarse sand and pebbles, and these became dust in their turn. The spectacle interested him; it was like the panorama of a million years, laid there before his eyes. The panorama not of creation but of destruction. Which would some day, he thought whimsically, give way to new creation again. When the earth turned into star dust and went spinning in a new nebula till it coagulated into more substantial form once more.

"But that," he reminded himself, "can wait till I've had some breakfast." And he continued along the road.

Its course tended straight across the valley. His eye, deceived by the distance, thought it not more than a mile or two to the opposite range. Not till he presently turned to look behind him and saw how short a way it was that he had come did he appreciate his error, and he hurried his steps a little then. He was growing more hungry; and his feet, sockless in his shoes, were chafed; and he was thirsty too.

The sun rose, and he saw that the dun desert about him was not dun at all, but filled with warm and changing colors. The valley must be, he now judged, eight or ten miles wide. It was hemmed to the north by mountains whose tips were capped with snow, but to the south it swept illimitably, like the sea, and he thought it must go on forever, till as the air cleared he caught a glimpse of remote peaks barely visible above the level of the valley floor. Away to the south was set a huddled farmhouse, the color of the soil, small and remote; there was no other habitation anywhere within his view. But ahead of him, near the road, which lay across the valley like a string, he saw a group of cattle; and when he passed where they were a heifer with a dangling, broken leg hobbled out of his way. He stared after it ruefully, sick at the sight, wishing there was something he might do; and it occurred to him that it would be well at the first habitation to report the matter, send a merciful executioner.

There was a constant play and change of color about him and along the curtain of the mountains ahead. The snow on sheltered slopes turned from gold to silver and to white, tinted with the blue the mountains wore. In one place there rose tall cliffs of a chalky whiteness; and at first he thought they were wet, reflecting thus the sun, but later he decided their whiteness was the color of the rock itself. Far to the south he could see a jagged, saw-toothed range as red as flame, with a golden red band laid along its base and halfway up its flanks. The snow caps seemed not so very high above him—no more than two or three thousand feet—and he calculated that this valley in which he moved must lie at an elevation close to ten thousand feet above the sea.

There was life all about him, and of many kinds. A profusion of flowers, nameless to him, but lovely. Their scent hung in the damp morning air; their single blossoms near at hand delighted his eye; at farther distances their masses colored whole areas of the valley floor. He could see a few trees of curious, wind-tortured shapes along the slopes behind him, or dotting the valley, isolated and alone. A chipmunk, erect as a picket pin on its hind legs, saw him go by; and prairie dogs watched him with sidelong glances, or scurried like rolling balls of fur toward the safety of their holes. He guessed what they were, guessed, too, at the identity of the magpies which flaunted gaudy wings when they rose at his approach. Everywhere he discovered, in the shapes of the hills and in the contours of the trees, a hint of the torturing winds that blew here, carving the very face of the rock, scouring and graving, shaping the lives of the plants and trees as they shaped the mountains. And here and there a huge red bowlder, gnarled and carved and ground and worn away, upreared itself above the desert floor like a mammoth caught in the slime of some vast swamp and striving to free itself from the embraces of the sand.

Along the flank of the range ahead of him a line was flung, straight and even, slanting down from south to north, broken here and there by canyons and ravines scoured out by water and by wind. It was like a great beach which had sagged a little and been eroded here and there; and he remembered vaguely that these high valleys had once been seas, and thought how strange it was to imagine a sea where now the world lay brown and sear. And once, looking back, he saw some sort of abandoned mine on the slopes behind him; and he remembered that these mountains had been ravaged of their riches years before. His father, it occurred to him, had had a part in that enterprise; had made his beginnings in such a region as this. And he thought:

"I wonder if the old man ever hung out around here. I wouldn't be surprised. I've heard him talk about the magpies and the flowers and valleys like this one."

He remembered his father with renewed resentment and anger; felt again that it would be pleasant to acquire, in some fashion, a dominion over that strong man.

"I'd like to talk turkey to him once," he told himself bitterly. "Lay down the law to him the way he does to me."

But he was too hungry and too thirsty to have much concern now save for his immediate needs. Far ahead of him he saw a plume of smoke; and when he looked more closely, it was to discover a train passing up the valley, crawling like a worm, its smoke plume lifting indolently against the colorful slopes of the range. And he realized then how wide the valley was, and made more haste, anxious to reach some source of food and drink before the sun drew high and hot above him. His sufferings increased to a point where they oppressed him; and when at last the road he followed crossed another highway, which ran up and down the valley, he came to the intersection with a quick relief.

He stopped for a little at the junction of the roads, considering which way to turn. There was nothing to guide him north or south; but to the south the highway stretched away to the very horizon, without break or relief anywhere along its length, while to the north he saw that it came presently toward the foot of the mountains. That way there might be a habitation, or even a town, hidden in a fold of the valley floor. He turned in the end in that direction—northward—and plodded on. His head now was bowed, and his eyes were narrowed against the glare of the sun, reflected from the road beneath his feet. He was hatless, and he thought ruefully that he might as well have stopped last

(Continued on Page 64)

Mr. Arthur C. Kvhn and Miss Gladys Kvhn. Read Mr. Kvhn's letter below.

"Now I can eat anything!"

Minneapolis, Minn.

"FOOD did not appeal to me in any form. In fact, my stomach was in such shape that anything I ate disagreed with me.

"And I had lost all my old vitality.

"Three cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast and today I am again eating my meals with real enjoyment and relish. My wife and three children have also become ardent users of Fleischmann's Yeast and are enjoying the same beneficial results that I am."

Arthur C. Kvhn

"IT WAS about a year ago that I first complained to my husband of feeling ill. My appetite had vanished. My sleep no longer rested me. I would rise in the morning feeling sluggish, tired—only half alive. And I was troubled with constipation. My housework grew irksome and even a social call became a trial instead of a pleasure to a [illegible] woman.

"I was told I [illegible] my husband suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. After using it for a time, however, I became aware that I was feeling better than I had in many months. Well, I continued to eat it right along. My constipation left me, the color returned to my cheeks. I began to feel like a real human being and able to do my work without any special effort on my part. Of course Fleischmann's Yeast plays a prominent part in our family's diet now."

MRS. F. A. LINDEMEYR, Chicago, Ill

"I AM keenly interested in sports, and wanted to take part in all the athletic and social events of my school but for a time I was so embarrassed by eruptions on my face that I hated to go out at all. It so happened that my mother had derived splendid results from eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it myself—two cakes a day dissolved in milk. My face cleared up entirely and my pleasure in school activities revived. I ate Yeast for a year or so in fact, I still eat it off and on, just to keep in condition."

CHARLES E. PARK, East Milton, Mass.

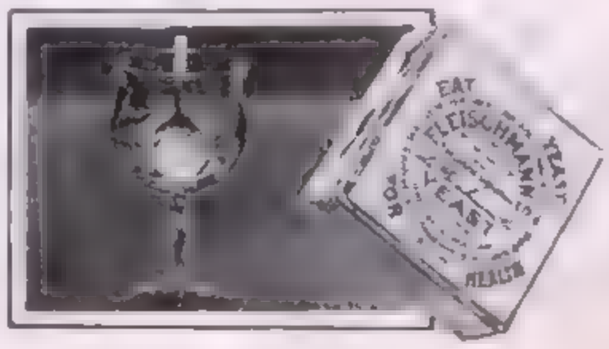
As fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast restores your health and energy by keeping your intestinal tract clean, by strengthening sluggish intestinal muscles.

As your elimination becomes more regular and complete, your digestion improves, your skin clears. You feel your old vigorous self again.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. And write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D-54, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Health for you—this new easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

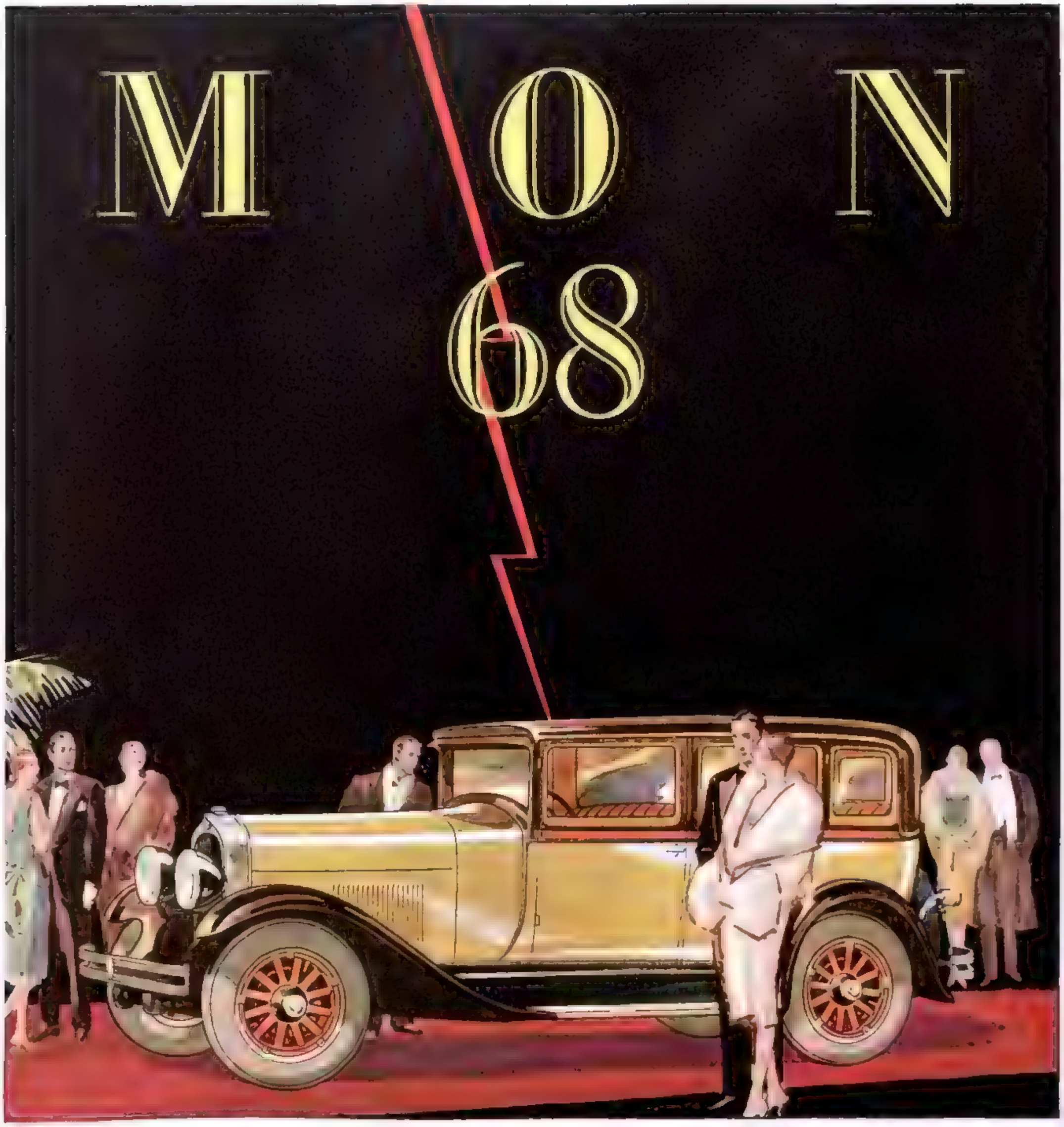


Two Great Straight-Eights

$1895 F. O. B. FACTORY

These are the cars that stand out at the 1928 shows. Both are straight eights—combining the greatest performance of the day with wonderful good looks and good value. Both are Marmons, with Marmon precision and care in every detail.

The "78" is a car of 120-inch wheelbase (but with the roominess heretofore considered possible only in cars of 130-inch wheelbase, or more), with a straight-eight motor of 86 h. p. —a car that goes places and does things in a most spectacular style. Its riding ease is more pronounced, perhaps, than in any previous Marmon—and Marmons have always been noted for this quality. And, of course, it's a beautiful car. It has long, graceful lines and



Eights by Marmon

everything looks as though it belonged (look again at the illustration).

In the "68," Marmon has alertly interpreted the real need of the day with a straight eight (and the sparkling performance that only a straight eight can give) at the price of the average six—a car of full five-passenger capacity, at $1395 (f. o. b. factory). The "68" challenges any car in value, and certainly it is one of the outstanding good-looking cars of the year—regardless of price.

The "78" and "68" are now on view at all leading Marmon establishments . . . and we extend a hearty invitation to see and try these two remarkable new cars for yourself.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

$1395
F. O. B.
FACTORY

(Continued from Page 60)

night to clothe himself. Counce would have slept through any tumult.

"You were a blamed fool," he said bitterly, under his breath, "bolting that way. Might have waited till you knew what you were doing, anyway." And plodded on.

After a time that seemed long, when his tongue had grown thick and dry and he was weak with hunger and his feet were raw, he heard a sound behind him, far behind; and when he turned it was to discover a dust cloud on the road and a black dot at its point, which grew while he watched till he recognized it as an approaching car. Dave threw up his hands like a shipwrecked sailor on a raft, though the car was still near a mile away, and he stood uneasily as it approached.

While he waited he looked down at his dusty shoes and his stained garments heavy with dust, and grinned ruefully.

"Like a tramp!" he thought.

But he was not a tramp. There was money in his pocket. He dragged out the wallet and flipped it open and peered in at the currency it contained. Almost a thousand dollars, he discovered. Nine one-hundred-dollar bills, and three twenties. Counce must have had his smaller change in another pocket. Dave withdrew one of the twenty-dollar bills and restored the wallet to the pocket of his coat. And a moment later the approaching automobile drew up beside him, answering his lifted hand.

A boy, he saw, was driving this dented and disreputable car—a Mexican or an Indian. Dave, without invitation, opened the door to get in beside the other. When he tried to speak his voice was rusty from disuse.

"Give me a lift?" he asked. "To the next town?"

The boy—he may have been sixteen or seventeen—nodded and started the car again. He looked at Dave curiously, yet shyly too. A little fearfully. And Dave made some explanation, lame and halting, of his presence there.

"Got left behind," he said gropingly, and remembered the train he had seen go up this valley. "Got off the morning train for a breath of air and missed it when it started on again."

The boy affected polite credulity. "Where you going?" he asked.

"Through to the Coast," Dave said at random. And added with a grin, "You going that far?"

The youngster shook his head. "I come up to get some men," he explained. "Taking them down right away." And he asked, "Looking for a job?"

"Doing what?" Dave countered.

"Packing lettuce," the boy explained. "It's the season, and they're short. Good money too."

Dave scowled. "I'll get some clothes and catch the first train," he replied. He thought the youngster was making sport of him. Lettuce! In a desert like this. "Where do you live?" he asked dryly. "Got a hothouse somewhere?"

The boy shook his head. "Picking lettuce down the valley," he explained. "I live in Black Hat."

The name startled Dave into silence. There was about it something familiar. He tried to remember where he had heard it. Ahead of them the town they were approaching now revealed itself as a cluster of naked structures in the naked valley, scoured raw by the wind.

"That Black Hat?" he asked gropingly.

"Sage," the other told him, and Dave's pulses leaped to a quicker measure. He remembered Sage! He had heard his father speak of the town not once but many times. And—his thoughts were racing now—he had heard his father speak of Black Hat too. So recently as the day of his own banishment. "Leadville and Creede and Black Hat," Burdon Temple had said; and then seemed to regret the slip, and added amendingly, "No, that wasn't the name of the place ——"

Dave remembered vividly in this moment his impression that the name Black Hat had escaped his father unawares, and he was suddenly acutely curious and interested. And disconnectedly he recalled something Counce had said. Counce had declared that you could discover something to the discredit of any man if you went to the right place to look for it.

That right place, if his father's tone and manner had any meaning, might in the case of Burdon Temple well be Black Hat. And Dave was abruptly full of quick conjectures. They turned a corner at right angles and came into the town of Sage.

VII

THERE is nothing about Sage to attract the casual visitor. What note it may have at one time enjoyed resulted not from the fact that its location was attractive or valuable, but that it was in some sort a focal point. The town itself, set in the northern end of the great valley into which Dave had come when he crossed the pass that morning, consists nowadays of no more than a score or two of buildings sufficiently substantial to withstand the wear and tear of wind and storm. But in the town many roads come to a junction point, and the railroad passes too. There are three roads that wind down out of the mountains, following the beds of creeks which, except in the freshet season, are no more than trickles, losing themselves among the sands. These roads, little traveled now, at one time served territories rich in mineral wealth to which this was the only gate.

But Dave, in this first moment, felt no interest in the history of the town, nor in its present aspect. The third structure they passed bore on its fly-specked window-pane a legend lettered in faded blue paint. Dave read aloud: "Calico Café!" And he said quickly to the boy beside him:

"Here, pull up! Have you had breakfast? Eat with me!"

But the youngster, with an important air, declined this invitation. "Got to pick up my men and start back," he explained. "Got to get back by noon."

"To pick that lettuce?" Dave asked derisively; and the boy, without understanding the reason for Dave's tone, still felt it, and he nodded uncomfortably as Dave got to the ground.

"What do I owe you?" Dave inquired, but the lad looked at him in mild surprise and shook his head, and before Dave could say more, he drove away. Dave felt vaguely that he had appeared to poor advantage in this interchange, but the boy was gone and he was hungry. He turned into the Calico Café.

It was not, he saw, an attractive eating place. The interior was narrow and deep, lighted only by the discolored windows in the front. A glass case held cigars and cigarettes and tobacco near the door, and there were oilcloth-covered tables set with cheap cutlery and heavy tumblers. In the center of each, a cruet of vinegar, a bottle of catchup, and pepper and salt shakers were grouped. There were no customers in sight, but by the cigar case two men were standing, and when Dave came in they stopped their conversation and looked at him suspiciously.

One of these men was lean and small, with a hooked nose and a way of looking upward from under slightly lowered brows which made the whites of his eyes conspicuous. He was young; not much older than himself, Dave thought. Yet there was a maturity about him. He wore a hat, cocked at an angle, drawn over one eye. The other man was bare-headed, older than his companion, with a bald head fringed with gray hair, and a drooping, walruslike mustache of darker color; and his cheeks had a flaccid pouchiness about them as though they were inflated from within. They were little pale bags.

These two men looked at Dave and he looked at them. He stood just within the door, his hand upon the knob; and the older man leaned on the cigar case and the younger lighted a cigarette, and Dave asked.

"Can I get breakfast here?"

The man with the pouchy cheeks jerked his thumb toward the legend on the window. "It says café," he pointed out.

But he made no other move, so Dave, after a momentary hesitation, turned and sat down at one of the tables. There was no bill of fare; nothing for him to do but sit there till after a moment the older man approached. The younger man went sidelong out to the street and disappeared.

Dave asked, "What do you recommend for breakfast?"

And the other replied, "We got ham and eggs and coffee."

"I was hoping you would have them," Dave declared, his eyes grave. "Two orders, I think. And—may I wash my hands?"

The proprietor of the café nodded toward a door at one side of the room, and watched Dave go that way. Dave was a long time at his toilet. His feet were sore, and he took off his shoes and washed his blisters clean, and scrubbed at his face and hands, doing what he could for them with the hard water and the indomitable soap. When he emerged, the proprietor had returned to his place by the cigar counter; and Dave waited impatiently till he should be served. When by and by the victuals were ready, the other man shuffled to a slide in the rear of the place and fetched them. The eggs were greasy, the ham was burned and the coffee was weak; the bread was soggy and the butter salt. Nevertheless Dave ate ravenously and had his fill, and pushed back his plate at last contentedly. So rose and approached the proprietor, and chose a pack of cigarettes and paid his score.

He lingered a moment, intent on information. Now that his immediate concern for food was satisfied, his curiosity was quickening. "Any hotel in town?" he inquired. "Or do you take boarders?"

The other shifted his posture wearily. "Sage House," he said.

"Good place?" Dave inquired.

"Mrs. Roakes keeps it," the man replied. "That was Ad Roakes in here a while ago."

"Her husband?" Dave suggested.

"Son," said the man.

Dave nodded. "I see," he agreed. "Those eggs were good," he commented.

"Storage," the proprietor confessed, something truculent in his tones.

"The ham, too," Dave insisted; "and the coffee."

"That's Chicago ham," the other told him indifferently.

Dave lighted his cigarette, offered the pack to the other, but the bald man shifted something in his cheek and shook his head.

"I expect you're wondering about me," Dave suggested.

The other opened the cash drawer and picked up the twenty-dollar bill Dave had tendered him and examined it. "It's good," he replied succinctly.

Dave chuckled. "All right," he assented. "Can I get some socks in town?"

"Two doors up," said the man; and Dave turned to go out. From the door he said good-by, but the other looked at him inattentively, and Dave grinned and shut the door behind him. He thought Counce ought to be able to find out something about the Calico Café, if he put his talent to the task. The place and its proprietor had a subtle flavor of illegality which amused the young man. He wondered what Ad Roakes was doing there.

At the emporium where he bought socks and underwear and shirts and ties, it amused him to recite to the clerk a picturesque version of the misadventure responsible for his present situation.

"Camping—motor camping," he explained. "A couple of crooks came along and took my whole outfit. Threw me this suit of clothes and a pair of shoes. Rolled me out of bed to do it."

"Get your money?" the clerk asked, pausing in the act of wrapping up Dave's purchases.

"All but a twenty-dollar bill," said Dave, and showed the change left from his breakfast. The other nodded and finished wrapping the bundle. He seemed uninterested in this outrage. Dave remembered something his father had said once about Sage.

"They didn't ask questions of a stranger there," Burdon Temple had explained. The habit, Dave guessed, must in some quarters still survive. He grinned at the thought.

"So if I lie, they won't be surprised," he decided.

Sage is a small town, but there are several streets in it, and Dave stopped at a gasoline station to ask where the Sage House was situated. Thus directed, he approached the establishment, his purchases under his arm. The hotel was, he discovered, a not unattractive concrete structure two stories high, with a veranda on the shady side. When he climbed the steps of this veranda he discovered a woman sitting in a rocking-chair there. She had a certain opulence about her. A woman in her fifties, he judged; and willing to seem younger. A large woman, in a blue dress of some light material, with reddish hair of doubtful veracity done with gaudy care atop her head. Her arms had a generous girth; and when she looked at him her eyes were hard and appraising. A woman, Dave thought, who knew the world too well.

"What do you want?" she challenged.

He smiled. "You don't like my looks," he suggested pleasantly. "Matter of fact, I don't blame you. I'm a shabby specimen. But I've just been buying some clothes, and you'll find I present a respectable appearance by and by."

"What I said was: 'What do you want?'" she insisted.

"Lodging," he explained. "A room, board, food."

"I don't need any more help," she retorted.

"Ah," he commented, "you are Mrs. Roakes, then. You have an attractive hotel here. But I was not looking for work." He added, amused at his own jest, "I am a gentleman in distress. But still a gentleman and quite able to meet my obligations." He had still a few dollars in his trousers pocket and he produced this money. "This will pay my score, will it not?"

She surveyed him more intently; and abruptly she smiled, in a wide fashion, and heaved herself out of her chair. "I'll show you your room," she told him. "I let the clerk have the day off. He wanted to go to the movies." She chuckled. "Or what have you?" she concluded. "Come inside."

He followed her into the not unattractive lobby, and at her suggestion, registered. As he did so, he observed that the last preceding date on the register was two days before, and he remarked:

"You're busy at this season?"

"Rushed to death," she agreed contentedly.

He wrote "David," and then upon sudden thought hesitated. Counce might broadcast the alarm at his disappearance, and his own name would be recognized. Also David Temple might well encounter reticence if he asked questions about Burdon Temple. So he wrote: "David Church." And when he turned he saw that her eyes had followed his pen.

"All right, Mr. Church," she said. "The elevator's out of order, but it's only one flight."

"I really prefer walking," he declared, entering into the jest. "I need the exercise." And when, on the second floor, she opened the door of one of the rooms, he deposited his bundle on the bed and asked gravely:

"Is the swimming pool open?"

"Having it cleaned out today," she replied. "Your private bath's at the end of the hall. Don't anybody use it but the rest of us."

"That will do excellently," he assured her, and waited for her to withdraw. But she stood companionably in the doorway, her bulk almost filling it, surveying him.

"Staying all summer?" she asked.

He smiled. "My plans are not yet definite," he confessed. "It may be a day and it may be forever." He added, more

(Continued on Page 68)

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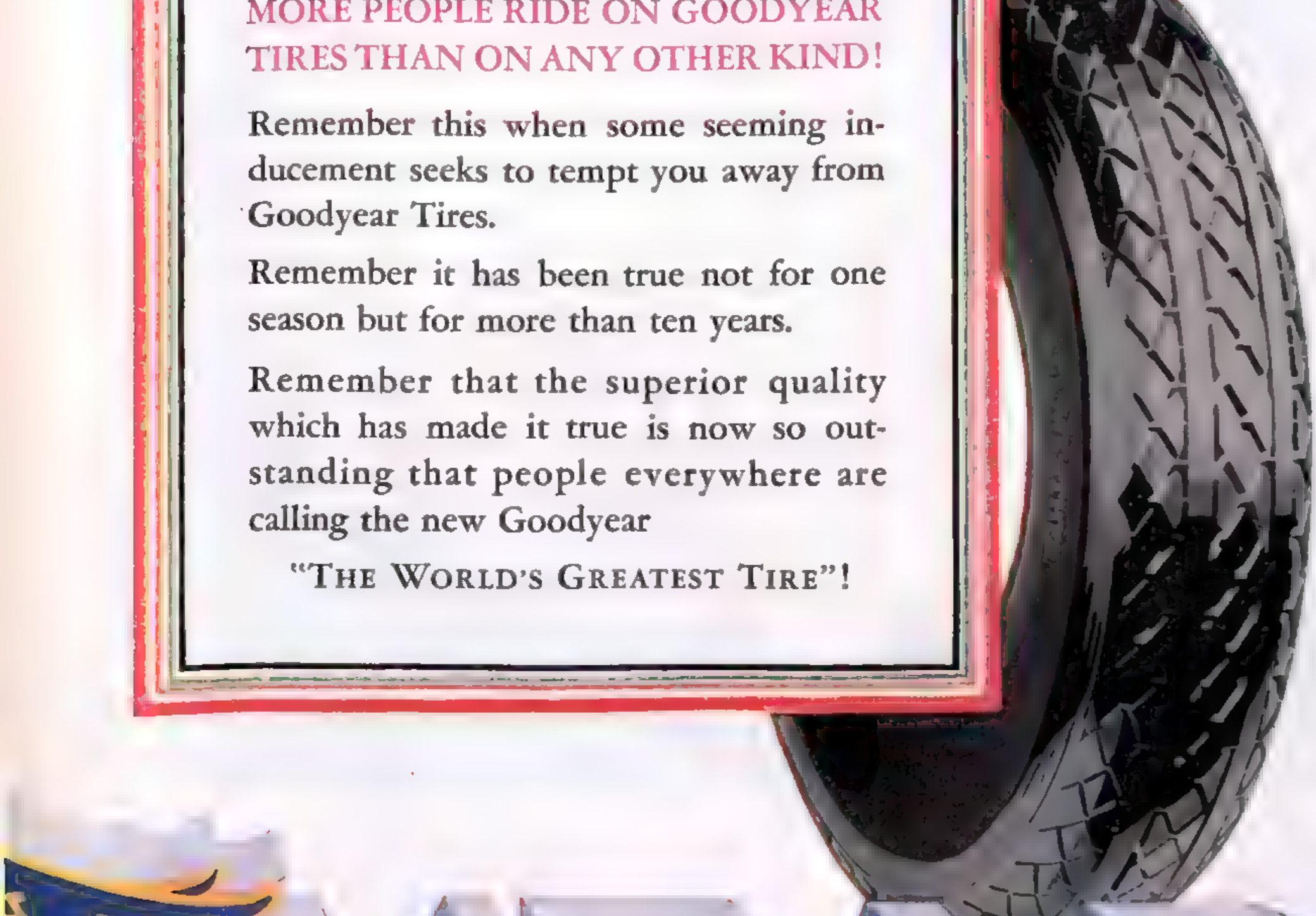

YEAR

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AME IN RUBBER

(Continued from Page 64)

thoughtfully, "I may want to use Sage as headquarters, make a trip or two."

"Where to?"

"I thought I'd run up to Black Hat," he explained. "Is there a road from here?"

"I guess there's a road," she said positively. "What do you want to go to Black Hat for?"

"Are you acquainted there?" he inquired.

"I've lived around here thirty-five years."

"Ah, all your life!" he suggested politely; and she robustly retorted:

"Stop it! Stop that now." They laughed together. "Yes," she added then, "I lived in Black Hat for a spell, when there was some action there. It's been dead twenty years, Black Hat has."

His pulse quickened, but his tone was calm. "I want to make some inquiries about a man who used to live there," he explained. "Or at least he was there at one time. You may have known him. Temple was his name."

There was, upon that, a startling change in this gross woman. She who had been so fatly amiable seemed before his eyes to become rigid and hard; and her face, already flushed with the heat of the morning, became suffused with color.

"Temple!" she ejaculated; and she spoke in a choking voice, heavy and harsh. "Temple!"

For no particular reason he stiffened resentfully. "I said Temple," he repeated steadily. "Did you know him?"

She took a step toward him, her movement somehow ominous, and Dave drew back alertly. Her emotion, he now perceived, was a rage, bitter and venomous; it might be explosive. "Temple!" she exclaimed, for the third time. "Burd Temple! He the one you mean?"

He held his voice level, icy cold. "Yes, that is the man," he said. "You knew him, then?"

"Know him?" she cried, and wiped her mouth with her hand. He thought it was as though she brushed from her lips a fleck of foam. "I should think I did know him." Her tone was full of a boiling spleen and her face was black and ugly. "I guess I knew him. I guess no one knows him any better than me. The dirty, murdering dog!"

Dave knew a surge of loyal wrath that for a moment matched her own; and he was on the point of crying out a stern word to silence her, to forbid her to speak of his father in such terms.

"What do you mean?" he swiftly demanded. "What are you talking about? What did he do to you?"

"Do to me?" she cried. "He did a plenty! He made a widow out of me! He killed Lou Roakes. That's what he did. Shot him like a dog!"

And for Dave, at her word, the ordered world went swirling; his knees wavered, and he sat down weakly on the bed, huddling there beneath the storm his questions had evoked from her.

VIII

DAVE left Sage four days later, with a sense of escape. He took the morning train down the valley, Denver his immediate destination; and he saw the naked town fall behind him with a shudder of relief. For all that it lay in the drenching sunlight of these high altitudes, it wore, or seemed to him to wear, an atmosphere of evil long persisted in, hideous as in the end all vice must come to be. The people with whom he had there come in contact inspired in him a persistent revulsion. Ad Roakes, with his sly, wise eyes, and the man with the pouchy cheeks in the Calico Café; and Mrs. Roakes, her opulence of figure testifying to a life of indolence and lazy ease, and old Jim Sookford, bearded with disreputable age, tilting his chair against his cabin door in Black Hat. A shabby crew.

When the town was once safely left behind, Dave felt a lifting of the spirit. The curtain of mountains to the west was sweetly blue, and even in the valley like a desert, flowers were blooming. When by and by he saw the marks of man's activities there was no ugliness about them. Irrigation ditches paralleled the right of way, and here and there mushrooms of clear water marked where artesian wells delivered their fat streams from far below the valley floor.

And when he came into the lettuce country and saw acre upon acre of tightly knotted heads growing as close as cabbages, and the packing houses on the sidings, and the refrigerator cars, and the stooping figures busy in the fields, he remembered the Mexican boy who had carried him into Sage, and thought:

"He's one that wasn't lying anyway. I ought to send that kid a cigar!"

At sunset, from the rear platform, he watched the western peaks put on their purple robes; and a range to the east reflected the sun's rays like a chameleon, turning from blue to purple and to orange, and back to purple again. As darkness fell he marked here and there about the far horizon the flickering breaks of lightning, and the small dark clouds where thundershowers, like cattle grazing across a pasture, drifted imperceptibly from west to east. There were sometimes six or seven of these showers at once within his view.

But these matters, though they interested him momentarily, touched only the surface of his thoughts. He could never for very long forget the sickening business in Sage; the woman's ugly story and his own loyal incredulity and the proofs and the persuasions she marshaled to convince him.

He had believed at first that there must be a mistake in identity; and when that hope failed, he thought the woman must be lying. But the proprietor of the Calico Café professed to remember Burd Temple too; and Ad Roakes took Dave to Black Hat to inquire for himself. Black Hat! Four or five inhabited houses and a dozen empty ones, straggling out of the mouth of a mountain gulch like bowlders spilled there by some glacial flood. Mexican children peering through adobe doorways; and old Jim Sookford, whom Dave questioned while the apparently inattentive Ad Roakes waited in the car twenty feet away. Whatever Mrs. Roakes said, Jim confessed with an eye toward Ad, might be accepted as true.

Till Dave could find no further room for doubt at all, and felt among these accusing strangers outnumbered and alone.

But now that he had put them behind him, his thought turned more directly toward his father, and they were full of bitter grief. He had in the past sometimes resented the other's discipline, but always beneath this feeling on his part lay respectful recognition of the fact that Burdon Temple was a fine and upright man. Such is the way of sons. Now, however, the ancient, shameful tale which he could not but believe shook that faith; and Dave felt toward his father the revulsion with which men regard a shattered idol whose feet are proved of clay. Just as he had been wounded he wished to wound his father now; and between trains in Denver he wired Burdon Temple:

> Back from Black Hat. Mrs. Roakes sent you a message. On my way home.

He had time, too, to buy a bag and a reasonably passable suit of clothes before he took the train for home.

Next morning he saw the prairies outside his windows with a sense of unreality. It seemed impossible that since he had passed this way so short a time had intervened. So many things had happened in the interval. When now and then the train stopped at one of the sun-baked stations he alighted and stood upon the platform, feeling himself alien among the groups gathered there to watch the arrival and departure of the train; and once or twice he bought newspapers or magazines, but was unable to fix upon them his attention. His thoughts were rioting.

The panorama outside the windows—flat lowlands where muddy streams meandered, water courses grown with willows, the rolling bosom of the prairie clad in corn—was so monotonous that he lost, after a time, all sense of movement. The train rumbled on, yet, because landmarks were so few, it seemed not to advance at all. Rather the world seemed to revolve about the train, and the same scenes passed and repassed in monotonous reiteration. Only now and then, affixed to the end of a station building he saw a legend, an initial and a numeral, and understood that these indications tallied off the miles as they advanced toward their destination.

Dave came to dread the end of that journey. He was going to confront his father, but scarce with any ordered plan. He was divided between anger and hope and despair. By all the weight of evidence, his father was accused and was condemned, deserving no consideration; and Dave had moments in which he thought bitterly:

"A fine one, he is, to lecture me. Preach to me!" And he thought, "But I don't have to stand that from him now."

He had other moments, however, when he was sick with lonely sorrow, for his life had rested on this firm foundation of his father's probity. And it seemed to Dave that that foundation all was shattered; that if his father were evil there could be no good anywhere. And he cried, in his thoughts, "It's not true! When I see him, he'll tell me so."

Thus he was torn, and all the long day while the train crawled across the prairies his thoughts writhed and twisted hopelessly.

A little after dark they came to a larger city and remained for a space in the station there while engines, spouting smoke and cinders with a great clamor and tumult of exhaust and bell, made some rearrangement of the cars in the train. Dave stood upon the platform, his ears stunned by the orderly confusion all about him, and the pulse of it entered into his own arteries so that he became restless and it seeemed to him the hours that yet remained were too long to be endured. Later he went rebelliously to bed, but he could not sleep, and he lay long wakeful, his thoughts busy with the day that was to come.

He got up at dawn and dressed himself and waited thereafter in a dry fever till they drew at length into the great terminal. It was still early; too early, he knew, to expect to find his father at the office. At this hour Burdon Temple would be at home, breakfasting leisurely in his wife's bedroom, where Leila Temple was accustomed to spend half each day, conserving her poor measure of strength in what fashion she could. His father liked to stay there and read the paper and receive the morning mail, and sit as long as it was possible by his wife's side. Ordinarily he did not come downtown till ten o'clock or even a little after.

"But today," Dave thought, "he will be there earlier. He has had my telegram." And he had a twinge of pity for the fears his message must have aroused in his father, and strove to fight it down.

In the light of day Dave's attitude toward the approaching meeting with the older man was at once defiant and appealing. At one moment he thought, "What a sap I'd be, to come sobbing in and say, 'Dear father, they say you're a murderer! Tell me it isn't true!'" But in the next instant he knew that above all else this was the thing he wished for, that his father should be able to shatter with a word the ugly tale.

Sometimes, almost inattentively, he thought that there were possibilities in the situation, if he wished to seize upon them, which could be turned to his own advantage. If the tale were true, then there was nothing his father could very well refuse him. If the tale were true he might demand forgiveness for his own misdemeanors, he might insist upon a financial settlement which would make him permanently independent, he might seize from his father's shaken hands the control of the business that was the older man's joy and pride. If the tale were true. He had thought, once, in his anger, that it would be pleasant to hold such a club as this above the other's head; but he found in his estate no satisfaction now. There was nothing he wanted save to have his father back again, untarnished; a figure fit for pride.

For all the weight of evidence, he found himself prepared to take at its face value his father's least word of denial. "If he says it's not so ——" he thought, and his heart beat faster. Dave would have made a stubborn juror.

There was, too, something defensive in the young man's attitude. He had come back from Colorado against orders and without consent; might on that account encounter reprobation. "But father'll understand," he told himself. "He won't blame me. He'll want to talk the thing over, straighten it out. He'll see I was right to hurry home."

He had been eager to come face to face with the older man, and he had fretted at the interminable journey. But now that their encounter was imminent he dreaded it, put off the hour. He made up his mind, before he left the station, that he would not go to the office until twelve o'clock or so.

With this in mind he took a taxi to the club he frequented, and on the ride uptown sat well back in the cab with an instinct to avoid the eyes of other persons in the traffic, as though their recognition might endanger the fruition of his plans. He meant to breakfast at the club, and he thought for a moment it would be wise to arrange to get some of his own clothes. To substitute for the garments which he wore others tailored to his fit would give him a certain confidence, and he regretted that it had not been his practice to keep at least a suitcase at the club. He might send home for a suit, but that meant the possibility that his messenger would be questioned, his own lurking place discovered; and he abandoned the idea.

"After all," he told himself, "clothes don't make such a lot of difference. He won't be noticing what I've got on."

When he reached the club it was still early, and after he had removed from his person the traces of his journey, he descended to the grill and ordered a grapefruit, chops and coffee. The place was almost empty, but while he breakfasted an occasional acquaintance appeared and nodded to him in matter-of-fact fashion, as though there was nothing surprising in his presence here.

"You wouldn't know I'd been away," he thought. The absence which seemed to him so long had not even been remarked by these habitual patrons of the place.

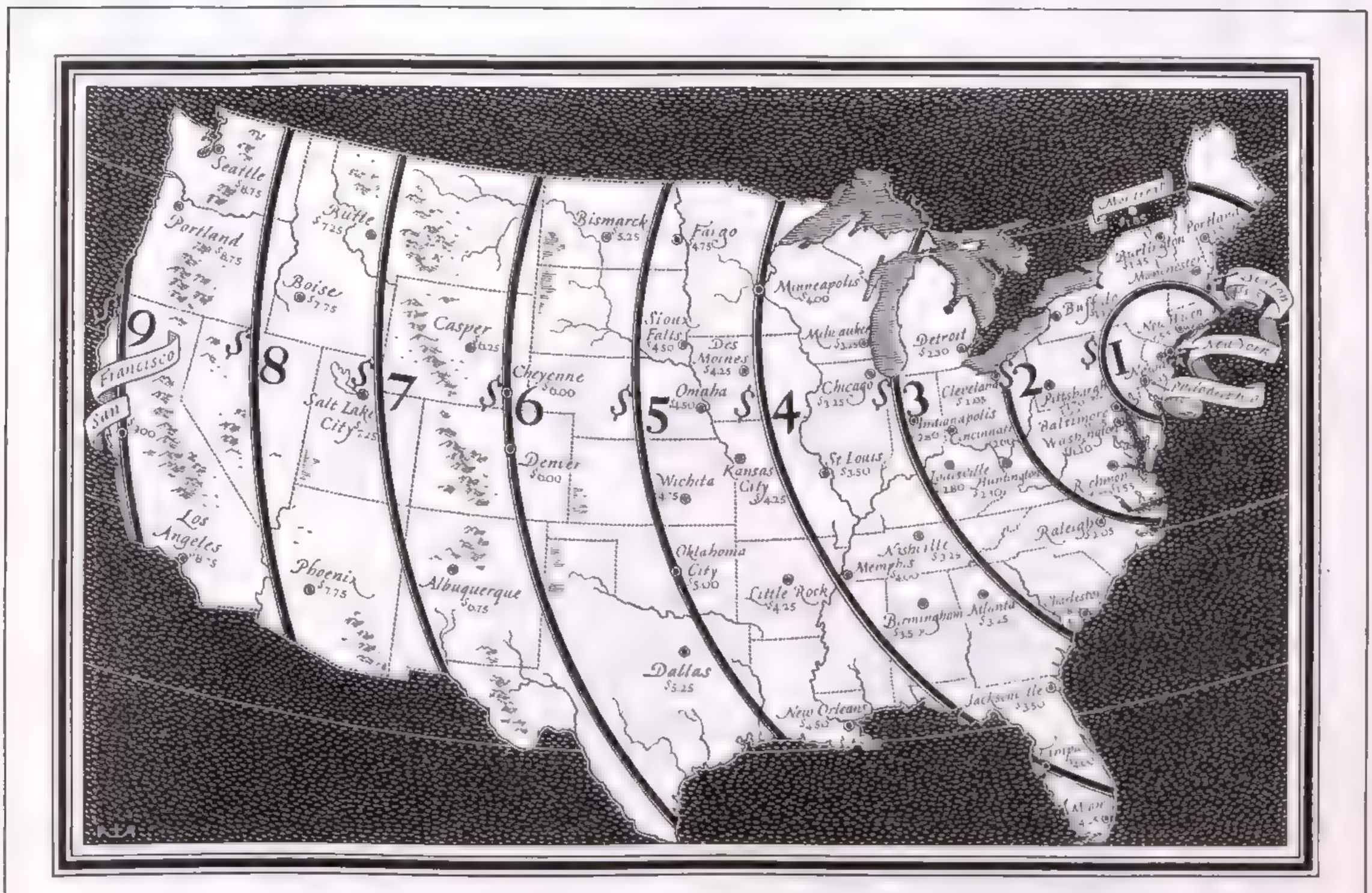
It occurred to him as surprising that they had not heard of his escapade. There must, he supposed, have been a certain publicity; yet if there had been, it had escaped their attention. He sent the waiter for a morning paper and read it while he smoked a cigarette, searching it through with some vague thought that there might be in its pages some mention of him, of his departure or of his return. But the columns held nothing of particular interest. There was a murder on the first page, a story about current politics, and a discussion of projected municipal improvements. Such matters appeared there day by day throughout the year. The sporting pages might, for any novelty they wore, have been dated a week before, or two weeks before. He had to consult the standings of the teams in the percentage columns to assure himself that days had in fact slipped by. He passed to the financial pages, and remarked inattentively that the steady strength of the market was still in evidence, that the long swelling and fruition which had come with readjustment after the war was still following its prosperous course.

Then someone stopped beside his table and said in astonishment, "Hello, Dave! What the devil ——"

And Dave looked up and discovered Willie Linnekin, and rose to grasp the other's hand, shaking it with the eagerness of reunion after separation.

(Continued on Page 72)

You can now Talk from Coast to coast for only $9



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An automobile manufacturer, "It reduces distance to nothing, and gives us an opportunity to talk with our dealers . . . just as though they were at the plant."

A large paper company, "Telephone selling has become a necessity. Hours are saved this way. Selling cost reduced."

What distant call now would make a needed appointment, close a pending purchase or make a sale? Calling by number takes less time. *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Why Big Car Owners turn to ESSEX

The wide and swift penetration of Essex into the market of big car ownership is brilliant tribute to its quality from men and women accustomed to finest motoring luxury.

There is no transition in comfort, performance or versatility when the nimbler uses of the Essex give it the call over their larger cars.

Accustomed to great performance—they have it in Essex. Accustomed to roominess, riding ease, smoothness and finished action—they have it, full measure, in Essex.

And this great range, combining beauty, handiness and convenience in size with big car qualities, makes it the outstanding choice of those who require but one car.

Its all-new advantages, added to traditional Essex value give it even wider preference than its predecessor which outsold all other "Sixes" at or near the price, almost two to one.

"If you want real value, let me put a set of Kelly-Springfields on your car. They don't cost any more than you paid for those tires you have on now."

(Continued from Page 68)

"Hello, Willie!" he retorted. "It's good to see you. Had your breakfast? Sit down."

"Thought you were in New Mexico, or jail, or somewhere," Willie told him, pulling out the chair across the table. "What are you doing here?"

Dave inhaled a deep draught of smoke from his cigarette and touched the ashes to the tray. "Where did you get that idea?" he asked. Willie was a good fellow, and Dave had always liked him. A well-fed, well-dressed, somewhat florid young man, rather too handsome, with an assurance about him, and a way of knowing everyone's business.

"Where did you get that idea?" he repeated.

"Jail?" Willie asked. "Why, your old man told me. Or at least that's what I understood." He chuckled. "Say, you certainly blew up the dust, my son! Where've you been? Sleeping it off? He sent for me the next day and laid down the law."

"How could he do that?" Dave inquired. "You don't do any business with father, do you?"

Willie shook his head. "No, no," he confessed. "Temple & Company are too conservative for me. I'm not a 5 per cent man, you know." He added plausibly, "But I didn't want any trouble with him. And of course I didn't want to make it any harder for you, Dave. All he wanted me to do was keep still, and I didn't mind doing that."

"Where did you get the idea that I was in jail?" Dave insisted.

Willie looked faintly embarrassed. "Why, I gathered that he had come down on you pretty hard. I thought maybe he was sore about that check."

Dave shook his head, smiling thoughtfully. "Oh, no. No," he explained. "No, that's all right. I indorse checks right along—to deposit them, you know."

"Well, you've been out-of-town, haven't you?" Willie urged. "I haven't seen you around."

"I had to run down into New Mexico," Dave told him. "Father wanted me to look into some stuff down there."

"Where's Lush?" Willie asked. "Did you take her with you?" His eyes were sly.

Dave hesitated. "I haven't seen her," he confessed.

"I heard," said Willie without looking at Dave, "that Mr. Temple sent her off to Paris to get an annulment."

"Did you?" Dave echoed, but he volunteered no further explanation, spoke of other matters. "What's been going on?" he asked. "Anything new?"

"Just the usual," Willie assured him, and recited details, names and places and occasions, while Dave listened indifferently. Once or twice he looked at his watch. After the first moment or two of Linnekin's company he gave the other only a perfunctory attention; and when Willie finished breakfast and took himself away Dave was almost relieved.

He had meant to delay going to his father's office, but when he had finished breakfast he left the club—for want of anything better to do—and sauntered at random along the crowded streets, turning unconsciously in the direction of Temple & Company's place of business. Thus he came to the Mercantile Trust corner at a little after ten o'clock, and looked at his watch and was surprised to find how early it still was, and hesitated, uncertain what to do. There were two or three places he might go to kill a little time, but he was restless, at once fearful and impatient; and in the end he turned into the lobby and took the elevator to the offices above.

When he came into the waiting room one of the salesmen was talking to the switchboard operator, and the two turned at his entrance. Dave thought he detected in their eyes a faint uncertainty before they nodded in response to his greeting. Then Miss Manter came out of the room where the filing cabinets were housed, and saw him and stopped very still. She had two manila envelopes in her hand. Dave had almost forgotten how lovely she was.

He approached her, said to her gravely, "Good morning!"

And when she nodded as though she were unable to speak, he suggested, "I don't suppose father's in yet?"

She replied, "Yes. Yes, Mr. Temple came down at 9:30. He's in his office."

"Busy?" Dave asked. "I don't want to bother him till he's free." His cheeks were crimson

"Mr. Bugbee is with him," she said.

He hesitated. "I'm in no hurry," he told her. "I'll wait." He cleared his throat and fumbled for a cigarette; moved as though to turn away.

"I'll tell him you're here," she suggested uncertainly.

"All right," he agreed.

But she did not depart, and Dave after a moment swung back toward her, curiously wistful and lonely. Their eyes encountered, held.

"How are things?" he asked in a lame fashion, because he must say something.

She hesitated. "He expects you," she said at last, and stood silent. The girl at the switchboard was watching them with a lively curiosity, and Miss Manter saw her. Her color rose and she bowed her head as though in farewell, and crossed to the door of his father's office and went in. Dave waited uncomfortably there.

A moment later Bugbee came out and saw Dave and hesitated, and Dave guessed that Irving was uncertain what to do. Dave smiled in a friendly way and held out his hand to the other.

"Hello, Irv," he said. "How are you?"

"We didn't expect you back so soon," Bugbee confessed uneasily, and Dave said: "Well, I ran into some business that brought me home earlier than I expected to come. How are things? All right here?"

"Oh, quite," Bugbee assured him. "Yes, everything's just the same." He added honestly, "Your father has been looking tired—under a strain, I think, Dave."

Dave nodded. "Has he?" he echoed; but before Bugbee could reply, Miss Manter opened the office door and spoke to Dave.

"Come right in, Mr. Temple," she directed. "He is ready for you."

Dave felt his cheeks stiffen and the blood drained out of them; and he thrust back his shoulders defensively. Bugbee, after a moment, turned away; yet Dave, as he crossed toward the door of his father's office, felt Irving's eyes upon him. There was something suggestive of flight in the haste he made. The half dozen steps to his father's door seemed to him an interminable journey. He stepped inside and closed the door behind him, and sighed with something like relief; swung then toward where his father waited.

Burdon Temple's desk was set in the farther end of the room. His office was in the corner of the floor which Temple & Company occupied, with windows behind his chair and on his left hand. The light was such that the older man's countenance was in shadow, and Dave, faintly blinded by the sun shining through the big windows, could not see him clearly.

Miss Manter had followed Dave into the office, stood now awaiting instructions, and Burdon Temple spoke to her.

"All right, Miss Manter," he said gravely. "I will ring for you by and by."

She nodded and moved toward the door. Her eyes met Dave's for a moment, and he was struck by the expression in them—an expression at once of reprobation and appeal, and of doubt and all uncertainty. He wondered how much she knew. Then his eyes swung back to his father, and he heard the door close behind him and saw his father rise.

"Good morning, Dave," said Burdon Temple. "I expected you an hour ago."

So Dave went forward guiltily, as a small boy might have done, toward where his father waited there.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Doctors say:

"Take no chances with inferior toilet tissues!"

"POORER grades of toilet paper aggravate and may cause serious trouble," says a famous specialist.

And 500 physicians, recently questioned, agreed: "Inferior toilet papers are injurious." . . . "Improper kinds can irritate, mechanically and chemically," they warned.

"For the bathroom just 'any' paper will not do," the doctors said. "A specially made tissue is important." And they listed the three qualities this paper should have: *Absorbency—Special Softness*—and *Chemical Purity*.

Yet it is a fact that most so-called toilet papers today are not special toilet tissue at all, but only ordinary tissue paper in rolls. They may be hard finished, non-absorbent, actually harsh to sensitive skin. And some of them are so unfit as to be definitely alkaline or acid.

Two tissues specially made for their purpose

ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous special tissues, for bathroom use. These two papers are made definitely to meet the physician's strictest requirements.

They are more absorbent. As you will quickly see if you drop a ball of this paper into water. It sinks almost immediately. Ordinary tissue, hard surfaced, will float for minutes.

Scott tissues are softer, more bland—actually cloth-like. Crumple a sheet: feel the fine texture, the absence of harsh fibres. Even your hand can often detect the sharp edges of ordinary glazed tissue.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are always chemically safe, neither alkaline nor acid. In every respect they meet the high standards doctors say housewives should exact. They tear evenly and readily.

There is no need today to take chances with the paper you buy for bathroom use. Ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf.

IN buying toilet tissue, 'TROUBLES WE DON'T TALK ABOUT," the famous New York specialist, Dr. I. I. Montague, of the Bronx Hospital Medical College Clinic, speaks authoritatively on the importance of proper cleansing tissues: "By the use of too coarse a tissue much irritation may be done. We can adapt for use a tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is entirely free from alkali bleaching materials. By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin"

WALDORF—Soft and absorbent, yet inexpensive. This is a fine toilet tissue which any family can afford.

2 for 15¢

SCOTTISSUE—Pure white, delightfully fine and soft; these rolls of 1000 sheets are preferred by many fastidious housewives.

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"Mother, I'll bet the Princess looked just like you"...

Such artless tribute is the reward of women who retain "that schoolgirl complexion" by this simple rule of skin care

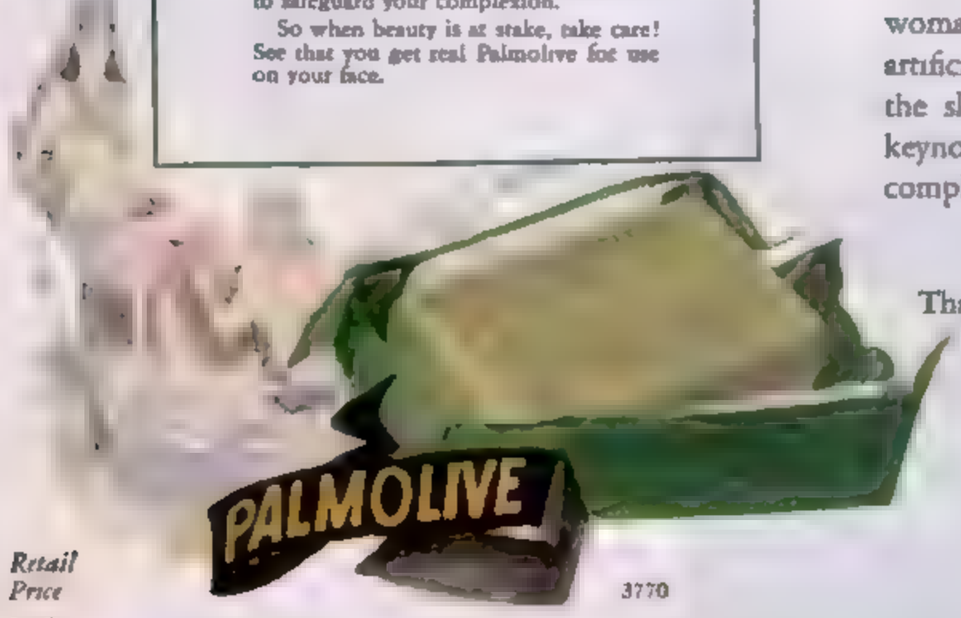
Palmolive, choice of the Parisian woman

In beauty-wise Paris, women know a good complexion is too priceless for experiment.

Thus, in the past few years, they have largely discarded French soaps for Palmolive. Today it is one of the two largest selling soaps in all France—a tribute to its beauty qualities from the most discriminating women of the world.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only, to safeguard your complexion.

So when beauty is at stake, take care! See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.



Retail Price 10c

3770

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

IN his heart every boy wants to think *his* mother the most beautiful mother in all the world. And thousands of mothers fulfill this hope by safeguarding their youth, past the thirties and well into the forties.

Don't let life, and its cares and responsibilities, rob you of your right to youth and beauty. Correct skin care is a large part of the formula for staying young—and *looking* it.

Natural ways in complexion care, ways any woman can easily follow, have supplanted the artificialities of yesterday. Proper cleansing of the skin, say leading beauty authorities, is the keynote to the preservation of "that schoolgirl complexion."

This simple daily rule

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

ROBOTS

(Continued from Page 23)

part of any human being to whom the task of making the computations might be intrusted that all business dealing with numbers now relies upon those Robots to perform the mental drudgery incidental to the manipulation of figures—their addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and tabulation.

In the field of engineering, however, which deals with problems in physics, occasions are constantly arising which require computations in terms other than numbers. They are concerned with functions as a whole, and resort is had to figures only as a rather laborious means of dealing with functions or the curves which represent them. Plotting the curve of a single function, such as the output of an electric generator, is a comparatively simple thing to do. It should be understood here, by the way, that we are now using the word "function" in its historical mathematical sense, meaning a variable number the value of which depends upon the values of one or more other variable numbers. Assuming no other variable than that of seconds of elapsed time, the curve describing the function in graphic form is easily projected.

The engineer is frequently called upon, however, to plot a curve which will graphically describe not only a function of several variables but the product of two or more such functions. Mathematically the use of a highly complicated method such as the calculus is the only way in which this can be done. There are only a few men with a sufficient grasp of higher mathematics to be able to perform such computations, and their time is too valuable to be wasted on them, for they might easily require constant labor over a period of weeks or months, even a year or more. Moreover, the probability of error, from human fatigue or a single slip of the pencil, increases enormously with the complexity of the problem. The engineer, therefore, is frequently forced to resort to the cut-and-try method of discovering whether a given piece of work, done in a given way, will produce the result desired.

This necessitates, frequently, a considerable waste of time, labor and materials in repeated experiments to determine by empirical means what could have been determined beforehand if there were a convenient and reliable Robot to which the complicated problem could be referred.

The Head of the Calculus Class

Machines which would work out problems involving several variable functions have been made, notably by Lord Kelvin, who constructed a harmonic analyzer, or integraph, which is still in use in the British Meteorological Office for the analysis and integration of meteorological curves. The Michelson-Stratton harmonic analyzer, in the devising of which one of the coauthors of this article participated, was made for the solution of problems arising from Prof. A. Michelson's studies of interference phenomena of light. Going far beyond any of the earlier efforts in the variety and complexity of the mathematical problems which it solves, however, is the continuous-product integraph recently completed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by Prof. Vannevar Bush and his associates in the department of electrical engineering.

This "thinking machine," as it is called by faculty and students alike, will solve practically any second-order differential equation. It performs, by a combination of mechanical and electrical means, computations which are actually beyond any power of the human brain so far demonstrated, and in a period of from a few minutes to half a day, solves problems which by the processes of formal mathematics would require from a week or more to a year.

The foundation of this amazing Robot is a watt-hour meter, of the same type as is used in every home for recording the amount of electric current consumed during the month. In domestic use the meter adds up the power used from time to time and, running as a motor, records the sum on a series of dials.

Integration is a mathematical way of expressing the sum of a series of numbers which vary according to a given equation. The engineer or mathematician, in using the Bush integraph, plots the equations in which he is interested, each upon a separate sheet of paper. These sheets are fastened to a series of movable tables, above which are mounted pointers which can be moved perpendicularly to the motion of the table, and which, when so moved, increase or diminish the volume of electrical current flowing through the meter. As many operators are required as there are equations to be integrated. Each moves a pointer as the plotted curve passes beneath it, following the tracing of the curve with the pointer. The amount of power reaching the meter at any instant, then, is the sum of that produced by all the curves.

Keeping Tabs on the Tides

Instead of expressing this sum in figures on a dial, however, the meter controls a motor which is made to drive a pencil across another sheet of paper moving at the same speed as the rest. This pencil traces a curve which represents the integral, or the result sought. There are numerous other refinements and capabilities possessed by this machine. The point is, however, that it has not only human but superhuman ability to perform a highly complex mental operation. It puts at the command of engineers a mathematical short cut to information of practical value which was not previously available except by experimentation.

To illustrate, the maker of an electrical motor wished to know in advance of its construction whether it could be depended upon to carry a given load of work suddenly imposed upon it. The curves representing the several functions which could be readily arrived at from his drawing and other data were submitted to the product integraph. The sum of these functions, integrated, resulted in a curve which indicated that the proposed machine could be relied upon to handle an abrupt shaft load of 14.6 kilowatts, but that if this load were increased to 14.8 kilowatts the motor would stall within two seconds. The machine was built, and under tests proved able to handle a suddenly imposed load of 14.7 kilowatts and no more.

No one contemplating intelligently the operation of such devices as this and others which, even though they do not actually think, eliminate the necessity for thought, in whole or in part, would care to forecast a possible limit to the ability of the human mind to impress its functions upon machines, short of endowing them with initiative and the power of independent thought.

One of the most useful Robots in the service of the public is the tide-predicting machine in the office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, familiarly known as the Great Brass Brain. This also is a form of harmonic analyzer, operating mechanically instead of electrically. It occupies a space eleven feet long, six feet high and two feet wide, and does without error the work which from fifty to a hundred computers, working continuously and subject to the inevitable percentage of human errors, would be required to do. Its job is to forecast the tides for a year and more ahead for every port in the world; no small task when one considers that this involves the simultaneous calculation of thirty-seven different factors which go to make up the tide. These factors depend upon the relative positions of the sun, moon and earth, and also upon the shape and size of the harbor for which the predictions are made, with the time element entering into every calculation.

The tide rises and falls about 1400 times a year. It takes the Great Brass Brain only seven hours to work out and report the precise time of day of each high and low tide during the coming year at each port, including all the variants, such as spring tides and neap tides, with the exact height to which the water may be expected to rise or fall. This is done for eighty-four principal world ports and published in a pamphlet for the use of mariners and others whose business is affected by the tides, such as fishermen, seashore resorts, contractors on pier and bridge work, shipbuilders, and the like. About 3500 secondary ports are included in this annual volume, Tide Tables, with such references to near-by principal ports as to give the navigator all necessary information. More than a million figures are required to express the annual product of the Great Brass Brain, every one of which must be accurate, since the safety of life and property depends upon them. Human beings cannot do the work of this Robot, which can prophesy a hundred years ahead or delve into the distant past.

That, indeed, was done in the summer of 1927, when the Coast Survey was asked to determine the accuracy of a tradition which has persisted for a century and a half. Did or did not a Divine Providence intervene to give Paul Revere the long start on the British troops, marching on Concord, which enabled the farmers to organize their resistance? The British crossed from Boston to East Cambridge, then almost an island, as every reader of Longfellow knows, in

A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

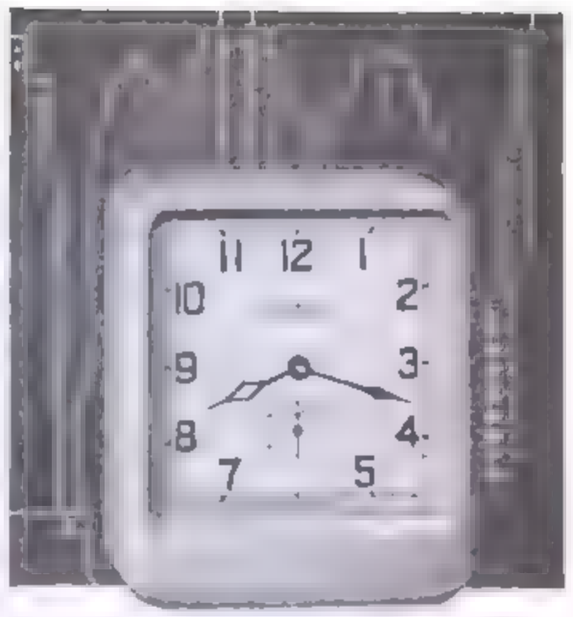
But they waited on the other side for several hours before marching westward; and tradition accepted by some historians has it that they had to wait for the turn of the tide and low water before they could reach the mainland over the makeshift causeway.

A Tradition Shattered

This belief that the stars in their courses fought for the colonists was rudely dispelled by the Great Brass Brain. The British set out from Boston at eleven P.M. on April 18, 1775, but it was not high water until two o'clock the following morning—almost the exact hour when they crossed the causeway. The tide, then, did not detain them; more likely, the Cambridge Historical Society concludes, they were waiting for provisions to come from Boston by ferry.

Such devices as these integrators and calculating machines perform only one kind of work of a highly specialized type. Therein the true Robot always differs from the artificial man of myth and fiction. The engineer does not need to make them as complex in capacity as a man, any more than he needs to make them human in form. He analyzes specific mental or muscular operations and synthesizes those in the machine, omitting everything not required for the particular kind of work to be done. In industry fully 90 per cent of the human worker is idle and superfluous. A man does not need legs for the operation of most types of automatic machines. There are many types of industrial Robots to which the necessary instructions can be given without hands—merely by pressing a lever. But every Robot must have back of it a human mind to supply the initiative which no machine can have. In the simple adding machine the Robot receives its instructions through the depression of the proper keys. In the product integraph they are given to it in the form of sheets of paper with curves drawn upon them. The Great Brass Brain is told what to do by the adjustment of a series of indicators. Others are started upon their tasks by a wave of the hand, the sound of a whistle, a change

(Continued on Page 77)



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Cold and raw the north winds blow,
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MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

Always fresh.
So much is sold
It can't get old.

There is real Peppermint in WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT—a new and better peppermint flavor—lasting, healthful, antiseptic.

Good for teeth, throat, stomach and digestion.

After every meal. 1-2

(Continued from Page 75)

in temperature, a shift of the wind, or even by spoken orders.

One could almost believe that these machines have not only the power of thought but of sight and hearing—even of speech—so intelligent are their responses to their instructions.

In many respects the most amazing of all the Robots is the recently developed Televox, the invention of Mr. R. J. Wensley. As its name indicates, it is a mechanism which is operated by the voice from a distance.

The control of mechanism from a distance by means of electrical circuits is a familiar operation. A very faint electrical impulse will affect an electromagnet which, by moving its armature over a small distance, can be made to release energies which had been waiting for the signal to get into action. Such an impulse may be conveyed either by direct wires or, as Senatore Marconi pointed out in a recent interview in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, by wireless; so that boats have been steered without a pilot, automobiles driven safely through traffic without a chauffeur, and airplanes flown without an aviator at the control lever.

Such feats, however, have been mere demonstrations of possibilities. Economically they are as yet too expensive or uncertain for industrial application. Wireless cannot be relied upon to function perfectly at all times. The cost of setting up and maintaining a wire circuit over any considerable distance where it is subject only to occasional use is prohibitive in most instances. But the telephone wires go everywhere. How simple and economical it would be if a machine could be devised which would answer the telephone and, in response to spoken instructions, proceed, without any further human intervention, to do the job assigned to it.

A direct connection of the machine with the telephone wires was out of the question, since the telephone company, properly, forbids the attachment of any but its own standard equipment to its lines, but there was no new problem in physics for Mr. Wensley to solve; the power of the vibrations of the human voice to produce oscillations in an electrical circuit is familiar to everybody. The engineering problem of utilizing these vibrations, transmitted over the telephone, called for great mechanical ingenuity, but it was successfully solved; and now three Robots stationed at the three reservoirs which hold the water supply of the city of Washington report to the War Department, whenever called upon to do so over the telephone, the depth of the water in their respective reservoirs.

Music Hath Charms

These Robots do not respond to spoken words but to instructions given in the universal language—music. It is perfectly possible to build machines which will go to work when spoken to in words and stop when spoken to in other words. In his laboratory experiments Mr. Wensley built such a Robot which, when addressed with the classic command, "Open, sesame!" spoken in tones of a certain pitch, actually opens a door. But a machine, to be widely useful, must not depend upon its operator's knowledge of any given language or, more important, upon his or her ability to produce a sound of a given musical pitch without error. Moreover, it would be manifestly unnecessary, even if practical, to equip the Robot with the ability to utter spoken words, when it is comparatively easy to enable it to respond to a variety of inquiries by sounding musical tones of predetermined pitch or sequence, depending upon the nature of the question.

For these Televox Robots not only start and stop work when commanded but can be made to perform a series of different operations by a succession of commands—to answer questions or otherwise report audibly as to the performance or nonperformance of their tasks. They take their instructions either in spoken words, musical tones emitted by the human throat or whistled, or notes sounded mechanically. A command given in the wrong key goes unheeded, so that in practice electrically operated tuning forks are used to insure against flatting.

To get a report from one of the three Robots which serve as watchmen at the Washington reservoirs, the engineer officer on duty at the War Department calls Central in the usual way through an ordinary telephone, and asks for the number of the substation at which the Robot stands on continuous duty. To Central it is just an ordinary telephone call.

The ringing of the bell at the reservoir is the first signal to which the Robot responds; by means of a ringing relay it calls into action a bit of mechanism which lifts the telephone receiver just enough to signal the operator that the party called has answered. At the same time the Robot speaks into the telephone transmitter—just the sound of a buzzer, which gives a code signal that notifies the officer at the other end that he is connected with the mechanical watchman.

On the table with the officer's telephone is a small box. At the top of the box is a little megaphone aimed directly at the telephone transmitter; on the front of the box are three push buttons. He presses the first button, which starts an electric tuning fork inside the box to vibrating—in this case a note of 600 vibrations to the second.

Solving the Servant Problem

In front of the Robot's telephone receiver is another megaphone, or loudspeaker, aimed at the iron watchman's electric ear, which is composed of audion tubes and microphone diaphragms so connected as to operate a series of selective switches, which work on a similar principle to that of the machine-switching or dial-operated telephone. Each pressure on Push-button Number One causes the selective mechanism to move up one step. After a short interval the Robot reports back, by means of its buzzer code, that a certain step in the selective system has been reached. This is to avoid errors should the dispatcher inadvertently send the wrong signal or the Robot fail to make the proper selection.

Once the proper signal has been received, the officer presses the second push button on the box in front of him. This time a note of 900 frequencies per second is sounded. The Robot's ear detects the difference in pitch and routes the signal to a different relay, which closes the operating circuit and brings into action the particular part of the mechanism which it is desired to set into operation. In this case what is wanted is information as to the depth of water in the reservoir. A simple mechanical means connects a float in the reservoir with the Robot, which gives the reply by a series of musical notes—seven, eight, nine, ten or more—each indicating a foot of depth.

Having received the report, the officer at the War Department presses the third push button. This sends a higher-pitched note of 1400 vibrations per second, over the telephone—the signal of dismissal. Immediately the Robot drops the receiver into place and disconnects the local control circuits, leaving everything ready to respond to another call.

Should the Robot's telephone ring as the result of a wrong-number call, the device will answer as usual, but after a few seconds will hang up because no audible note of the proper frequency has been received. But once the right signal has been received, the device is locked in the operating position until the dismissal note has been sounded.

Certainly a Robot able to perform such miracles deserves to be called marvelous. To the physicist and engineer, however, it is no more marvelous, and no less, than a thousand other devices. It is merely another step forward in the application of well-understood physical laws to the end of extending the scope of the human brain and the length and strength of the human arm. The Televox is susceptible of development to hundreds of applications; experimentally, a single Robot of this type has been made to perform such domestic tasks, in response to telephoned instructions, as successively turning on electric lights, starting an electric fan, operating a vacuum cleaner, and the like. These suggest the possibility of calling up the Robot in one's home and giving instructions to coal the furnace, switch on the electric range and put the roast in the oven. That would come pretty close to Capek's concept in R. U. R.

The Televox Robot can hear and speak. Other Robots can see and feel. Still others have as unerring a sense of direction as the homing pigeon; others a sense of balance. There is hardly a human faculty which cannot be built into a machine, should the need arise.

The selenium cell, the electrical activity of which is affected by light, serves as the eye of the Robot which counts automobiles by tallying their shadows as they pass. The human sense of touch is seldom keen enough to distinguish between the thickness of a single new ten-dollar bill and two of them, as many know to their sorrow; in every Federal Reserve Bank there are money-counting machines which never make the mistake of counting two bills for one, though they operate at a speed of 25,000 pieces of paper money a day. Robots which can distinguish a difference of a thousandth of an inch in the thickness of two sheets of paper are in common use; others which accurately gauge diameters to within a fraction of that minute dimension.

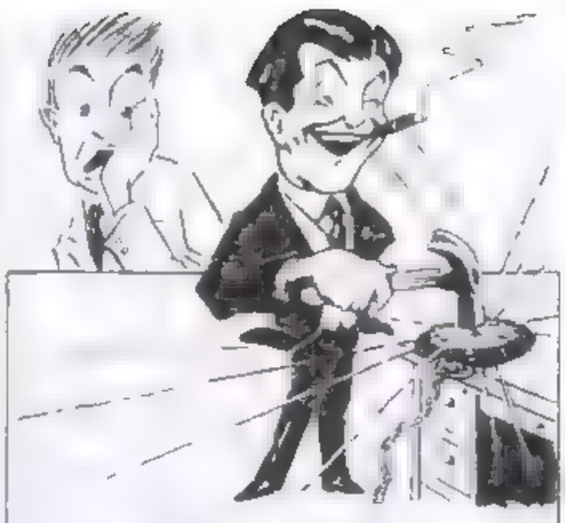
From the Fire Box Into the Iron

Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are familiar with Metal Mike, the gyroscopic ship-steering Robot described by Captain Dingle and Sir Arthur Rostron in recent articles, which is far more sensitive to the yawing of a ship from its course by the force of wind or current than any human helmsman, and with the gyroscopic compass, which always points to the true north, regardless of magnetic influences. Now the gyroscope is being applied to the stabilizing of the ship in the water; sensitive to the least deviation from the horizontal, it exerts such a powerful force in opposition to the motion of the waves as to keep the craft on an even keel in the roughest weather.

A dozen pairs of highly skilled human hands, each actuated by a quick, intelligent human brain, could not separate, count and wrap up miscellaneous bagfuls of coins as rapidly or as accurately as a single Robot, utilizing the laws of centrifugal force, gravity and friction, does this work for the New York Subways.

A young man firing a boiler in a down-east sawmill noticed that the fire-box door buckled, or changed shape, with changes of temperature in the furnace. Out of this phenomenon and its observation by his highly intelligent mind grew the idea of a Robot which would open or close an electric circuit. Now electric flatirons and cooking apparatus can be had, with the heat-sensitive Robot concealed within them, which throws off the current when the implement begins to overheat and switches it on again as it returns to working temperature.

Dozens of other examples could be cited of Robots which seem to be literally thinking machines, in that their principal functions are those which, in human beings, pertain to the brain and the nervous



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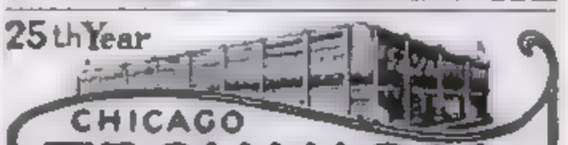

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There are over three hundred other manufacturers, making a list too long to print, who are also using the Udylite Process of Rust Proofing.

The products of these manufacturers are without question the leaders in their respective lines, and, as a guarantee of the continuance of this prestige, Udylite protects them against rust and corrosion.

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system. Thousands of types of Robots which perform feats of manual dexterity with accuracy and speed equally superior to the ability of mere humans are to be found on every hand, doing an ever-increasing proportion of the world's work. From the complicated and delicate machines which wrap chewing gum, to the massive mechanisms which load and unload ore and coal at the Lake ports, through the range of ingenious devices which shape, drill, grind and otherwise fabricate the parts of automobiles and other commodities produced in quantities, performing the most accurate mechanical operations under the instructions of ordinary unskilled human operators, man has found means of transferring from the worker to the machine a large part, if not all, of the burden of thinking.

Much has been said about the advantage which American industry has over that of other nations in the larger number of power units at the command of each worker, multiplying his muscular efficiency. Outside of engineering circles there has been comparatively little appreciation of the multiplication of mental efficiency achieved by these devices which we are terming Robots. That this multiplication will be extended eventually in its application to every form of work is hardly to be doubted. Whenever a situation arises in any phase of industry where time or money can be saved, or errors minimized, by the substitution of Robots for human workers, it is certain that, sooner or later, engineers will find a way of projecting their brains into the machine. That is the history of industry in America, and history moves, in this respect, at an accelerating pace.

More Output and Higher Pay

It would be foolish to say of any operation which can be done by hand that no machine can ever take the place of the skilled workman. Scoffers have always said that whenever such substitution has been proposed, but when the economic need has arisen the Robot has always appeared upon the scene. It was only a very short time ago that the iron industry held firmly to the belief that the work of the molder could never be done except by human hands; today Robots make the molds in which a very large part of all castings are made. The bottle machine does the work of the glass blower better and faster. The typesetting machine and the automatic printing telegraph are Robots which no one now thinks of trying to displace, though their introduction was bitterly opposed and long delayed by the fear that they would somehow make it more difficult for workers to earn a living. On the contrary, they have increased the workman's pay as well as his output, and decreased his burden.

Today one of the great economic needs for Robots is in the building trades. Rely upon it that the not-far-distant tomorrow will find us building more substantial, less inflammable houses at lower cost than we now build flimsily of wood, with the aid of mechanical devices operated by workers who, individually, may receive no lower pay than the skilled artisans of the building trades of today, but each of whom, as director of a Robot, will produce many times as much value.

The economic test which determines whether it is worth the engineers' while to devise a Robot for any given task is: Will it save time or money, or reduce errors? But the machine which conforms to those tests always produces certain other social-economic results, familiar to industrial engineers, but not always clearly understood by others.

Masters of the Robots

One of these results is the releasing of the more highly coördinated human organisms for other and larger fields of usefulness; for it manifestly requires less technical skill to direct the operations of a Robot than it takes to do the same work by hand. But this less skilled worker is, in turn, elevated from the less well-paid group to the higher brackets of the pay roll more speedily and certainly than he would otherwise be likely to climb to a better economic status; for he becomes able, after a very short period of training, to so direct the operation of the Robot as to produce results equaling in quality and exceeding in uniformity those which previously had been produced only by the highly skilled worker, and to produce them in immensely greater quantity over a given time.

The long apprenticeship necessary to acquire the perfect coördination of mind and hand demanded of the skilled worker is eliminated. And, since industry must always, in the long run, pay its workers in direct proportion to their useful output, we find these operators of automatic machines—the instructors of the Robots—earning as much as or more than the hand-workers who used to produce the same product.

That has not always been true. The history of industry contains plenty of examples of the utilization of the machine to multiply the benefits arising from its use for someone besides its operator. But American industry has learned—possibly by force of circumstances—that in the long run it pays all concerned better to make a more equitable division of the Robots' earnings. The plain fact is that there are not enough people in America, available as workers, to produce the things which we—the workers included—desire as consumers, without the aid of Robots; there never have been. And our consumer needs are steadily increasing at a faster rate than our supply of labor.

We may look forward, then, to the development of more and better Robots, of machines capable of far more humanlike, complex and mystifying performances than any which have yet been devised. We may expect to find the period of training of the worker, between school and productive labor, still further shortened. The old seven-year apprenticeship is already a historical curiosity in most of the trades. We have not enough workers to permit of their wasting time in learning to do what the machine can be made to do under their direction with little or no special training. But we shall not find Robots displacing the human workers in the sense of reducing the number of jobs. Rather, the invariable result is to multiply jobs. That is the history of every labor-saving device; if its work is really useful the demand for its products increases to the point where more workers are employed in operating it than had been employed in making the same product without its aid. By cheapening and multiplying newspapers and periodicals, the typesetting machine and the perfecting press have vastly increased the number of persons employed in the printing trades in proportion to total population; yet there are more highly skilled printers setting type beautifully by hand today than there were before the typesetting machine was invented. A similar paradox prevails in the telegraph business. About 65 per cent of all telegrams are handled at both ends by girls who need no skill beyond that required to punch a keyboard or feed paper strips to the electric Robots which do the actual sending and receiving of messages; yet there are more hand operators employed by the two great telegraph companies—faster and more accurate operators too—than ever before.

In the Ranks of Industry

What is happening is that at one end of the industrial process the engineer and scientist are taking the place of the old skilled workman with his long apprenticeship; at the other end the operator of the automatic machine is filling the place once occupied by the expert mechanic; in between, the ranks of the toolmakers and other master craftsmen are being recruited, by a process of natural selection, from among those possessing definite talent and a spark of the creative urge, who choose the fine handwork because they love it.

One result is a higher average of good craftsmanship among the really skilled workers, for many of the type who used to hold such jobs without being really first-class mechanics now find it possible to satisfy their economic needs by tending Robots. Another result is that the boy of active original mind who once must have contented himself with the routine of the craftsman now seizes one of the multiplied opportunities which our technical schools and colleges provide and becomes an engineer, learning how to invent and build more Robots.

THE HUMAN CHASE

(Continued from Page 15)

"They call her the Knight's Lady, because she is always in shining armor. She is supposed to have several million pounds' worth of jewels—all diamonds."

"How did she come by them?" Brett asked her.

"The usual way," Lary Muriel replied, with perhaps just a shade of bitterness in her tone. "Her first husband was an English knight—a Yorkshire leather merchant, with a fabulous amount of money. Her second she met in Paris—bought him for the amount of his debts and half a million—and he died, crushed, within a year or two. She owns the ancestral château at Grignolles, where she spends a few months of every year, and that, I understand, is how she became acquainted with the guest of the evening. His château is the adjoining one, the other side of Grignolles."

"Tell me about him."

"Ah, now you come to someone really distinguished. I only know a few of his titles, but Monsieur le Général, Duc d'Angoulême and St. Creux is the only one of the real aristocracy of France who made a great name during the war. He was a very brilliant leader and tactician and, but for his birth, they say that he would have received a far greater share of the credit for the saving of Paris and Verdun than he did. However, he has nearly all the honors possible. I am not at all sure that he isn't a marshal of France, and though he retired from active service as soon as the war was over, his name is still one to conjure with. . . . I believe they're going in to supper. Look, isn't it rather like a royal procession? These parvenu women turn everything into a circus."

The great crowd was dividing to make an avenue, down which a double file of people were crossing the floor toward the banqueting rooms, where a famous band was playing. The comtesse, her fingers upon the sleeve of her distinguished guest, and diamonds which had graced the occupant of a throne glittering upon her neck and bosom, stopped every now and then to speak to a friend. She was magnificently dressed, and not without a certain presence, but lacked altogether the naturalness and grand air which would have enabled her to pass with dignity through such an assembly. As she drew near to them, she recognized Lady Muriel and paused.

"Lady Muriel," she gushed, "I haven't seen you before, have I? I'm afraid you weren't able to get near us in the reception rooms. I know you would like to meet my neighbor. Duc, this is Lady Muriel Carter—Général, le Duc d'Angoulême."

(Continued on Page 80)

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See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD		WKY	Oklahoma City
KFMQ		WNOX Peoples Dry Goods Co.	Knoxville
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KOA General Electric Co.	Denver	WSAZ McKellar Elec. Co.	Huntington, W. Va.
KOB Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts		WWNC Chamber of Commerce	Asheville, N. C.
KPRC Post Dispatch		CFAC Herald	Calgary, Can.
KSL Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City	CFCA Radio Assn.	Prescott, Can.
KTHS Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.		CJGC Electric Shop	Saskatoon, Can.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp.	Tulsa, Okla.	CHNS Northern Elec. Co.	Halifax, Can.
WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.	CJCA Journal	Edmonton, Can.
WLAV	Lenoir	CJGC Free Press	London, Can.
WDBO	Orlando, Fla.	CJRM Jas. Richardson & Sons.	Moose Jaw, Can.
WLAW	Lawrence, Mass.	CKAC La Presse	Montreal, Can.
WFBM	Indianapolis	CKCD Daily Province	Vancouver, Can.
WHIO	Dayton	CKCI Le Soleil	Quebec, Can.
WIAX	Municipal Station	CKCO Radio Ass'n	Ottawa, Can.
WJBO Times-Picayune	New Orleans	CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.	Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg, Can.		

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BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

(Continued from Page 78)

The duc acknowledged the introduction with an absence of enthusiasm for which a thousand similar exploits during the evening was certainly some excuse. He seemed a great deal older than either of them had expected. His face was deeply lined and his expression one of hopeless boredom. At Lady Muriel's few murmured words in perfect French, however, he relaxed very slightly and answered her in the same language.

"*Enchanté*, Lady Muriel!" he murmured. "I have been well acquainted with connections of yours at your embassy. This is what my neighbor, the comtesse, calls meeting a few friends," he added with a wave of the hand—an almost pathetic gesture.

His hostess laughed as she drew him away.

"Ah, but *mon général*," she reminded him, "think what a quiet life we lead at Grignolles!"

Lady Muriel and her companion resumed their seats. The former's eyes still followed the disappearing figure of the comtesse. Brett, on the other hand, seemed more interested by the little group of people by whom she was surrounded.

"That woman," he declared tersely, "ought to be locked up. You know better than I do, Lady Muriel, but are those diamonds all real?"

"Absolutely," she assured him. "It is her boast that she has never owned a single article of artificial jewelry in her life, and I believe that it is the truth too. Last year she had a wonderful necklace stolen at Cannes. She didn't mind. She was wearing a more gorgeous one still the next night. The single diamond she has around her neck—the Teardrop they call it—really did belong to the czarina. She is supposed to have given six hundred thousand pounds for it."

"Seems to me," he remarked, his restless eyes still following the departing group, "that I had better set about looking for Matthew."

"Oh, do let's have some supper first," she begged. "You're just as likely to find yourself seated next to him as to come across him wandering about. Look, the ordinary people like us are all going in now by the other entrance."

"One moment," he begged. "You know a great many of these people by sight, I suppose?"

"Most of them," she admitted.

"There were about a dozen following close behind the comtesse. You can see them from here. They evidently belong to her supper table."

Lady Muriel nodded. "The élite," she remarked. "One of them is an aunt of mine. She pretended not to see me. It's such a terrible crime, alas, to be poor nowadays."

"You recognize most of them, I imagine," Brett said.

"All except one."

There was a swift flash of light in Brett's eyes.

"Describe him," he begged quickly.

"A rather tall, dark young man. Looked a little Jewish. He wore an eyeglass and he was awfully like Leopold Barstowe."

"Sure it wasn't he, I suppose?"

"Quite," she answered firmly. "I shouldn't be giving away a secret if I were to tell you that I once had a chance of being a Jewish peeress. . . . Do let's have supper now, please. You know what these crushes are like. Half the good things are gone in the first twenty minutes."

They moved toward the supper room, but Brett had made a little sign, and a footman who had threaded his way through the throng with difficulty accosted them. Brett leaned toward him as he offered his tray of glasses.

"Any report?" he whispered.

"None," the man answered.

"Follow me as far as the entrance to the supper room," Brett enjoined.

The crowd was thinning a little now, and they arrived in time to secure a small table. At the far end of the room a very select party were seated at a round table, presided over by the comtesse. On each side were several smaller tables, half hidden by the pillars.

"The outside man by the fourth pillar, counting from the right," Brett pointed out softly. "Tall, dark, rather Jewish, and wearing an eyeglass."

"I see him," the pseudo-footman acknowledged.

"We'll have to take a risk," Brett confided. "He's the only person we've been able to get a line on up till now. If he stays and sees the thing through, we shan't have to worry. If he tries to go within half an hour after supper, detain him on any excuse you like and send for me."

The man bowed and wandered on with his tray of glasses. Lady Muriel gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"I am just as keen as you are," she assured him, "but much greedier. Do you know that they have ortolans stuffed with truffles, vol-au-vents and pâtés which came over by air this afternoon from Strasburg, and basketfuls of real strawberries? Heaps of everything too. I've ordered for both of us."

He smiled. "On the whole," he remarked, "it is perhaps just as well that we have a little time to spare."

The supper fulfilled every anticipation, but the hour which followed was a little breathless. The rooms were now packed to such an extent that to move more than a yard at a time was difficult. Brett managed at last, however, to come once more into touch with his underling, who had been trying for some time to attract his attention.

"I've done the trick, sir," he whispered, "but I am rather afraid we put our foot in it. He's downstairs in the waiting room with Brooks and Chalmers. He was streaking off as soon as they'd all left the supper room."

"Did he make any trouble?"

"Like hell he did with his tongue," the man replied. "He didn't attempt anything else. I just told him that by the comtesse's orders no one was allowed to leave before two o'clock without a permit signed by her secretary. I promised I'd get him the permit, and there he is, waiting."

"Good," Brett approved. "I'll work my way down there as soon as I can."

At that moment there was a little stir and people began to give way. Madame la Comtesse and her distinguished guest were crossing the floor toward the concert room to hear the world's greatest singer. As they came in sight, Brett, responding to the eager pressure of Lady Muriel's fingers upon his arm, stood on tiptoe and watched. The comtesse was still smiling to right and left, still throwing a word here and there to acquaintances, but there was a distinct change in her expression. She seemed to have grown paler, and her left hand, flashing with diamonds, was lifted to her throat. As she passed by, Lady Muriel gave a gasp.

"You'd better get downstairs," she whispered. "After all, she's a brave woman. Can't you see what's happened?—and she knows." He looked at her inquiringly, and she leaned a little closer. "The Teardrop diamond has gone."

Brett, opening the door of the room on the ground floor which had been pointed out to him, found himself in a simply but comfortably furnished apartment of the waiting-room type. There were rows of chairs along the walls, a table covered with magazines in the middle of the floor, and other evidences that it was a room in which callers of the business type were received. One obviously plain-clothes policeman was standing on duty just across the threshold. Brooks, in ordinary evening clothes, was seated near the window. Lounging against the table and apparently absorbed in a copy of Punch, was the man whom Lady Muriel had pointed out as being the one stranger among the comtesse's entourage. At close

(Continued on Page 83)

ON THE OPEN HIGHWAY

When you drive 45 or faster

YOUR MOTOR NEEDS HEAT-TESTED OIL

IN 1905, the begoggled young man who roared along the road at 20 miles an hour was considered a reckless speed demon, a public menace. Today, there are few of us who do not drive *twice* that fast on the open road. For broader, smoother highways, four-wheel brakes and balloon tires have all made faster driving safe.

In the past two years alone, the average touring speed has almost doubled. And in many states there are sound, well-organized movements to increase speed limits. In fact, Michigan has already removed all speed limits on the highways. Automobile manufacturers themselves have encouraged greater speed by developing the new high compression motors capable of 60, 70, 90 miles an hour.

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Extensive tests* conducted by leading automobile and lubrication engineers show that 45 miles an hour is the danger point in motor lubrication. At that speed or faster, few oils are capable of thoroughly safeguarding a motor. Yet the new type motors are *often* driven *more* than 45 miles an hour for long periods.

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This heat-tested oil solves the problem

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1. *You are using a lighter bodied oil.*
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*From the leading article in National Petroleum News—October 12th.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby Brush. *For baby's teeth and tender growing gums—this brush is best. Made with white, pink or blue handle.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic Small. *For dainty mouths this brush is best. Young people and women prefer it. Three bristle textures with a variety of colored transparent handles.*

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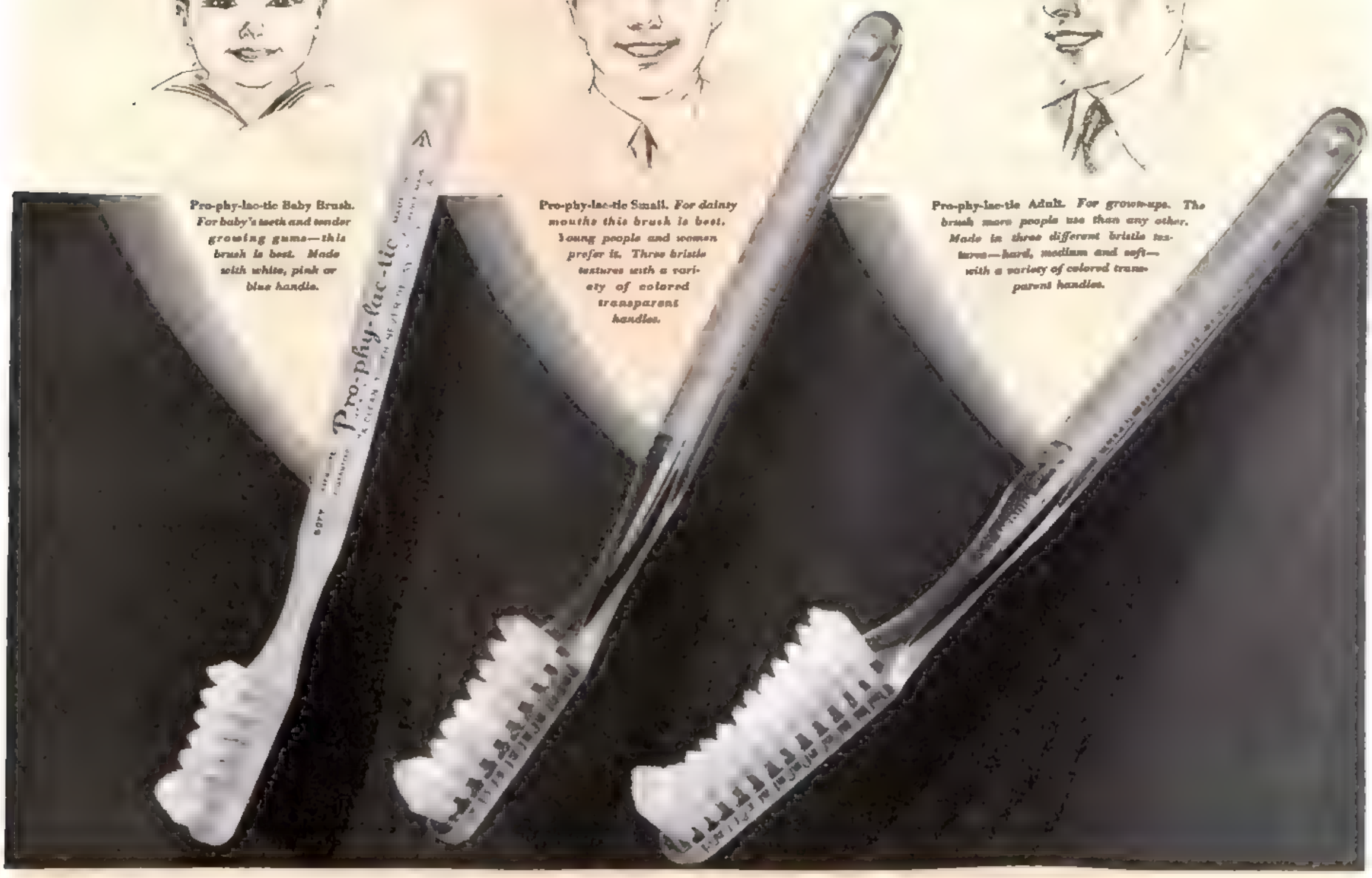

Three Wise Men

Each needs a different size brush -yet all use Pro-phy-lac-tic

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Temporary first teeth that peep through pink gums need a small, soft bristle brush. Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby is just suited for such baby teeth—not hard enough to harm tender gums, yet firm enough to clean each tiny crevice.

Just as soon as permanent second teeth arrive, change the Baby brush to a Pro-phy-lac-tic Small. This brush is ideal, too, for dainty mouths, for it is designed to clean the dental arch of less than the average size. Women, especially, find this Pro-phy-lac-tic Small just the right size for them.

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And . . . each is sold in the sanitary yellow box—Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50¢. The Adult brush also comes with *four* rows of bristles and is priced at 60¢. Made in America by Americans. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

At Morning . . . At Night

For your teeth's sake, keep two brushes in your bathroom. Use one in the morning; the other at night. Then you'll always have a clean, dry brush. Each brush will clean better, last longer. And—you can buy Pro-phy-lac-ties with red, green, orange or white handles, easy to tell apart.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

3 DIFFERENT SIZES · 3 DIFFERENT BRISTLE TEXTURES

(Continued from Page 50)

quarters, the slight hook to his nose and the protruding curve of his red lips were more noticeable. Otherwise he would have been passably good looking. He wore his clothes correctly, but it was obvious that he was making a great effort to appear at his ease. He looked up coolly as the detective entered, and threw down the copy of Punch.

"Are you the person from whom I may demand an explanation of what has happened to me?" he inquired.

Brett studied him closely and with growing disappointment. Face to face, he was not in the least the type of man he had expected. Matthew, however, was clever enough to see to that.

"Yes, I suppose I am," he answered. "At any rate, I am responsible for your detention."

"Then let me tell you you're going to find yourself in trouble before long. Be so good as to explain at once. What the devil's all this nonsense about a permit to go out?"

"Pure invention," Brett admitted, fortified by a little information Lady Muriel had whispered in his ear as he left the reception room. "No permit is required."

For a moment the man was speechless.

"Who the devil are you?" he spluttered.

"I am Detective Brett, of Scotland Yard," was the curt reply. "Where's your card of invitation?"

The man drew it from his pocket and threw it upon the table.

"There it is," he pointed out. "I stuck my name on the back as everyone else did at the entrance."

Brett picked it up and looked at it. Then he turned it over.

"'The Earl of Barstowe,'" he said quietly. "Is that your name?"

"Of course it is," was the angry reply.

Brett leaned a little across the table, studying the other's expression. With every moment now his satisfaction increased. Eyed under a strong light, there was surely something not quite natural about that black hair. The man's uneasiness, too, was obviously becoming acute.

"I am told," Brett said calmly, "that Lord Barstowe is in Paris. I have, in fact, just been introduced to someone who received a telephone message from him this afternoon. His cousin is here, though—Felix Shobel. Shall I send for him?"

The young man scowled. "Don't waste your time!" he exclaimed. "If I'm found out, I'm found out."

"You admit that your name is not Barstowe?"

"Yes."

"What are you here for then?"

"A special reason. I meant to come. I had a special reason for coming. I am always being mistaken for Lord Barstowe. I came in with his card."

"So I perceive," Brett observed. "Why?"

"That's my business."

The detective smiled. "You may find," he said, "that it also concerns us. What is your real name?"

"Vandoorn," was the surly acknowledgment, after a moment's pause.

"Anyone here to identify you?"

"Several. Lord Partington, for one."

Brett whispered in the ear of the man standing near the door, who at once nodded and withdrew.

"You said just now," Brett went on, turning back again, "that you wished to be present tonight for a certain reason. Was that reason connected in any way ——"

"I'm damned if I answer any more questions!" Vandoorn declared, springing to his feet. "Curse you, what are you all onto me for? I've a right to be here if I'm clever enough to get a card. Let me go!"

"Presently," was the curt reply. "First of all I am going to search you. Up with them!" he shouted. "Like hell! No good trying that, Vandoorn." The young man's hand had stolen behind him, but Brett's draw was the quicker. His own automatic was pointed straight across the table. Vandoorn's hands were unwillingly raised. "Get him by the arms," the detective directed briefly. "Handcuff him if he's awkward."

Vandoorn had lost by this time every trace of his former composure. He was absolutely helpless in Brooks' grasp, but he nevertheless struggled madly.

"I won't be searched," he insisted. "You have no right to do anything of the sort."

Neither of the men took any notice of him. With a significant little glance across the table, the policeman drew from his captive's pocket a small automatic and threw it among the magazines. Brett took it up and knocked out the cartridges. A pocketbook followed, and suddenly, in the midst of a paroxysm of struggles, the searcher, a little out of breath, produced a fragment of platinum chain to which was attached a marvelously shaped gem. It lay there sparkling in the light, immense, astounding, a single diamond in the shape of a huge teardrop.

"So that's that!" Brett observed calmly. "How did you manage it, my friend, and who the devil are you, really?"

"I didn't manage it at all," was the muttered reply. "It's my own property."

Brett laughed outright, and even Brooks permitted himself to smile. Their captive looked as though he could have killed both of them. Then there was a knock at the door. Brett covered the jewel with his handkerchief.

"Come in," he directed shortly.

The comtesse herself entered, followed by a short fair-haired man who glanced around inquiringly.

"My name's Partington," he announced. "What's the trouble here?"

"May I ask whether you recognize this man?" Brett inquired.

Lord Partington screwed in his eyeglass and nodded.

"Gad," he exclaimed, "it's Mark Vandoorn! I thought you'd get into trouble about this, young fellow."

"I don't know what the trouble is, My Lord," the person addressed protested, glaring defiantly at Brett. "I got in on another man's card, but there's lots of them do that. They tried to stop my leaving the house, searched me, and now they're calling me a thief."

"You might mention," Brett intervened, "that not only were you here, as you have admitted, with a bogus card of invitation, but that when we searched you we discovered first of all a fully charged automatic and secondly this!"

He lifted the handkerchief.

The comtesse gave a little cry and sprang forward. She was about to grasp the jewel. Suddenly she stopped and stared at it transfixed.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

The young man broke in feverishly and, even in that moment of trouble, Brett was swift to notice the change from the cynical, assumed voice of the Gentile to the natural guttural of the Jew.

"I can tell you all about it, lady. These men from Scotland Yard got it into their heads that I'm a jewel thief, and that I was here to steal Your Ladyship's Teardrop. Now, My Lord, stand by me—what's my job? What's my father's job?"

"The Vandoorns," Lord Partington confided, "are perhaps the most expert manufacturers of high-class imitation jewelry in the world."

"That's right," the young man declared eagerly. "We are. We've got an order—I can't tell you from whom—we don't disclose our clients' names—but we've got an order to imitate the Comtesse de Grignolles' famous Teardrop. Alexandria's Teardrop, it's called in the trade. Well, there it is, on the table. We've done the job, but dad wasn't quite satisfied. He told me to wangle a card for this show tonight and to come and have a look at the real thing as close as I could and compare it with ours. We daren't ask the comtesse to oblige us, because naturally she wouldn't want it copied, but I knew Lord Barstowe's valet and I got him to pass me over his master's card. Everyone says we're as like as two peas, and not a soul spotted me until just as I was leaving. I got a seat at a supper table close to the comtesse's, where I could see the Teardrop close to, and I found out where we ain't quite right. As soon as I'd done that I was off home, and then the whole of Scotland Yard jumped on my neck. If the Teardrop's been stolen, that ain't nothing to do with me. We aren't thieves and don't need to be. Go and ask our bankers, if you don't believe me. Dad's worth fifty thou if he's worth sixpence."

There was a moment's silence. Brett found it hard to collect his thoughts. Somewhere was trickery. But where?

"Why do you carry that thing?" he asked, pointing to the automatic.

"Ask your grandmother," was the angry rejoinder. "You don't suppose we don't have to handle plenty of the real stuff too! The gems we copy have to be done from the originals. There isn't one of us in the business who don't carry a gun."

There was a knock at the door. The major-domo of the household entered. He carried a telegram upon a salver.

"My Lady," he said, presenting it to the comtesse, "your secretary opened this and thought that you ought to see it at once."

The comtesse picked it up. As she read, her eyes grew wide with surprise.

"Can anyone tell me what this means?" she demanded, and read it aloud:

"Château de St. Creux, Grignolles,
September seventeenth.

"Deeply regret important affairs prevent my leaving as hoped this week. Will pay my respects when next in London.

"D'Angoulême."

Everyone exchanged glances of mute stupefaction. Brett, however, was already three parts of the way toward the solution. He stood by the comtesse and his gray eyes were insistent.

"Madame," he demanded, "how well did you know the Duc d'Angoulême before this evening?"

The comtesse palpably hesitated. "We were neighbors at Grignolles," she faltered. "We have exchanged visits."

"To what extent? Have you ever been in the same room with him before?"

"Not exactly. When I returned his visit I saw him walking in the garden."

"You were surprised then," Brett went on mercilessly, "when he proposed this visit to you?"

"I was rather," the comtesse admitted.

Brett swung round to the major-domo.

"Is Monsieur le Duc still upstairs?" he demanded. "I should say it was fifty to one against it."

"Monsieur le Duc has charged me with his excuses to Your Ladyship," the major-domo announced, turning to the comtesse. "He complained of fatigue and indisposition. I took him down the back stairs to avoid the crowd and found him a taxicab. He went away two minutes ago."

"He was an impostor?" the comtesse gasped.

"He was an impostor," Brett assured her grimly, "who has gone off with your Teardrop Diamond."

"And you allowed it!" she exclaimed. "You—the police—you had your own way here all the time, and you were tricked like that!"

Brett drew himself up. "Madame la Comtesse," he reminded her coldly, "you present to all London the Duc d'Angoulême, Maréchal of France—your neighbor—your intimate friend. The police are not seers. We give you credit for knowing the person for whom you design so wonderful an entertainment—and for telling the truth."

The comtesse had nothing to say. There was still another silence, and Brett turned toward the door. There was obvious though hopeless work to be done, but at that moment it was his one desire that nobody should see his face. Somewhere in the suburbs, at a comfortable forty miles an hour, with lights blazing down upon a bogus number and a bogus footman on the box, a huge limousine was rushing into the country. Inside, a man with a cigarette in his mouth was calmly changing his clothes, discarding the somewhat conspicuous uniform of a Maréchal of France for the lounge habiliments of a gentleman of leisure.

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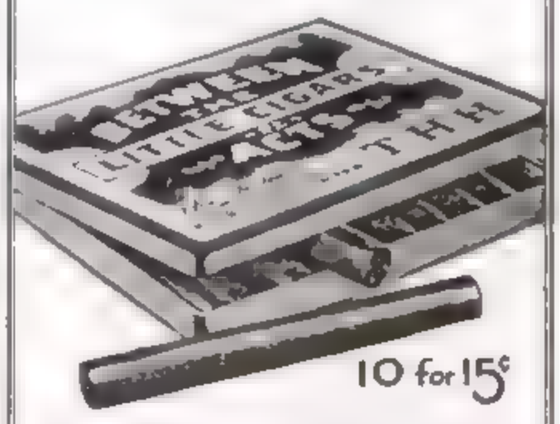

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VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE

Continued from Page 11

briskly, followed by MR. HEMMERING. MRS. DOBLE and MRS. GASPAR continue their investigation of the shop while MR. BINSIG greets MRS. HEMMERING without enthusiasm.

MR. BINSIG: Was there something special you wanted to see, lady?

MRS. HEMMERING *(vaguely)*: Oh, we're just looking. . . . Charles, lend me your knife. *(MR. HEMMERING produces a pocket-knife; and with it MRS. HEMMERING scrapes vigorously at a table top.)* What's this—cherry?

MR. BINSIG *(sourly)*: No, ma'am, that's maple, like all table tops on that style of table.

MRS. HEMMERING *(scraping another spot)*: I guess it is. *(She returns the knife to MR. HEMMERING.)*

MR. BINSIG *(sternly)*: I know it is.

MRS. HEMMERING: I want a serpentine front.

MR. BINSIG *(with relish)*: I had a nice serpentine front, but it went yesterday. I've got a nice swell front.

MR. HEMMERING *(apprehensively)*: You've got a nice swell front yourself, dear.

MRS. HEMMERING *(defiantly)*: I know I have, and you ought to have one too.

MR. HEMMERING *(peevishly)*: I'm satisfied with what I've got.

MRS. HEMMERING *(with assurance)*: Some day I'm going to have the finest serpentine front in the United States.

[OSCAR, *galvanized into action, hastens from his room for a glance at* MRS. HEMMERING.

OSCAR *(disgustedly)*: I'll say she is. *(He returns to his table leg.)*

MR. BINSIG: Is your swell front inlaid?

MRS. HEMMERING *(haughtily)*: It certainly is.

MR. BINSIG: So's mine. How are your feet?

MRS. HEMMERING: Ogee.

MRS. GASPAR *(prodding* MRS. DOBLE *and casting a dirty look toward the newcomers)*: That woman must be a fool to let an antique dealer get so familiar. I got a good mind to make him give me back my twelve dollars that I paid for this picture, though I must say I just adore it. Look, Emma; did you see it? The Departed Playmate is one of the rarest of the Currier & Ives prints. I picked it up for almost nothing. Isn't it sweet?

MRS. DOBLE *(absent-mindedly fingering an old glass dish)*: Too sweet for words, Alvina.

MR. BINSIG *(warningly to* MRS. HEMMERING*)*: Well, you better look at my swell front.

MRS. HEMMERING *(graciously)*: I shall be glad to look at it. Come on, Charles, let's look at Mr. Binsig's swell front.

MR. BINSIG *(carelessly)*: Of course, it ain't in it with my Sheraton sofa.

MRS. HEMMERING *(struggling for composure)*: A Sheraton sofa?

[MR. HEMMERING *groans heavily.*

MR. BINSIG *(complacently)*: This sofa is right! It's a museum piece, this sofa is. It's the kind of sofa that you can sit on all day and look at the legs of. *(He leads the way toward the middle room.* MRS. HEMMERING, *following, discovers the pewter hat, clutches* MR. HEMMERING'S *arm convulsively and points at it, then picks it up and carries it.)*

MRS. GASPAR *(in a fever of indignation)*: That woman picked up the pewter commode form that I wanted, Emma! The minute that woman came in with her swell front, I knew I wouldn't like her. *(She hastens after* MR. *and* MRS. HEMMERING, *accompanied by* MRS. DOBLE.

MR. BINSIG *(dramatically removing a chair, two rugs and several pieces of ironmongery from a sofa in the center room)*: There's a sofa that is a sofa. That's what I call a honey.

MRS. HEMMERING *(handing the pewter hat to* MR. HEMMERING*)*: Lend me your knife, Charles. MR. HEMMERING *produces his knife, and* MRS. HEMMERING *seizes it and scrapes diligently at a leg of the sofa.)*

MR. BINSIG *(anxiously)*: Look a little out with that scraping, will you, lady? There's a dealer from New York coming to see that piece tomorrow and I'd like to have a little of the patina left.

MRS. HEMMERING *(with simulated indifference)*: What's the sofa worth? *(She takes the pewter hat from her husband and scrapes idly at its bottom.)*

MR. BINSIG *(rescuing the hat from her in an absent-minded way)*: Well, I don't know what it's worth, but I know what I got to get for it, as the feller says. *(He laughs a hyena like laugh; and* OSCAR *gently puts down his scraper and listens at the doorway.)* I paid one thousand dollars for that piece. (MR. HEMMERING *unbuttons his coat and fans himself vigorously with his hat.* OSCAR'S *elbow slips off the door jamb and he narrowly escapes falling to the floor.)*

MRS. HEMMERING *(emphatically)*: I wouldn't pay a thousand dollars for that sofa if it was the last piece of furniture in the world and I had to sit on the floor all the rest of my life. How much is it?

MR. BINSIG: I can get sixteen hundred dollars for that sofa from Henry Ford's man whenever I want to.

MRS. HEMMERING *(with ominous calm)*: I asked you how much it was. (MR. HEMMERING *is seized with a fit of shivering.)*

MR. BINSIG: Well, I tell you; that sofa ought to be in a museum or a fine home where nice people can see it and appreciate it. Look at the rake to that back! Look at those acanthus-leaf carvings! Look at those fluted legs! If you want to feel something nice, just feel those legs! Why, that sofa's worth twenty-five hundred dollars if it's worth a cent.

MRS. HEMMERING *(angrily wrenching the pewter hat from him)*: How much is that sofa!

MR. BINSIG: Well, I want to build up a clientele, as the feller said, and I'll let you have that sofa for fifteen hundred dollars. (OSCAR *breaks his scraper.* MR. HEMMERING *bows his head in his hands.)*

MRS. GASPAR *(mildly, to* MRS. HEMMERING*)*: Could I look at that pewter thing a minute?

MRS. HEMMERING *(ignoring* MRS. GASPAR *except to hold the pewter hat in the hand farthest removed from her)*: Well, that's a nice sofa, but it would be high at seven hundred dollars. It's late Sheraton, and you shouldn't ask such prices for late Sheraton.

MR. BINSIG: All right, you go out and find another like it! That's a test, ain't it? Where can I get another like it?

MRS. HEMMERING *(nonchalantly)*: I'll come across plenty like it, and for less money.

MR. BINSIG *(earnestly)*: You buy 'em, lady, when you find 'em; and if you don't want 'em when you've bought 'em I'll take 'em off your hands.

MRS. HEMMERING *(coldly)*: What do you want for this piece of pewter?

MR. BINSIG: That piece is a signed piece by Ashabel Gashbill, lady. It's a museum piece, and one of the quaintest things ever turned out by Ashabel Gashbill. I'd oughta write to the Duponts about that piece, and if they find out I sold it instead of telling them, I may lose their trade, but I'd rather play the game square than be beholden to anybody. Play the game square is my motter; and I guess in the long run that's what'll make you the happiest and bring you the best trade. *(A faint raspberry is heard from* OSCAR *in the inner room, L.* MR. BINSIG *coughs loudly in an attempt to cover* OSCAR'S *gaucherie, following which he continues hurriedly.)* You come across a piece like that about once every two or three years. It's worth three hundred dollars if it's worth a penny, lady. Ain't it quaint?

MRS. HEMMERING *(withheringly)*: You'd probably teach your grandmother to suck eggs! There never was a pewterer named Ashabel Gashbill. You're probably thinking of Ashbil Griswold. I'll give you thirty-five dollars for this piece, and that's five dollars more than it's worth.

MR. BINSIG *(sadly)*: Lady, I guess you must have been in Europe for three or four years and kind of lost track of things. Stallings in Portland has got one of these pewter commode forms not half as good as this, and he wants two hundred and fifty dollars for it.

MRS. HEMMERING: Of course he wants two hundred and fifty dollars for it, just the way every farmer in the world wants twenty-five dollars for every five-cent Currier & Ives that he finds behind the old cradles and the horsehair trunks up in the attic, but nobody ever saw me buying a Currier & Ives. I'd just as soon hang an old bustle on my living-room walls as a Currier & Ives.

MR. HEMMERING *(by way of supporting his wife)*: One hundred per cent! She said it! The things people buy!

[MR. BINSIG *and the* HEMMERINGS *shake their heads sadly over the folly of others.*

MRS. HEMMERING: I'll give you fifty dollars for this.

MR. BINSIG *(plaintively)*: Lady, I gotta get two hundred dollars for that piece. That's the first commode form in real A Number 1 shape that I've seen for years. You gotta remember those commode forms saw some pretty hard use, lady, and one of 'em in A Number 1 shape is very uncommon. Besides, this lady *(he indicates* MRS. GASPAR, *who is watching* MRS. HEMMERING *with the predatory eyes of a fish hawk)* was looking at it before you came in, and I think she's waiting for you to make up your mind, though I don't want to hurry you or anything.

MRS. HEMMERING *(after casting a quick and suspicious glance at* MRS. GASPAR*)*: All right. I'll give you a check. *(Triumphantly.)* Now I've got a pair of those commode forms, and I can use 'em on the mantelpiece in the living room. That's about the best pair of commode forms in existence, I guess. *(With relish.)* I suppose that pair of commode forms would be worth pretty near a thousand dollars, don't you, Charles? You write him a check, Charles. *(She continues her examination of the shop without waiting for an answer from* MR. HEMMERING.)

MRS. GASPAR *(bitterly to* MRS. DOBLE*)*: I could cry to think that I lost that lovely, lovely piece of pewter! Probably I'll never see another one like it! Why didn't you tell me to buy it if you knew so much about antiques?

MRS. DOBLE *(with some spirit)*: Well, I like that! I don't know anything about pewter, and I don't want to know anything about pewter. I wouldn't have any pewter in the house—not much of any. These pewter experts make me sort of ill. To hear them tell it, an ugly piece of pewter made by Usherbell Gusherbell or some man that they've heard about is worth twice as much as a beautiful piece made by somebody they never heard about. I think they're crazy, putting commode forms and slop jars and ash cans in their living rooms. *(Her roving eye strikes a piece of rusty ironmongery under a near-by table, and she leaps at it silently and sinuously.)*

MRS. GASPAR *(startled)*: What's that? An old hinge?

MRS. DOBLE *(in a hoarse whisper)*: It's a Revolutionary killick, made out of the iron that the farmers mined along the Maine coast during the Revolution. It's the best killick I ever saw! Absolutely flawless!

MRS. GASPAR: What's a killick?

MRS. DOBLE *(gazing at her more in pity than in anger)*: A killick is a six-pronged anchor for a small boat.

MRS. GASPAR *(obtusely)*: What are you going to do with it? Anchor your dog?

MRS. DOBLE *(irritably)*: Certainly I'm not going to anchor my dog with it! Haven't you got any imagination? I'm going to stand it up on its six prongs and have an electric light put on the other end and use it for a reading lamp on the big pine trestle table in my library—the one that I keep all my Sandwich glass on. *(She hastens after* MR. BINSIG.)

[*The bell R, rings loudly.*

OSCAR *(morosely)*: Another sucker!

[*The door opens and* MR. ANSON CRADDOCK, *clad in a coonskin coat, enters importantly, followed in a more leisurely manner by* MR. ERNEST RINK.

[MR. CRADDOCK, *after a quick glance around the store, hastens directly to a wall cabinet, opens it deftly and takes out three whisky flasks. He accomplishes the seemingly impossible feat of examining the three flasks and at the same time examining the other bottles on the shelves of the adjacent cabinets. He drops the three flasks in the pockets of his coonskin coat, glances guiltily over his shoulder, and picks another flask from a shelf.*

MR. CRADDOCK *(singing to himself)*: Tum-tum; tum-tum, she wore a yellow ribbon, tum-tum-tum, tum-te-tum-tum, and in the month of May; tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum, she wore it—she wore it for her lover who was far, far away. *(He looks at the bottom of the flask and at the neck, sides, edges and shoulders. He holds it above his head and looks through it at the light and he holds it waist-high and lets the light shine down on it. He hefts it, feels it with both hands, sniffs at it, rubs it against his cheek and snaps it with his finger nail. He also continues his crooning.)* Far away! Far away! She wore it—tum-te-tum-tum. Who was far, far away! Far away! Far away! Tum-te-tum, tum-tum-tum, who was far, far away! Far away! Far away! Tum-te-tum ——

MR. RINK *(interrupting)*: What do you suspect about the bottle?

MR. CRADDOCK: Flask, my boy; not bottle.

MR. RINK: All right, only what are you doing with the bottle? Trying to hatch out another from it? What's wrong with the bottle?

MR. CRADDOCK: This flask is absolutely right, Rink. Amethyst color—fine! Eagles on a bunch of grapes on one side, surmounting the motto Help Yourself to the Grape, Captain Bragg. Quart size—lovely.

[MR. RINK *takes the flask from* MR. CRADDOCK *and examines it superficially.*

MR. RINK: Just another bottle!

MR. CRADDOCK *(taking it back lovingly)*: The trouble with you barbarians is that you have no imagination. This flask is a beautiful flask—beautiful in color, in shape and in size. It's known as the Help Yourself to the Grape flask. Fits the pocket, the hand and the face. It is far more decorative than anything made out of curly maple, which is the lowest form of wood, in spite of the large number of collectors who rave about it; and personally I would rather build a room around a nice purple or amethyst flask than around a lousy pine candle stand or a lopsided painting of somebody else's ancestor, the way some of these interior decorators do. This Help Yourself to the Grape flask is a symbol of earlier, freer, gentler, more artistic days, when the laborer was worthy of his hire, and the insensate rush and jangle and unrest of the jazz age were unknown; of days when the state and the individual stood on its own legs and ——

MR. RINK: Would you mind whistling it? I get enough political speeches on the radio. Why don't you buy the bottle and forget it?

MR. BINSIG *(who has freed himself from* MRS. DOBLE *and her killick)*: Was there anything particular I could show you?

MR. CRADDOCK: I've been looking at your flasks, Binsig. What do you have to get for this one? *(He hands* BINSIG *the Help Yourself to the Grape flask.)*

Continued on Page 88

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Cold day—cold engine—cold oil. Foot on the starter—battery takes hold—over she goes. Spark fires the gas—five hundred or more thrusts of power inside every one of the cylinders every minute—perhaps eight or nine down strokes in each cylinder the first starting second.

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Texaco Motor Oil is both visibly and scientifically *pure*, free of tars, of paraffin wax and cylinder stock

(substances present in many motor oils, causing them to slow up under cold). Possessing full viscous body, it does not "break down" at high-speed heat; nor does it "run away" under severest pressure.

Remember Texaco Motor Oil is sold everywhere—wherever you see the Red Star and Green T. Ask to see the Texaco Lubrication Chart. It will tell the authorized *winter* grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil for your particular type of engine. Insist upon it.

The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City

Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

(Continued from Page 84)

MR. BINSIG: I have to get fifty dollars for that flask, mister. It's an amethyst flask.

MR. CRADDOCK *(coldly):* I'm not blind, Binsig. *(He removes the three flasks from his pocket.)* Here's an emerald-green Pitkin, an amber sunburst and a blue Success to the Railroads. Make me a price on the four of them, Binsig, and try to control yourself. You must remember, Binsig, that prices on such things as these flasks were ridiculously high at one time, when Joseph Herkimer was keeping the market fictitiously active by trying to get the twenty-four best flasks in the world. He and Eddie Le Have, the great bottle nut, created the market, Binsig, and now that Herkimer has lost his passion for flasks the bottom has fallen out of the market. You ought to wake up to the economic changes that are taking place, Binsig, or you will find yourself with a lot of junk on your hands, like a horse-car company that wouldn't sell its horses when electric cars came into use, or like an interior decorator that still tries to saw off cheap German ship models on his trusting clients. Now how much for the four flasks, Binsig? Eight dollars apiece would be about right.

MR. BINSIG: Eighty dollars for the four, mister.

MR. CRADDOCK *(deeply grieved):* I'm sorry you feel that way about it, Binsig. We could probably do a lot of business together if your attitude was more sympathetic, but your prices are a little too rich for my blood. What else have you got in glass? *(He replaces the four flasks on their shelves.)*

MR. BINSIG *(sourly):* I've got some nice Sandwich glass.

MR. CRADDOCK *(amiably):* Don't try to kid me, Binsig. Do I look like a person that would buy Sandwich glass? I'm surprised you don't tell me you have some nice glass insulators for telephone poles. Haven't you got any nice three-mold glass? I could use a nice piece of Waterford or a good Stiegel creamer if the price was right.

MR. BINSIG: I had a nice Stiegel jar, but I sold it yesterday.

MR. CRADDOCK: Are you sure it was Stiegel? There's a lot of phony stuff coming up from Mexico, Binsig, and a lot of good Czecho-Slovak imitations. How do you tell Stiegel, Binsig?

MR. BINSIG: Why, I tell it the same way you tell it, I suppose. How do you tell it?

MR. CRADDOCK: I have a feeling for glass, Binsig. I can't explain how I tell it, but I tell it, all right. I'm sensitive to glass. That's why I can't bear to have any Sandwich near me. Of course, Sandwich is all right in its place, but its place is in a five-and-ten-cent store.

MRS. DOBLE *(who, with* MRS. GASPAR, *has been listening in on the conversation):* I'd like to know what's the matter with Sandwich glass. I've got ninety-eight pieces of bleeding-heart Sandwich, and they're lovely against a piece of black velvet.

MR. CRADDOCK *(condescendingly):* That's a very nice lot of Sandwich, but there are about a hundred million pieces of Sandwich lying around barns and attics. They're thicker than Empire bureaus; and they're about as rare and valuable as Columbian Exposition half dollars. Now you take my Stiegel. I've got two amethyst Stiegel creamers and a blue-diamond daisy creamer that can't be matched anywhere in the world. If I wanted to sell them, I could probably get five thousand dollars for the three pieces. I keep 'em in a safe, they're so valuable. They're so fragile that they're apt to fall to pieces if they're moved too suddenly from a cold room to a warm room.

[*During* MR. CRADDOCK'S *dissertation* MR. RINK *draws* MR. BINSIG *to one side and confers with him.* MR. RINK *gives* MR. BINSIG *two treasury notes with yellow backs; and* MR. BINSIG, *unperceived by* MR. CRADDOCK, *gets and gives to* MR. RINK *the amethyst Help Yourself to the Grape flask.*

MR. CRADDOCK *(warming to his subject):* The trouble with Sandwich glass was that it was cheap glass turned out by the carload for cheap trade. The Sandwich factory never made anything like a nice Waterford bowl or a Stoddard bottle. Now you take my Waterford bowls—I've got some of the finest Waterford bowls in the country—got 'em for a song; and today a dozen dealers would cut my throat to get 'em. That's the difference. If you buy Sandwich you've got nothing but Sandwich; but if you buy Stiegel or Bristol or Waterford or Wistarburg, you've got treasures that make every other collector break down and cry because he can't have them.

MRS. DOBLE *(argumentatively):* Well, I notice you looked pretty hard at those whisky bottles ——

MR. CRADDOCK *(raising his hand in distressed admonition):* Flasks, madam—flasks!

MRS. DOBLE: All right, flasks! You looked pretty hard at 'em, and weren't they cheap glass turned out by the carload for cheap trade?

MR. CRADDOCK: Well—ah, uh *(he clears his throat diligently),* ump, ah—well, those were different.

MRS. DOBLE: Why were they? They were turned out by the thousand, and cheap bums bought whisky in them in barrooms; and the bottles were thrown in with the whisky, too, weren't they? *(She pauses for an answer, but* MR. CRADDOCK *is so busy examining the legs of a small table that he has become oblivious to her presence. Receiving no answer, she resumes triumphantly.)* They certainly were, and I'd rather have some nice Sandwich glass than a few nasty old bottles that don't belong anywhere except in the ash barrel. *(Bitterly.)* And then some people say that Sandwich glass is no good, and put nasty old whisky bottles up on their mantelpieces with candles in them.

MR. CRADDOCK *(sotto voce, to* MR. RINK): That's the trouble with these amateur collectors. You can't tell 'em anything. They're as sensitive as a lot of fish. *(He moves farther and farther away from* MRS. DOBLE, *who continues to relieve her mind to anyone who cares to listen.)*

MRS. DOBLE: Every time I go into an antique place I meet a Smart Aleck that thinks he knows all about glass and is always asking "Got any three-mold glass?" and getting all excited when he sees a piece of colored glass. Show him a blue bottle and he has a fit. Well, why don't some of them buy ink bottles? They're all blue. Take the label off and most of them would think they were getting Worcester-sauce glass or Bustle glass or whatever the kinds are that they're always yapping about. Why, I bought a blue china hen dish to hold eggs for three dollars and the next day I was offered twenty-five for it. *(Her voice gradually fades to a peevish rumble and mutter, which continues to erupt and explode at intervals.)*

MRS. HEMMERING *(sympathetically to* MR. CRADDOCK): Those women are really terrible. Quite insensible to the finer side of antique collecting.

MR. CRADDOCK *(gratefully):* Oh, quite. Nice little Hepplewhite table here. *(He points it out to* MR. *and* MRS. HEMMERING, *who peer at it obligingly.)*

MRS. HEMMERING: Yes, only it's Sheraton.

MR. CRADDOCK: No, Hepplewhite.

MRS. HEMMERING: No, Sheraton.

MR. CRADDOCK *(firmly):* The legs are tapered and inlaid. There is no possibility of its being anything but Hepplewhite.

MRS. HEMMERING *(patiently):* Sheraton used the four-sided tapered leg. There are a lot of them in the American wing of the Metropolitan, and they're marked Sheraton influence. It's a great mistake to think that all Sheraton legs have to be fluted. I have a very, very beautiful sideboard that has been in my family since 1760, and Sheraton's great-great-great-grandson looked at it and said that it was one of his great-great-great-grandfather's sideboards.

MR. CRADDOCK *(coarsely):* He was nuts. Sheraton was born in 1751, and you can bet he wasn't making sideboards before he was nine years old. I think you must have your dates mixed, as well as your legs. I have the best Hepplewhite sideboard in America, and it has legs just like that table, only better and more graceful. (MRS. HEMMERING *gives him a dirty look, and he passes swiftly into the middle room, followed by* MR. RINK.)

MRS. HEMMERING *(angrily to* MR. HEMMERING): Why didn't you say something instead of just standing there like a bump on a log? I just hate to hear anybody bragging about his antiques the way he did! As if anybody cared about his old sideboard! We know just as much about legs as he does, and you should have told him so!

MR. HEMMERING *(defensively):* He seemed pretty sure of his ground.

MRS. HEMMERING: That's right; side with the other person! You're always willing to take anybody else's word on antiques except mine! I declare, sometimes I think I ought to stop trying to make a beautiful home for you, and just live in a hotel.

[MR. HEMMERING *brightens perceptibly.*

MR. CRADDOCK *(stopping in front of the Sheraton sofa):* Binsig! Binsig! Come here a moment! (MR. BINSIG, *who has been playing among his Sandwich glass with* MRS. DOBLE, *hastens to him.)*

MRS. HEMMERING *(cuttingly):* Now he's found that Sheraton sofa! If it hadn't been for you I'd have bought that sofa!

MR. CRADDOCK: What do you know about this sofa, Binsig? I see a piece of veneer has been knocked off the apron and the carving on the back is pretty well chewed up. What's the story on this sofa? The legs are new, aren't they?

MR. BINSIG *(with deep feeling):* Mister, that sofa is absolutely right. There ain't a replacement on it, and if you find one I'll eat it. Look at the legs on that sofa! Look at the carving! Look at the ——

MR. CRADDOCK *(getting down on his knees and sticking his head under the sofa):* Do you think you're the only person in the world that can see without assistance? Can you guarantee this sofa, Binsig? It's too bad it isn't in better shape.

MR. BINSIG: I can guarantee that sofa, mister. It belonged in the old Poltice family, and it set out in their woodshed for the last thutty years for the hens to roost on. 'Tain't never been touched, and it's one of the finest pieces ever found in the town of Barnacle, and it's in such good shape that fifty dollars would fix it as good as new.

MR. CRADDOCK *(ripping some upholstery from the back of the sofa and pressing his face to the aperture):* What's the very best you can do on this sofa, Binsig? It's not much of a piece, but I may be able to find room for it.

MR. BINSIG: I've got to get fifteen hundred for that sofa, mister.

MR. RINK: Does that include the amusement tax?

MR. CRADDOCK *(rising and picking sawdust, hay, excelsior and other foreign matters from his garments):* Pack it and ship it at once, Binsig. Here's a deposit, and I'll mail you a check tonight. *(He rubs his hands together delightedly and smiles on* MR. RINK.) That's a museum piece, Rink. And cheap, Rink—cheap!

MR. RINK: So's land on Fifth Avenue, if you've got the money to pay for it.

MRS. HEMMERING *(to her husband):* Now look at that! Oh, dear, isn't that awful! He got that sofa! He must have known that I wanted it! If you hadn't acted the way you did, Charles Hemmering, I'd have had that sofa myself.

MR. HEMMERING *(baffled):* What did I do?

MRS. HEMMERING *(in a rage):* Well, it wasn't so much what you did as what you thought! I could see you thinking, and like a fool I thought I might hurt your feelings if I bought it.

MR. HEMMERING *(plaintively):* You said it was too heavy and too expensive.

MRS. HEMMERING: Oh, shut up!

MR. CRADDOCK *(happily):* Well, Binsig, that sofa was a find—and dirt cheap too. Now you might get out that Help Yourself to the Grape flask and see if we can't do business.

MR. BINSIG: Your friend bought that flask, mister. After what you said about Joseph Herkimer, I let him have it for thirty-five dollars.

MR. CRADDOCK *(rounding on* MR. RINK): Did you buy that flask? Well, you had a nerve! You don't know anything about flasks or bottles. You never saw a flask before! What's the matter with you, anyway? You don't deserve to have an amethyst flask! I'll give you fifty dollars for it.

MR. RINK: I want it myself.

MR. CRADDOCK: Now look here, Rink! That flask won't do you any good! You'll just lose it or break it or something. Come on, now; I'll match you to see who gets it.

MR. RINK *(stubbornly):* I can have it without matching, so I won't match. I want it. You said yourself that it was a symbol of earlier, freer, gentler and more artistic days. That's what I want.

MR. CRADDOCK: Listen, Rink; I ought to have that bottle. It doesn't do you a bit of good. What are you going to do with it, anyway?

MR. RINK *(obviously thoroughly satisfied with himself):* I'm going to put it in the bathroom as a hair-tonic bottle.

[MR. CRADDOCK *stares contemptuously at* MR. RINK, *sneers bitterly and walks brusquely toward the door, followed by* MR. RINK, *who carries the Help Yourself to the Grape flask, and holds it up occasionally to permit the light to shine through it.*

MR. RINK *(with a superior air):* I can't imagine what anyone sees in Sandwich glass!

MR. CRADDOCK *(angrily):* So's your old man!

[*The bell, R, clangs and* MR. CRADDOCK *exits, followed by* MR. RINK.

MRS. HEMMERING *(to* MR. HEMMERING, *abruptly):* Take that commode form and come ahead!

MR. HEMMERING *(meditatively):* It's a good thing they didn't make pewter bathtubs. *(The bell, R, clangs and* MRS. HEMMERING *exits, followed by* MR. HEMMERING.)

[A STRANGER *appears silently at the back door, L, and makes signals to* OSCAR, *who leaves his table leg and investigates.*

THE STRANGER *(drawing a blue bottle from his pocket):* You buy bottles?

OSCAR *(looking furtively over his shoulder to see whether* MR. BINSIG *is in sight):* What do you want for it?

THE STRANGER: Ten.

OSCAR: Two.

THE STRANGER: Six.

OSCAR: Three.

THE STRANGER: All right. *(He takes three dollars from* OSCAR *and gives him the bottle.)*

MR. BINSIG *(peering into the back room, L):* What was that?

OSCAR: A friend of mine came down and asked me to give him fifteen dollars for this bottle. You can have it for that if you want it.

MR. BINSIG *(looking at the bottle):* I wouldn't have it around if you gave it to me. It's a modern whisky bottle for Old Dynamite Whisky.

MRS. GASPAR *(picking up her Currier & Ives of The Departed Playmate):* I think antiques are so satisfying, dear.

MRS. DOBLE *(clasping her child's blanket chest to her bosom):* You're perfectly safe as long as you buy only what you really like, dear. *(The bell, R, clangs and they go out.)*

MR. BINSIG *(moodily):* What a sucker I was to sell that bottle!

[*The noise of* OSCAR'S *leg scraper is punctured by a triple clang from the bell, R. The outer door remains closed and the curtain falls.*

Don't blame the razor—

skin-irritation caused by HYDROLYSIS *makes your face smart*

For years you've been irritating your skin when you shave . . . because of *hydrolysis*. Now you can stop that forever. A new, truly beneficial lather is bringing men real skin comfort. A shaving cream by Squibb.

Most men took skin-smart for granted in shaving. Many thought that scraping their faces with a razor was necessarily irritating.

But that is out of date forever. For, after years of patient research, the Squibb chemists have learned at last how to control *hydrolysis*.

Hydrolysis is the name chemists give to the process by which free alkali is released when water is added to soap. All soap—and this includes shaving soaps—is made with caustic soda or potash (lye). While the caustic constituent is combined in the soap it is harmless, but when water is added a part of it "hydrolyzes," forming free alkali. It is this alkali, so liberated, which, in combination with the action of the soap, causes skin-irritation.

When chemists in the Squibb Laboratories set out to make a really non-irritant shaving cream they determined to find a way to master hydrolysis.

It took four years to perfect the formula

They worked for four years steadily. They made experiment after experiment, discarded formula after formula. And at last they succeeded in reducing the amount of free alkali liberated by hydrolysis to *one part in 325,000*. An infinitesimal amount!

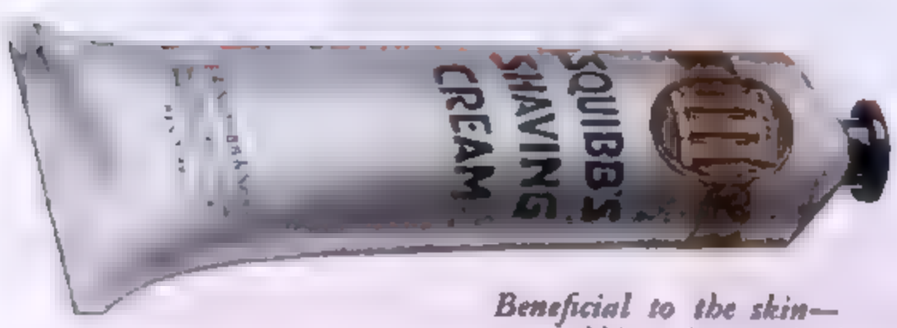
Then they added to this cream certain emollient ingredients that made it actually beneficial to the skin and announced *Squibb's* new shaving cream.

That was a great day for men who shave. It meant the creation of a real shaving cream. A cream that would leave men's skins refreshed and velvety smooth. A cream that whips up quickly into a full, rich, more efficient lather which actually soothes the skin and makes any after-shaving lotion unnecessary. A cream that gives a fine shave in either cold or hot water. That quickly softens the toughest beard.

Clip the coupon

The coupon below is worth 10c to you on a full-size tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream. Try it—just once! You'll never go back to the old ways. Your druggist has it! © 1927

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB



Beneficial to the skin—no rubbing is required

40¢

THIS COUPON IS WORTH $.10

Your druggist will give you a 40c tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream for 30c on receipt of this coupon. If, for any reason, he cannot supply you, mail the coupon and 30c to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Box 1914, City Hall, New York City, and we will gladly send you a full-size tube in return

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To Druggists: This coupon is good until July 1st. You may redeem it at its $.10 value by simply mailing it to us. In honoring this coupon you are extending a courtesy to both your customers and E. R. Squibb & Sons which will be greatly appreciated

BULOVA Watches

No matter how small the movement, a watch has but one duty, one function to perform: to tell time on time throughout the years. There must be no compromise with accuracy.

Handsomely encased, Bulova Watches range from $25 to $2500. They vary in price only as they vary in design—each a dependable timepiece! + +

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14 kt. solid white gold; 4 diamonds and 6 sapphires $85.00

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15 jewel movement $24.75

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14 kt. solid white gold; 2 diamonds, 4 sapphires $49.50

JUNO
15 jewel movement $37.50

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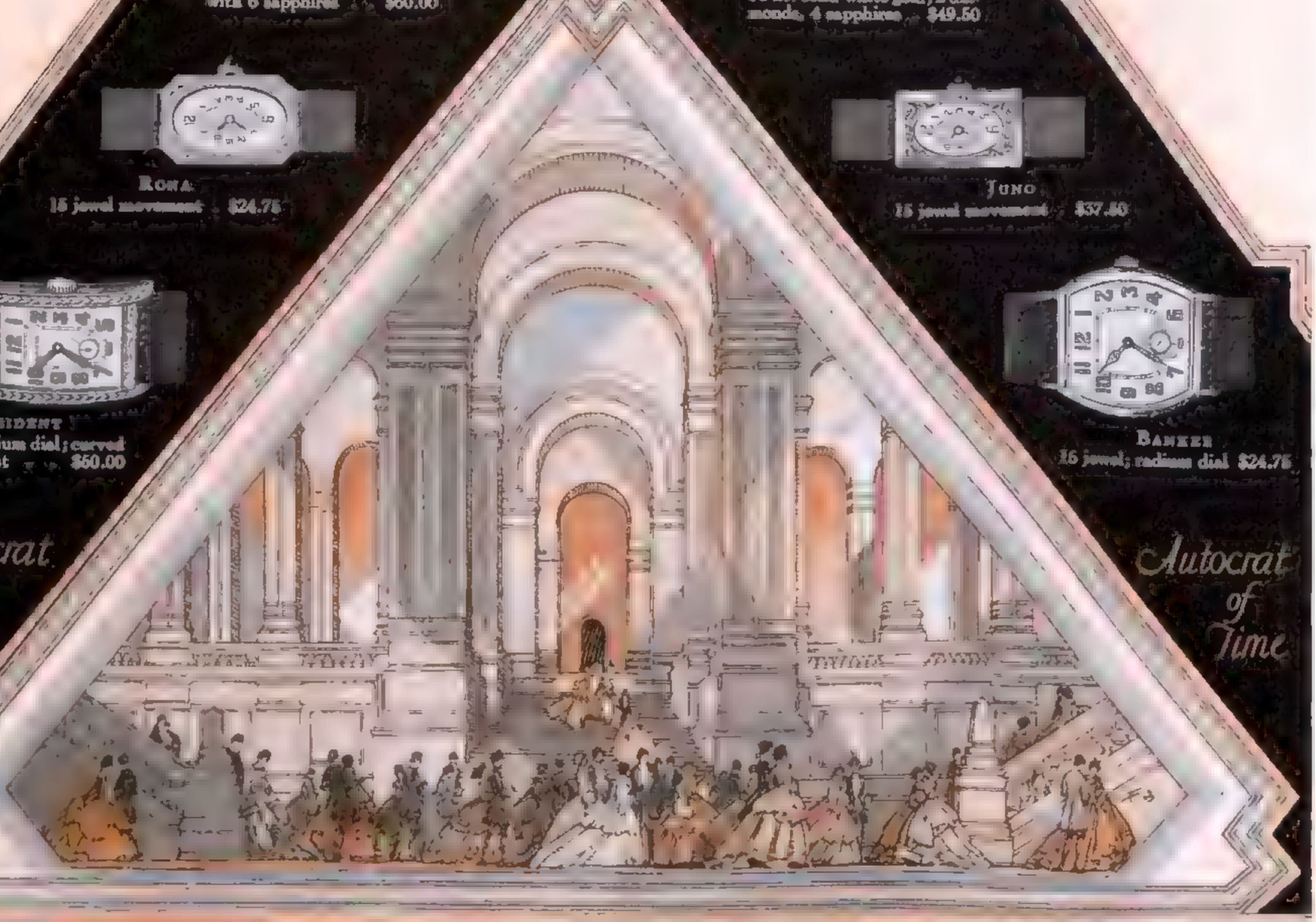
15 jewel; radium dial $24.75

Autocrat of Time



AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · · EVERYWHERE

Getting On in the World

The Race

Broadcasting as a Profession

"THERE is no royal road to fame," we were told in our school days, but that was before the advent of radio. A great many broadcasters have discovered that a certain quality of voice, a photographic eye, an ability to talk on your feet, plus the nerve to pronounce Dvořák in public, may carry you to the skies on flowery beds of ease, hymn writers and philosophers to the contrary.

Radio announcing as a profession has brought to a number of young men both fame and fortune. It is a job at which they can earn as they learn. It is an opening wedge into a growing industry which offers a wide range of technical and executive positions. It is opportunity spelled with a capital O. After offering to the skeptics three concrete examples—three young people who have attained a singular measure of prosperity and influence as a result of their tilts with a microphone—we shall come across with some hard facts about the new profession, what it offers and how to connect.

Less than five years ago a young man came to New York bringing with him his pleasing barytone voice and a modest ambition to get a job as a church soloist. Curiosity took him one idle afternoon into a broadcasting station to see what it looked like. Luck brought him face to face with the studio director. Intuition on the part of the latter made him recognize certain qualities in the chance visitor. Before they parted the young singer had half laughingly agreed to accept a job as part-time announcer. Today he is one of the most widely discussed men in America. His name is Graham McNamee.

A Good Microphone Voice

A short time later a broad-shouldered, athletic young fellow suffering from a bad case of postwar restlessness answered a newspaper advertisement for an announcer. He had acquired a taste for public speaking on the debating team at high school and had starred in amateur dramatics. He soon had a large radio following and today is manager of Station WEAF, New York, the key station of the famous Red Network. His name is Phillips Carlin.

Some four years ago the listeners of Station WJZ learned to look forward eagerly to a weekly play review given by a young woman with an unusually deep voice and a pleasantly confident manner. Today that same young woman is manager of Station WJZ and is the only woman official in the National Broadcasting Company. Her name is Bertha Brainard.

A survey of the broadcasting field indicates that the demand for announcers is in excess of the supply. This does not mean that the positions are easy to obtain. There are in the neighborhood of 600 broadcasting stations in the United States with an average of three announcers each—1800 positions and the demand in excess of the supply! The significance of these figures is apparent. The studios need announcers not because there is any lack of applicants but because of the rigorous standards that must be met by those who can adequately fill these coveted positions.

The first question that occurs to the job hunter is naturally: What are these mysterious qualifications? On the surface they seem rather simple, but analyze them and you will find a vagueness at the heart of them which is responsible for broadcasting's mysterious lure. A prospective announcer, says the studio manager, must have general culture, he must know something of the theater, the sporting world and books. He must be sufficiently familiar with music to be able to pronounce the names of the composers and their compositions with fluency and distinction. Musical ability is considered desirable but not essential.

It is essential for the would-be broadcaster to have an agreeable manner; he must be able intelligently to converse with a prima donna, the President, or a prize fighter. He must be able to think on his feet and to express his thoughts easily and agreeably. He must be young enough to be enthusiastic and healthy enough to sound so. He must have a clear enunciation and sufficient education to be grammatical under stress of any circumstances. He must have—and here we come to that intangible something that makes or breaks a broadcaster—a good microphone voice. Just what constitutes a pleasing voice on the air no one seems to know. As one director puts it:

"It's like the perfume of a rose—we all recognize it and enjoy it, but we can't explain it. Some men have a voice that makes a million friends on the air. We don't know why. It can neither be diagnosed nor cultivated. It's like the famous it of the movie stars. An announcer has it, or he hasn't. If he has it, it may bring him not only popularity and renown but an income which runs into five fat figures. It is the nameless quality for which the studios are eternally seeking."

Having settled the question of what he must be, the job hunter arrives at the question of what he will get when he breaks into the radio game. Like many another job with opportunity up its sleeve, announcing offers a small salary to the novice. The stations start their men off with a weekly pay envelope containing anywhere from fifty to seventy dollars. Raises are in order if the man makes good, but the salaries paid announcers would never worry the income-tax collectors very seriously. If an announcer is ambitious as well as capable, he will soon find promotion to the executive departments of the station or chain. He is in a position to win the attention of his superiors and the field he aspires to is as yet uncrowded.

On the other hand, if a man makes friends on the air he is soon in demand for personal appearances and thus taps an endless source of revenue. The studios are liberal in their attitude toward outside engagements and allow their announcers to accept as many outside engagements as is compatible with their studio schedules. As a result the incomes made by the more popular announcers rival that of a bank president, and every sort of honor is showered on these young men who have done nothing but observe closely and retail what they see in a picturesque and agreeable manner. Verily in announcing the roving eye gathers much moss.

Getting an Audition

The announcer who is assigned to broadcast a political convention, a fight, or a football game may safely sign up for a straight eight on his expectations. Organizations all over the country will bid for his presence at their various charitable entertainments, and the resultant income will be limited only by his physical endurance.

If these prospects sound alluring, the next thing the job hunter will inquire about is the method by which a youth gains entrance to this magic microphone land. We have it on the authority of several studio directors that the door is always on the latch. Not only that but the studios are constantly advertising for men.

If you have a feeling that you are a second McNamee, Cross or Gannon, go to one of the studios and tell them so. If your appearance, manner and general history appeal to them, they will give you an audition. Passing that satisfactorily, you will be placed on the waiting list and sooner or later you will find that you have a rendezvous with Mike. After that the measure of your success will depend on your industry, your ambition, and that intangible something which gives a man dominion over the air.

—CHARLOTTE GEER.

"Ouch that Corn!"
One Touch
of "Freezone" stops the pain instantly, then shortly the corn lifts right off. Removes hard or soft corn or callous. Costs only a few cents at druggists
FREEZONE

Complete this Drawing
Test your Ability

Federal Home-Study Way" ... illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. Get on the "Road to Bigger Things." Complete the drawing above in pen or pencil. Write your name and address on the margin of the advertisement. Tear it out and mail to us TODAY

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A Novel Cigar Lighter!
RHAMSTINE MICROPHONE

Price Complete $4.50

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507 E. Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich.

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

HART BRAND CANNED FOODS

Peas (11 popular sizes) Corn (5 varieties) • Green Lima Beans • Green String Beans • Wax String Beans Green Lima Bean Succotash • Red Kidney Beans Pork and Beans • Pumpkin Squash • Spinach • Baby Beets • Strawberries Apple Sauce • Cherries Red Raspberries • Black Raspberries • Blackberries Plums • Pears • Peaches

Those big little Appetites

Racing up hill and down, hour after hour, through deep snow and biting wind, develops keen appetites that must be satisfied with nourishing food.

Hart Brand Canned Foods, rich in those vitamines that make for health, as fresh and good when served as the day they were picked from vine or tree, are ideal for growing families. For thirty-five years these choicest products of the most fertile vegetable and fruit growing areas have been chosen by millions of particular housewives.

Serve Hart Brand Canned Foods for winter meals. Your grocer can supply you. Look for the can with the red heart.

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY, *Grand Rapids, Michigan*

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

THE BOWL

(Continued from Page 7)

I turned around and was somewhat startled to find that Miss Thorne was in Dolly's arms; I turned quickly back and decided to let them take care of themselves.

As we waited for a traffic light on upper Broadway, I saw a sporting extra headlined with the score of the game. The green sheet was more real than the afternoon itself—succinct, condensed and clear:

PRINCETON CONQUERS YALE 10–3

SEVENTY THOUSAND WATCH TIGER TRIM BULLDOG

DEVLIN SCORES ON YALE FUMBLE

There it was—not like the afternoon, muddled, uncertain, patchy and scrappy to the end, but nicely mounted now in the setting of the past:

PRINCETON, 10; YALE, 3

Achievement was a curious thing, I thought. Dolly was largely responsible for that. I wondered if all things that screamed in the headlines were simply arbitrary accents. As if people should ask, "What does it look like?"

"It looks most like a cat."

"Well, then, let's call it a cat."

My mind, brightened by the lights and the cheerful tumult, suddenly grasped the fact that all achievement was a placing of emphasis—a molding of the confusion of life into form.

Josephine stopped in front of the New Amsterdam Theater, where her chauffeur met us and took the car. We were early, but a small buzz of excitement went up from the undergraduates waiting in the lobby—"There's Dolly Harlan"—and as we moved toward the elevator several acquaintances came up to shake his hand. Apparently oblivious to these ceremonies, Miss Thorne caught my eye and smiled. I looked at her with curiosity; Josephine had imparted the rather surprising information that she was just sixteen years old. I suppose my return smile was rather patronizing, but instantly I realized that the fact could not be imposed on. In spite of all the warmth and delicacy of her face, the figure that somehow reminded me of an exquisite, romanticized little ballerina, there was a quality in her that was as hard as steel. She had been brought up in Rome, Vienna and Madrid, with flashes of Washington; her father was one of those charming American diplomats who, with fine obstinacy, try to re-create the Old World in their children by making their education rather more royal than that of princes. Miss Thorne was sophisticated. In spite of all the abandon of American young people, sophistication is still a Continental monopoly.

We walked in upon a number in which a dozen chorus girls in orange and black were racing wooden horses against another dozen dressed in Yale blue. When the lights went on, Dolly was recognized and some Princeton students set up a clatter of approval with the little wooden hammers given out for applause; he moved his chair unostentatiously into a shadow.

Almost immediately a flushed and very miserable young man appeared beside our table. In better form he would have been extremely prepossessing; indeed, he flashed a charming and dazzling smile at Dolly, as if requesting his permission to speak to Miss Thorne.

Then he said, "I thought you weren't coming to New York tonight."

"Hello, Carl." She looked up at him coolly.

"Hello, Vienna. That's just it; 'Hello Vienna—Hello Carl.' But why? I thought you weren't coming to New York tonight."

Miss Thorne made no move to introduce the man, but we were conscious of his somewhat raised voice.

"I thought you promised me you weren't coming."

"I didn't expect to, child. I just left Boston this morning."

"And who did you meet in Boston—the fascinating Tunti?" he demanded.

"I didn't meet anyone, child."

"Oh, yes, you did! You met the fascinating Tunti and you discussed living on the Riviera." She didn't answer. "Why are you so dishonest, Vienna?" he went on. "Why did you tell me on the phone ——"

"I am not going to be lectured," she said, her tone changing suddenly. "I told you if you took another drink I was through with you. I'm a person of my word and I'd be enormously happy if you went away."

"Vienna!" he cried in a sinking, trembling voice.

At this point I got up and danced with Josephine. When we came back there were people at the table—the men to whom we were to hand over Josephine and Miss Thorne, for I had allowed for Dolly being tired, and several others. One of them was Al Ratoni, the composer, who, it appeared, had been entertained at the embassy in Madrid. Dolly Harlan had drawn his chair aside and was watching the dancers. Just as the lights went down for a new number a man came up out of the darkness and leaning over Miss Thorne whispered in her ear. She started and made a motion to rise, but he put his hand on her shoulder and forced her down. They began to talk together in low excited voices.

The tables were packed close at the old Frolic. There was a man rejoining the party next to us and I couldn't help hearing what he said:

"A young fellow just tried to kill himself down in the wash room. He shot himself through the shoulder, but they got the pistol away before ——" A minute later his voice again: "Carl Sanderson, they said."

When the number was over I looked around. Vienna Thorne was staring very rigidly at Miss Lillian Lorraine, who was rising toward the ceiling as an enormous telephone doll. The man who had leaned over Vienna was gone and the others were obliviously unaware that anything had happened. I turned to Dolly and suggested that he and I had better go, and after a glance at Vienna in which reluctance, weariness and then resignation were mingled, he consented. On the way to the hotel I told Dolly what had happened.

"Just some souse," he remarked after a moment's fatigued consideration. "He probably tried to miss himself and get a little sympathy. I suppose those are the sort of things a really attractive girl is up against all the time."

This wasn't my attitude. I could see that mussed white shirt front with very young blood pumping over it, but I didn't argue, and after a while Dolly said, "I suppose that sounds brutal, but it seems a little soft and weak, doesn't it? Perhaps that's just the way I feel tonight."

When Dolly undressed I saw that he was a mass of bruises, but he assured me that none of them would keep him awake. Then I told him why Miss Thorne hadn't mentioned the game and he woke up suddenly; the familiar glitter came back into his eyes.

"So that was it! I wondered. I thought maybe you'd told her not to say anything about it."

Later, when the lights had been out half an hour, he suddenly said "I see" in a loud clear voice. I don't know whether he was awake or asleep.

III

I'VE put down as well as I can everything I can remember about the first meeting between Dolly and Miss Vienna Thorne. Reading it over, it sounds casual and insignificant, but the evening lay in the shadow of the game and all that happened seemed like that. Vienna went back to Europe almost immediately and for fifteen months passed out of Dolly's life.

It was a good year—it still rings true in my memory as a good year. Sophomore

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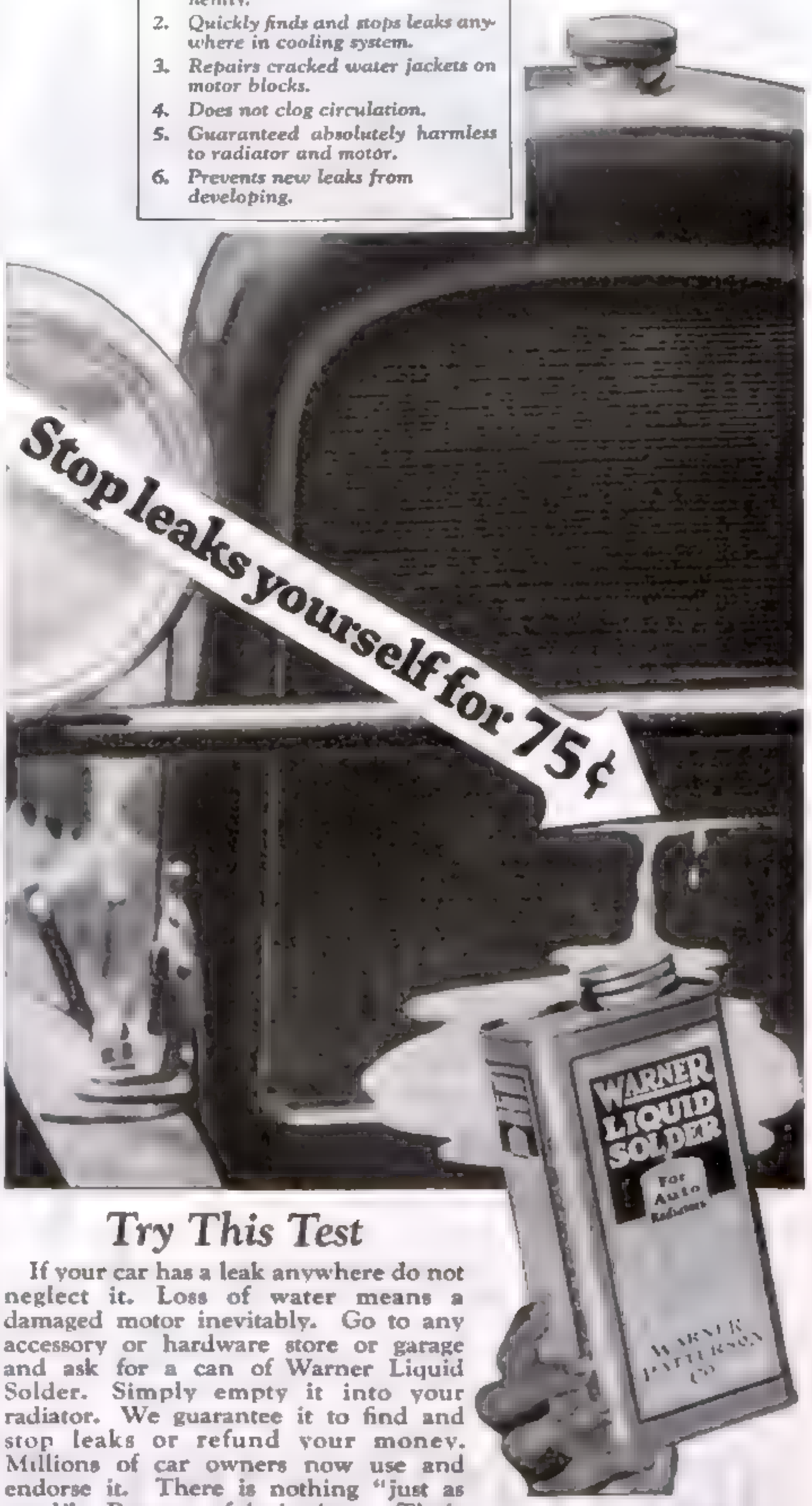

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year is the most dramatic at Princeton, just as junior year is at Yale. It's not only the elections to the upperclass clubs but also everyone's destiny begins to work itself out. You can tell pretty well who's going to come through, not only by their immediate success but by the way they survive failure. Life was very full for me. I made the board of the Princetonian, and our house burned down out in Dayton, and I had a silly half-hour fist fight in the gymnasium with a man who later became one of my closest friends, and in March Dolly and I joined the upperclass club we'd always wanted to be in. I fell in love, too, but it would be an irrelevancy to tell about that here.

April came and the first real Princeton weather, the lazy green-and-gold afternoons and the bright thrilling nights haunted with the hour of senior singing. I was happy, and Dolly would have been happy except for the approach of another football season. He was playing baseball, which excused him from spring practice, but the bands were beginning to play faintly in the distance. They rose to concert pitch during the summer, when he had to answer the question, "Are you going back early for football?" a dozen times a day. On the fifteenth of September he was down in the dust and heat of late-summer Princeton, crawling over the ground on all fours, trotting through the old routine and turning himself into just the sort of specimen that I'd have given ten years of my life to be.

From first to last, he hated it, and never let down for a minute. He went into the Yale game that fall weighing a hundred and fifty-three pounds, though that wasn't the weight printed in the paper, and he and Joe McDonald were the only men who played all through that disastrous game. He could have been captain by lifting his finger—but that involves some stuff that I know confidentially and can't tell. His only horror was that by some chance he'd have to accept it. Two seasons! He didn't even talk about it now. He left the room or the club when the conversation veered around to football. He stopped announcing to me that he "wasn't going through that business any more." This time it took the Christmas holidays to drive that unhappy look from his eyes.

Then at the New Year Miss Vienna Thorne came home from Madrid and in February a man named Case brought her down to the Senior Prom.

IV

SHE was even prettier than she had been before, softer, externally at least, and a tremendous success. People passing her on the street jerked their heads quickly to look at her—a frightened look, as if they realized that they had almost missed something. She was temporarily tired of European men, she told me, letting me gather that there had been some sort of unfortunate love affair. She was coming out in Washington next fall.

Vienna and Dolly. She disappeared with him for two hours the night of the club dances, and Harold Case was in despair. When they walked in again at midnight I thought they were the handsomest pair I saw. They were both shining with that peculiar luminosity that dark people sometimes have. Harold Case took one look at them and went proudly home.

Vienna came back a week later, solely to see Dolly. Late that evening I had occasion to go up to the deserted club for a book and they called me from the rear terrace, which opens out to the ghostly stadium and to an unpeopled sweep of night. It was an hour of thaw, with spring voices in the warm wind, and wherever there was light enough you could see drops glistening and falling. You could feel the cold melting out of the stars and the bare trees and shrubbery toward Stony Brook turning lush in the darkness.

They were sitting together on a wicker bench, full of themselves and romantic and happy.

"We had to tell someone about it," they said.

"Now can I go?"

"No, Jeff," they insisted; "stay here and envy us. We're in the stage where we want someone to envy us. Do you think we're a good match?"

What could I say?

"Dolly's going to finish at Princeton next year," Vienna went on, "but we're going to announce it after the season in Washington in the autumn."

I was vaguely relieved to find that it was going to be a long engagement.

"I approve of you, Jeff," Vienna said. "I want Dolly to have more friends like you. You're stimulating for him—you have ideas. I told Dolly he could probably find others like you if he looked around his class."

Dolly and I both felt a little uncomfortable.

"She doesn't want me to be a Babbitt," he said lightly.

"Dolly's perfect," asserted Vienna. "He's the most beautiful thing that ever lived, and you'll find I'm very good for him, Jeff. Already I've helped him make up his mind about one important thing." I guessed what was coming. "He's going to speak a little piece if they bother him about playing football next autumn, aren't you, child?"

"Oh, they won't bother me," said Dolly uncomfortably. "It isn't like that——"

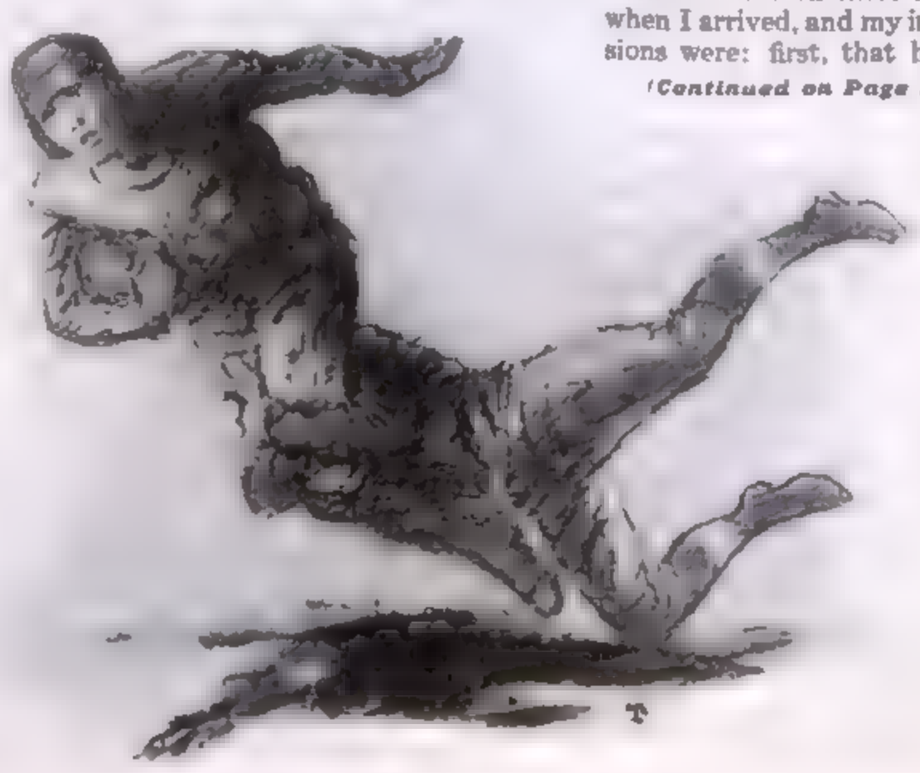
"Well, they'll try to bully you into it, morally."

"Oh, no," he objected. "It isn't like that. Don't let's talk about it now, Vienna. It's such a swell night."

Such a swell night! When I think of my own love passages at Princeton, I always summon up that night of Dolly's, as if it had been I and not he who sat there with youth and hope and beauty in his arms.

Dolly's mother took a place on Ram's Point, Long Island, for the summer, and late in August I went East to visit him. Vienna had been there a week when I arrived, and my impressions were: first, that he was

(Continued on Page 97)



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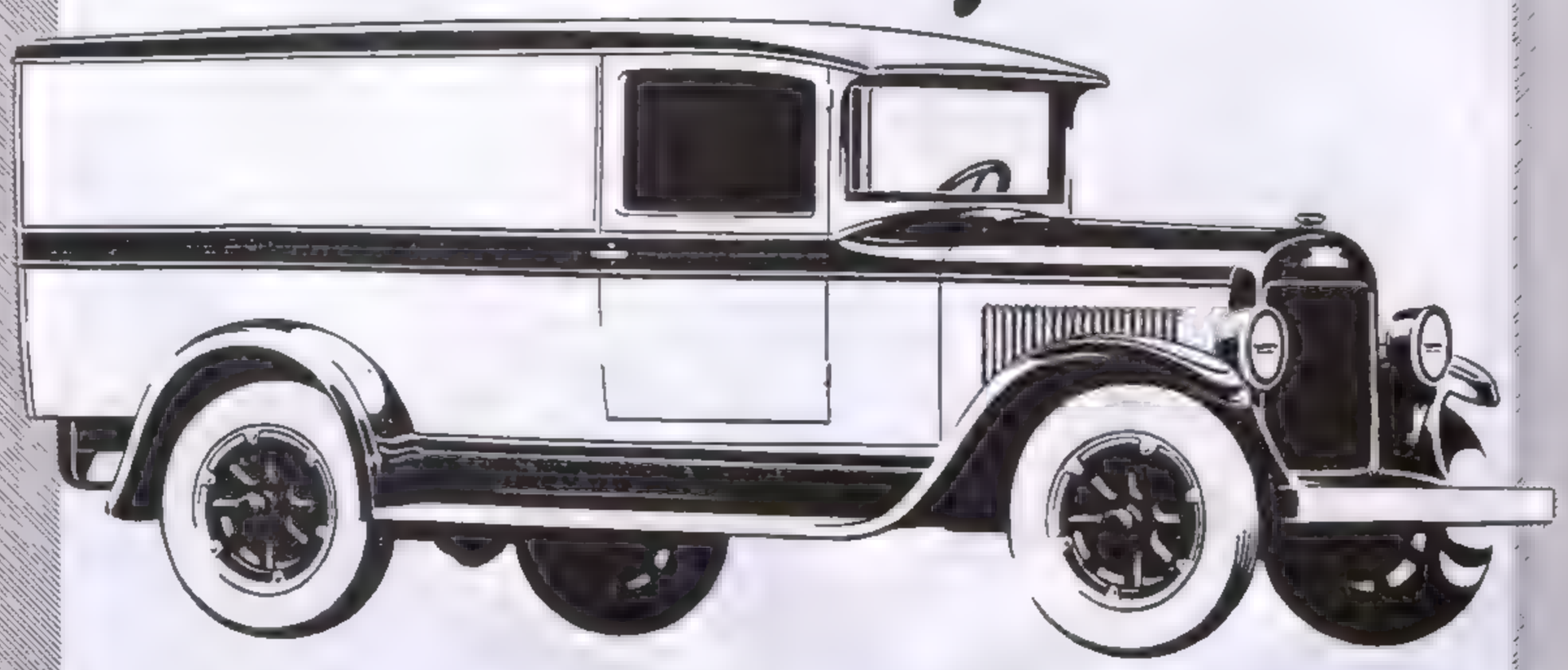

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(Continued from Page 94)

very much in love; and, second, that it was Vienna's party. All sorts of curious people used to drop in to see Vienna. I wouldn't mind them now—I'm more sophisticated—but then they seemed rather a blot on the summer. They were all slightly famous in one way or another, and it was up to you to find out how. There was a lot of talk, and especially there was much discussion of Vienna's personality. Whenever I was alone with any of the other guests we discussed Vienna's sparkling personality. They thought I was dull, and most of them thought Dolly was dull. He was better in his line than any of them were in theirs, but his was the only specialty that wasn't mentioned. Still, I felt vaguely that I was being improved and I boasted about knowing most of those people in the ensuing year, and was annoyed when people failed to recognize their names.

The day before I left, Dolly turned his ankle playing tennis, and afterward he joked about it to me rather somberly.

"If I'd only broken it things would be so much easier. Just a quarter of an inch more bend and one of the bones would have snapped. By the way, look here."

He tossed me a letter. It was a request that he report at Princeton for practice on September fifteenth and that meanwhile he begin getting himself in good condition.

"You're not going to play this fall?"

He shook his head.

"No. I'm not a child any more. I've played for two years and I want this year free. If I went through it again it'd be a piece of moral cowardice."

"I'm not arguing, but—would you have taken this stand if it hadn't been for Vienna?"

"Of course I would. If I let myself be bullied into it I'd never be able to look myself in the face again."

Two weeks later I got the following letter:

Dear Jeff: When you read this you'll be somewhat surprised. I have, actually, this time, broken my ankle playing tennis. I can't even walk with crutches at present; it's on a chair in front of me swollen up and wrapped up as big as a house as I write. No one, not even Vienna, knows about our conversation on the same subject last summer and so let us both absolutely forget it. One thing, though—an ankle is a darn hard thing to break, though I never knew it before.

I feel happier than I have for years—no early-season practice, no sweat and suffer, a little discomfort and inconvenience, but free. I feel as if I've outwitted a whole lot of people, and it's nobody's business but that of your

Machiavellian (sic) friend,

DOLLY.

P. S. You might as well tear up this letter.

It didn't sound like Dolly at all.

V

ONCE down at Princeton I asked Frank Kane—who sells sporting goods on Nassau Street and can tell you offhand the name of the scrub quarterback in 1901—what was the matter with Bob Tatnall's team senior year.

"Injuries and tough luck," he said. "They wouldn't sweat after the hard games. Take Joe McDonald, for instance, All-American tackle the year before; he was slow and stale, and he knew it and didn't care. It's a wonder Bill got that outfit through the season at all."

I sat in the stands with Dolly and watched them beat Lehigh 3–0 and tie Bucknell by a fluke. The next week we were trimmed 14–0 by Notre Dame. On the day of the Notre Dame game Dolly was in Washington with Vienna, but he was awfully curious about it when he came back next day. He had all the sporting pages of all the papers and he sat reading them and shaking his head. Then he stuffed them suddenly into the waste-paper basket.

"This college is football crazy," he announced. "Do you know that English teams don't even train for sports?"

I didn't enjoy Dolly so much in those days. It was curious to see him with nothing to do. For the first time in his life he hung around—around the room, around the club, around casual groups—he who had always been going somewhere with dynamic indolence. His passage along a walk had once created groups—groups of classmates who wanted to walk with him, of underclassmen who followed with their eyes a moving shrine. He became democratic, he mixed around, and it was somehow not appropriate. He explained that he wanted to know more men in his class.

But people want their idols a little above them, and Dolly had been a sort of private and special idol. He began to hate to be alone, and that, of course, was most apparent to me. If I got up to go out and he didn't happen to be writing a letter to Vienna, he'd ask "Where are you going?" in a rather alarmed way and make an excuse to limp along with me.

"Are you glad you did it, Dolly?" I asked him suddenly one day.

He looked at me with reproach behind the defiance in his eyes.

"Of course I'm glad."

"I wish you were in that back field, all the same."

"It wouldn't matter a bit. This year's game's in the Bowl. I'd probably be dropping kicks for them."

The week of the Navy game he suddenly began going to all the practices. He worried; that terrible sense of responsibility was at work. Once he had hated the mention of football; now he thought and talked of nothing else. The night before the Navy game I woke up several times to find the lights burning brightly in his room.

We lost 7 to 3 on Navy's last-minute forward pass over Devlin's head. After the first half Dolly left the stands and sat down with the players on the field. When he joined me afterward his face was smudgy and dirty as if he had been crying.

The game was in Baltimore that year. Dolly and I were going to spend the night in Washington with Vienna, who was giving a dance. We rode over there in an atmosphere of sullen gloom and it was all I could do to keep him from snapping out at two naval officers who were holding an exultant post mortem in the seat behind.

The dance was what Vienna called her second coming-out party. She was having only the people she liked this time, and these turned out to be chiefly importations from New York. The musicians, the playwrights, the vague supernumeraries of the arts, who had dropped in at Dolly's house on Ram's Point, were here in force. But Dolly, relieved of his obligations as host, made no clumsy attempt to talk their language that night. He stood moodily against the wall with some of that old air of superiority that had first made me want to know him. Afterward, on my way to bed, I passed Vienna's sitting room and she called me to come in. She and Dolly, both a little white, were sitting across the room from each other and there was tensity in the air.

"Sit down, Jeff," said Vienna wearily. "I want you to witness the collapse of a man into a schoolboy." I sat down reluctantly. "Dolly's changed his mind," she said. "He prefers football to me."

"That's not it," said Dolly stubbornly.

"I don't see the point," I objected. "Dolly can't possibly play."

"But he thinks he can. Jeff, just in case you imagine I'm being pig-headed about it, I want to tell you a story. Three years ago, when we first came back to the United States, father put my young brother in school. One afternoon we all went out to see him play football. Just after the game started he was hurt, but father said, 'It's all right. He'll be up in a minute. It happens all the time.' But, Jeff, he never got up. He lay there, and finally they carried him off the field and put a blanket over him. Just as we got to him he died."

She looked from one to the other of us and began to sob convulsively. Dolly went over, frowning, and put his arm around her shoulder.

"Oh, Dolly," she cried, "won't you do this for me—just this one little thing for me?"

He shook his head miserably. "I tried, but I can't," he said.

"It's my stuff, don't you understand, Vienna? People have got to do their stuff."

Vienna had risen and was powdering her tears at a mirror; now she flashed around angrily.

"Then I've been laboring under a misapprehension when I supposed you felt about it much as I did."

"Let's not go over all that. I'm tired of talking, Vienna; I'm tired of my own voice. It seems to me that no one I know does anything but talk any more."

"Thanks. I suppose that's meant for me."

"It seems to me your friends talk a great deal. I've never heard so much jabber as I've listened to tonight. Is the idea of actually doing anything repulsive to you, Vienna?"

"It depends upon whether it's worth doing."

"Well, this is worth doing—to me."

"I know your trouble, Dolly," she said bitterly. "You're weak and you want to be admired. This year you haven't had a lot of little boys following you around as if you were Jack Dempsey, and it almost breaks your heart. You want to get out in front of them all and make a show of yourself and hear the applause."

He laughed shortly. "If that's your idea of how a football player feels ——"

"Have you made up your mind to play?" she interrupted.

"If I'm any use to them—yes."

"Then I think we're both wasting our time."

Her expression was ruthless, but Dolly refused to see that she was in earnest. When I got away he was still trying to make her "be rational," and next day on the train he said that Vienna had been "a little nervous." He was deeply in love with her, and he didn't dare think of losing her; but he was still in the grip of the sudden emotion that had decided him to play, and his confusion and exhaustion of mind made him believe vainly that everything was going to be all right. But I had seen that look on Vienna's face the night she talked with Mr. Carl Sanderson at the Frolic two years before.

Dolly didn't get off the train at Princeton Junction, but continued on to New York. He went to two orthopedic specialists and one of them arranged a bandage braced with a whole little fence of whalebones that he was to wear day and night. The probabilities were that it would snap at the first brisk encounter, but he could run on it and stand on it when he kicked. He was out on University Field in uniform the following afternoon.

His appearance was a small sensation. I was sitting in the stands watching practice with Harold Case and young Daisy Cary. She was just beginning to be famous then, and I don't know whether she or Dolly attracted the most attention. In those times it was still rather daring to bring down a moving-picture actress; if that same young lady went to Princeton today she would probably be met at the station with a band.

Dolly limped around and everyone said, "He's limping!" He got under a punt and everyone said, "He did that pretty well!" The first team were laid off after the hard Navy game and everyone watched Dolly all afternoon. After practice I caught his eye and he came over and shook hands. Daisy asked him if he'd like to be in a football picture she was going to make. It was only conversation, but he looked at me with a dry smile.

When he came back to the room his ankle was swollen up as big as a stove pipe, and next day he and Keene fixed up an arrangement by which the bandage would be loosened and tightened to fit its varying size. We called it the balloon. The bone was nearly healed, but the little bruised sinews were stretched out of place again every day. He watched the Swarthmore game from the sidelines and the following Monday he was in scrimmage with the second team against the scrubs.

In the afternoons sometimes he wrote to Vienna. His theory was that they were still engaged, but he tried not to worry about it, and I think the very pain that kept him awake at night was good for that. When the season was over he would go and see.

We played Harvard and lost 7 to 3. Jack Devlin's collar bone was broken and he was out for the season, which made it almost sure that Dolly would play. Amid the rumors and the fears of mid-November the news aroused a spark of hope in an otherwise morbid undergraduate body—hope all out of proportion to Dolly's condition. He came back to the room the Thursday before the game with his face drawn and tired.

"They're going to start me," he said, "and I'm going to be back for punts. If they only knew ——"

"Couldn't you tell Bill how you feel about that?"

He shook his head and I had a sudden suspicion that he was punishing himself for his "accident" last August. He lay silently on the couch while I packed his suitcase for the team train.

The actual day of the game was, as usual, like a dream—unreal with its crowds of friends and relatives and the inessential trappings of a gigantic show. The eleven little men who ran out on the field at last were like bewitched figures in another world, strange and infinitely romantic, blurred by a throbbing mist of people and sound. One aches with them intolerably, trembles with their excitement, but they have no traffic with us now, they are beyond help, consecrated and unreachable—vaguely holy.

The field is rich and green, the preliminaries are over and the teams trickle out into position. Head guards are put on; each man claps his hands and breaks into a lonely little dance. People are still talking around you, arranging themselves, but you have fallen silent and your eye wanders from man to man. There's Jack Whitehead, a senior, at end; Joe McDonald, large and reassuring, at tackle; Toole, a sophomore, at guard; Red Hopman, center; someone you can't identify at the other guard—Bunker probably—he turns and you see his number—Bunker; Bean Gile, looking unnaturally dignified and significant at the other tackle; Poore, another sophomore at end. Back of them is Wash Sampson at quarter—imagine how he feels! But he runs here and there on light feet, speaking to this man and that, trying to communicate his alertness and his confidence of success. Dolly Harlan stands motionless, his hands on his hips, watching the Yale kicker tee up the ball; near him is Captain Bob Tatnall ——

There's the whistle! The line of the Yale team sways ponderously forward from its balance and a split second afterward comes the sound of the ball. The field streams with running figures and the whole Bowl strains forward as if thrown by the current of an electric chair.

Suppose we fumbled right away.

Tatnall catches it, goes back ten yards, is surrounded and blotted out of sight. Spears goes through center for three. A short pass, Sampson to Tatnall, is completed, but for no gain. Harlan punts to Devereaux, who is downed in his tracks on the Yale forty-yard line.

Now we'll see what they've got.

It developed immediately that they had a great deal. Using an effective crisscross and a short pass over center, they carried the ball fifty-four yards to the Princeton six-yard line, where they lost it on a fumble, recovered by Red Hopman. After a trade of punts, they began another push, this time to the fifteen-yard line, where, after four hair-raising forward passes, two of them batted down by Dolly, we got the ball on downs. But Yale was still fresh and strong, and with a third onslaught the weaker Princeton line began to give way.

(Continued on Page 100)

THE *Fastest*

FOUR IN AMERICA

HAS ALSO PROVED ITSELF THE *Finest*

Six months on the highways of the world have established this car's right, beyond dispute, to the title "America's Fastest and Finest Four".

If mile-a-minute performance, lightning acceleration, custom beauty, and limousine comfort, were all it possessed, the story would not be half so impressive.

In Dodge Brothers Four these are simply the *outward* expression of exceptional inward fineness. No Dodge Brothers Four in thirteen years of quality building has been built so well.

Traditional Dodge Brothers standards of inspection and workmanship have been more than adhered to—they have been advanced to even higher levels.

Materials that go into the building of this car are selected with every advantage of Dodge Brothers vast purchasing resources, and fabricated with minute precision.

Every point that sustains excessive stress is fortified by the finest metals that the world's markets afford.

The performance, comfort and style you get in Dodge Brothers Four are not therefore the fleeting attributes of *newness.* They are deep-rooted in the car's structural quality—the surest guarantee of long and dependable service at low cost.

Now equipped with Steeldraulic 4-wheel brakes at no extra cost.

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FULL FACTORY EQUIPMENT

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ALSO BUILDERS OF TWO LINES OF SIXES—THE VICTORY AND THE SENIOR

When you want all the fun and joy of music in your home, you'll buy an Allen Portable. There's nothing like it for all 'round sport and entertainment. Allen Portables have all the new musical features.

They play all records perfectly, and give you the snappiest music you've ever heard!

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HEAR AND SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

ALLEN PORTABLES

ALLEN HOUGH MFG. CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

(Continued from Page 97)

Just after the second quarter began Devereaux took the ball over for a touchdown and the half ended with Yale in possession of the ball on our ten-yard line. Score, Yale, 7; Princeton, 0.

We hadn't a chance. The team was playing above itself, better than it had played all year, but it wasn't enough. Save that it was the Yale game, when anything could happen, anything *had* happened, the atmosphere of gloom would have been deeper than it was, and in the cheering section you could cut it with a knife.

Early in the game Dolly Harlan had fumbled Devereaux's high punt, but recovered without gain; toward the end of the half another kick slipped through his fingers, but he scooped it up and, slipping past the end, went back twelve yards. Between halves he told Roper he couldn't seem to get under the ball, but they kept him there. His own kicks were carrying well and he was essential in the only back-field combination that could hope to score.

After the first play of the game he limped slightly, moving around as little as possible to conceal the fact. But I knew enough about football to see that he was in every play, starting at that rather slow pace of his and finishing with a quick side lunge that almost always took out his man. Not a single Yale forward pass was finished in his territory, but toward the end of the third quarter he dropped another kick – backed around in a confused little circle under it, lost it and recovered on the five-yard line just in time to avert a certain score. That made the third time, and I saw Ed Kimball throw off his blanket and begin to warm up on the sidelines.

Just at that point our luck began to change. From a kick formation, with Dolly set to punt from behind our goal, Howard Bement, who had gone in for Wash Sampson at quarter, took the ball through the center of the line, got by the secondary defense and ran twenty-six yards before he was pulled down. Captain Tasker, of Yale, had gone out with a twisted knee, and Princeton began to pile plays through his substitute, between Bean Gile and Hopman, with George Spears and sometimes Bob Tatnall carrying the ball. We went up to the Yale forty-yard line, lost the ball on a fumble and recovered it on another as the third quarter ended. A wild ripple of enthusiasm ran through the Princeton stands. For the first time we had the ball in their territory with first down and the possibility of tying the score. You could hear the tenseness growing all around you in the intermission; it was reflected in the excited movements of the cheer leaders and the uncontrollable patches of sound that leaped out of the crowd, catching up voices here and there and swelling to an undisciplined roar.

I saw Kimball dash out on the field and report to the referee and I thought Dolly was through at last, and was glad, but it was Bob Tatnall who came out, sobbing, and brought the Princeton side cheering to its feet.

With the first play pandemonium broke loose and continued to the end of the game. At intervals it would swoon away to a plaintive humming; then it would rise to the intensity of wind and rain and thunder, and beat across the twilight from one side of the Bowl to the other like the agony of lost souls swinging across a gap in space.

The teams lined up on Yale's forty-one yard line and Spears immediately dashed off tackle for six yards. Again he carried the ball—he was a wild unpopular Southerner with inspired moments—going through the same hole for five more and a first down. Dolly made two on a cross buck and Spears was held at center. It was third down, with the ball on Yale's twenty-nine-yard line and eight to go.

There was some confusion immediately behind me, some pushing and some voices; a man was sick or had fainted—I never discovered which. Then my view was blocked out for a minute by rising bodies and then everything went definitely crazy. Substitutes were jumping around down on the field, waving their blankets, the air was full of hats, cushions, coats and a deafening roar. Dolly Harlan, who had scarcely carried the ball a dozen times in his Princeton career, had picked a long pass from Kimball out of the air and, dragging a tackler, struggled five yards to the Yale goal.

VI

SOME time later the game was over. There was a bad moment when Yale began another attack, but there was no scoring and Bob Tatnall's eleven had redeemed a mediocre season by tying a better Yale team. For us there was the feel of victory about it, the exaltation if not the jubilance, and the Yale faces issuing from out the Bowl wore the look of defeat. It would be a good year, after all—a good fight at the last, a tradition for next year's team. Our class—those of us who cared—would go out from Princeton without the taste of final defeat. The symbol stood—such as it was; the banners blew proudly in the wind. All that is childish? Find us something to fill the niche of victory.

I waited for Dolly outside the dressing rooms until almost everyone had come out; then, as he still lingered, I went in. Someone had given him a little brandy, and since he never drank much, it was swimming in his head.

"Have a chair, Jeff." He smiled, broadly and happily. "Rubber! Tony! Get the distinguished guest a chair. He's an intellectual and he wants to interview one of the bone-headed athletes. Tony, this is Mr. Deering. They've got everything in this funny Bowl but armchairs. I love this Bowl. I'm going to build here."

He fell silent, thinking about all things happily. He was content. I persuaded him to dress—there were people waiting for us. Then he insisted on walking out upon the field, dark now, and feeling the crumbled turf with his shoe.

He picked up a divot from a cleat and let it drop, laughed, looked distracted for a minute, and turned away.

With Tad Davis, Daisy Cary and another girl, we drove to New York. He sat beside Daisy and was silly, charming and attractive. For the first time since I'd known him he talked about the game naturally, even with a touch of vanity.

"For two years I was pretty good and I was always mentioned at the bottom of the column as being among those who played. This year I dropped three punts and slowed up every play till Bob Tatnall kept yelling at me, 'I don't see why they won't take you out!' But a pass not even aimed at me fell in my arms and I'll be in the headlines tomorrow."

He laughed. Somebody touched his foot; he winced and turned white.

"How did you hurt it?" Daisy asked. "In football?"

"I hurt it last summer," he said shortly.

"It must have been terrible to play on it."

"It was."

"I suppose you had to."

"That's the way sometimes."

They understood each other. They were both workers; sick or well, there were things that Daisy also had to do. She spoke of how, with a vile cold, she had had to fall into an open-air lagoon out in Hollywood the winter before.

"Six times—with a fever of a hundred and two. But the production was costing ten thousand dollars a day."

"Couldn't they use a double?"

"They did whenever they could—I only fell in when it had to be done."

She was eighteen and I compared her background of courage and independence and achievement, of politeness based upon realities of coöperation, with that of most society girls I had known. There was no way in which she wasn't inestimably their superior—if she had looked for a moment my way—but it was Dolly's shining velvet eyes that signaled to her own.

"Can't you go out with me tonight?" I heard her ask him.

He was sorry, but he had to refuse. Vienna was in New York; she was going to see him. I didn't know, and Dolly didn't know, whether there was to be a reconciliation or a good-by.

When she dropped Dolly and me at the Ritz there was real regret, that lingering form of it, in both their eyes.

"There's a marvelous girl," Dolly said. I agreed. "I'm going up to see Vienna. Will you get a room for us at the Madison?"

So I left him. What happened between him and Vienna I don't know; he has never spoken about it to this day. But what happened later in the evening was brought to my attention by several surprised and even indignant witnesses to the event.

Dolly walked into the Ambassador Hotel about ten o'clock and went to the desk to ask for Miss Cary's room. There was a crowd around the desk, among them some Yale or Princeton undergraduates from the game. Several of them had been celebrating and evidently one of them knew Daisy and had tried to get her room by phone. Dolly was abstracted and he must have made his way through them in a somewhat brusque way and asked to be connected with Miss Cary.

One young man stepped back, looked at him unpleasantly and said, "You seem to be in an awful hurry. Just who are you?"

There was one of those slight silent pauses and the people near the desk all turned to look. Something happened inside Dolly; he felt as if life had arranged his rôle to make possible this particular question—a question that now he had no choice but to answer. Still, there was silence. The small crowd waited.

"Why, I'm Dolly Harlan," he said deliberately. "What do you think of that?"

It was quite outrageous. There was a pause and then a sudden little flurry and chorus: "Dolly Harlan! What? What did he say?"

The clerk had heard the name; he gave it as the phone was answered from Miss Cary's room.

"Mr. Harlan's to go right up, please."

Dolly turned away, alone with his achievement, taking it for once to his breast. He found suddenly that he would not have it long so intimately; the memory would outlive the triumph and even the triumph would outlive the glow in his heart that was best of all. Tall and straight, an image of victory and pride, he moved across the lobby, oblivious alike to the fate ahead of him or the small chatter behind.

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Throughout the Great Woods of Canada and New England, the superlative Maple Sugar used in the Log Cabin blend is obtained. The finest Maple sap in the world is obtained in those districts.

Plenty of butter, lots of Log Cabin is the real pancake "secret". Warming the syrup first gives an added richness.

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More than that percentage of school children want their pancakes served that way. Thus, pancakes served with Log Cabin Syrup digest more easily than otherwise. For foods that stimulate the appetite are easiest to digest.

Thousands of housewives are forever ending the haphazard ordering of just "syrup" and specifying Log Cabin. Costs only a few cents more than ordinary syrup.

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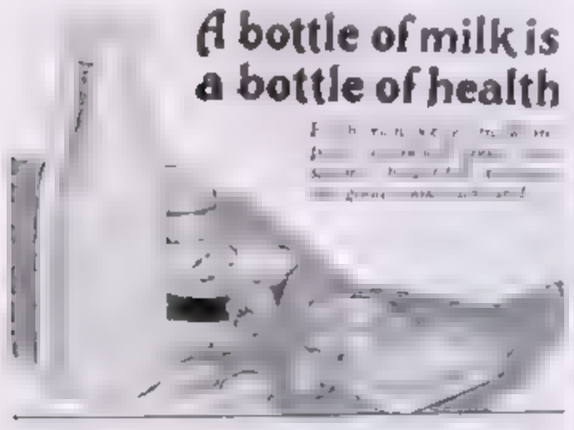

See What You Buy—
BUY IN GLASS

THERE'S A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN WOMEN

(Continued from Page 81)

being told, which people are important to see, have some trained judgment to use when a question happens to come up when she's alone."

A fat tear coursed down Virginia's other cheek.

"I'm doing the best I can," she said. A humble enough remark, but there was more of feminine resentment than humility in the tone.

"You are not doing the best you can," said Hugh flatly. "You don't take one single particle of genuine interest in this concession that you're supposed to be helping me investigate. You've never asked me one intelligent question about it. Doing your best! You copy my field log and write a few letters. Any girl who could use a typewriter could do that. You ask me politely every evening how the day has gone, and then don't listen when I tell you. You've copied the phrase 'a ninety-day separatist's allowance' a dozen times, and I'll bet you haven't the faintest idea of what it means, and haven't made the slightest effort to find out. I'll bet you don't even know why I was so anxious to get in touch with Kounin tonight."

Virginia made a desperate floundering effort to recall the reason, but was, unfortunately, unable to do so.

"You knew we were coming here two months before we started, and we had nearly a month on the way," Hugh went on relentlessly, "and you didn't so much as learn to say good morning in Russian. When we got here you didn't know the difference between a kopeck and a ruble. You hadn't had time to find out—you were too busy playing deck games and flirting with the ship's doctor."

"I wasn't flirting, and, besides, you said you didn't mind Doctor Parker."

"I didn't mind Doctor Parker, and I don't mind your flirting, anyway, but I don't see any reason why the company should be paying you a salary for it. Doing your best! The only job you've even tried to put your mind on has been collecting a bunch of souvenirs for some piddling women's club lectures."

"They are not piddling lectures!" Virginia blazed. That, someway, was the crowning insult.

"What do the clubs pay you for giving them—a lettuce sandwich and a cup of tea and a lot of hooey? You notice that when they pay out any cash for a lecture they get a professional lecturer."

There was a long silence. Then:

"I'm glad to learn"—Virginia's voice quivered like a bit of vine in a windstorm—"just what you think of your wife and the mother of your son."

"I'm talking to my secretary. I'd never have brought a wife along on a trip like this. And I'm paying Miss Jessop a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to stay at home and act as the mother of my son."

Virginia's eyes, which had been unseeing in the myopia of helpless rage, came suddenly to focus on the yellow corner of an envelope sticking out of the corner of Hugh's sweater pocket. Angry grievance, smarting pride, every other feeling vanished in the steep sinking of panic.

"Is that a cable?"

Hugh glanced down at his own pocket, following the terrified intensity of her gaze, nodded carelessly.

"From Tommy?"

"No, from the office."

"Oh!" The reprieve of it!

"They say to go on up the Oda. They've got my report and say to go ahead. We'll have to camp—there's no village there."

Virginia listened absently. The heavenly relief of finding that the terrifying cable had been on a matter of no importance! Hugh drew out of his pocket, with it, three unopened letters. The tardy mail had at last arrived. All of the letters were in the round schoolgirl hand that contrasted so oddly with Miss Jessop's capability. Virginia tore them open hungrily. The one written last she read first, of course. As she read, the tiny pinched areas of paleness came out beside her delicate nostrils.

—— and he don't seem to take to the spinach and carrots very good. Between you and I, I think Doctor Warner starts such things too young. All the other doctors I have ever worked under go cautiouser. I wouldn't have me saying this get back to the dr. for a million dollars, but as I promised you, woman to woman, to write you every little thing, I feel it's my duty to. You can't be too careful when anybody's in Siberia. I have a little cold myself today, but I don't think it will amount to anything. If it should be grippe, I'll have Doctor Warner put in a trained nurse like Mr. Morrow said, but I'll hold up if I can, because there are plenty of trained nurses that are very good for addults, but don't know beans about babies.

And there was an apprehensive postscript.

Dont breathe to Doctor Warner that I said a word about the carrots and spinach. Don't even tell Mr. Morrow, because men are likely to talk.

"Hugh, Tommy's sick!"

Hugh turned, startled, anxiety as sharp in his eyes as it was in his wife's; censure, resentment, irritation at each other scuttling away from them both like frightened little animals before the first far hint of a forest fire.

"Oh, I've felt it all day—that's what's made me feel so queer. It was premonition."

"Let's see what Miss Jessop says." Hugh took the letter, read it at a glance. Then looked up at Virginia, puzzled. "Is this all that makes you think he's sick?" She nodded, her lips quivering childishly. "But, my dear, this letter was written over three weeks ago. And it doesn't even say he's sick. If he had been we'd have heard long before this by cable."

"She'd only cable if he was dangerously sick—and then it might be too late for us to get back."

"But he isn't dangerously sick or we'd have heard. And what could you do, even if he were and you were there, any more than Doctor Warner and Miss Jessop would do?" Hugh frowned at the round childish writing disapprovingly. "I thought she had too good sense to write a fool letter like this, worrying you for nothing."

"It isn't nothing. I have a right to know the little things. If Tommy's sick I want to worry! Suppose Miss Jessop gets the grippe and gives it to Tommy. Babies d—— babies sometimes don't get over grippe. And she's right, too, that some trained nurses aren't good with babies."

"But"—reasonably—"do you think one of the best baby specialists in New York City is likely to put in a nurse that isn't good with babies?"

"The best specialist in New York l-loses some babies. And T-T-Tommy ——" Virginia couldn't go on.

"Listen, dear"—Hugh was far more patient with his son's mother than with his secretary—"listen, dear, you're all overwrought. Let's try to look at this thing reasonably. First of all, Tommy isn't really sick or we'd have heard. And there isn't one chance in a hundred of a healthy baby under expert care getting sick. That one chance we knew that we had to take when we left him."

But Virginia was not listening. She ripped open the two earlier letters, raced through them.

"'He's learning to cl-clap his hands,' she says—he's got such fat soft little hands. Oh, Hugh, if anything happened to Tommy while we're away I—I couldn't bear it!"

"*C'est la guerre*," "have to bear my anxiety just as a man would bear it," "one of the things we modern women are up against, you know"—empty phrases, as dull to anxious ears as the strokes of a muffled bell; brash, untested phrases that had rung sweet enough, perhaps, when one's child was safe and near—Tommy, clapping his soft fat little hands, Tommy clinging tight to her finger, looking up at her helplessly.

"Hugh, I can't stand it; I want to go home! Can't we go back now?"

"Why, my dear, how could we? How could we possibly? We've come here on a big, important job. It's cost thousands of dollars to get us here. We've got to see it through."

"What are thousands of dollars compared with our own baby; they wouldn't buy him back!"

"But they don't happen to be our thousands. Besides, there's more to it than that—a job is always more than the money. There's gold here, lumber there, foodstuffs another place—they've all got to be found and got into circulation or everything would stop."

Hugh was a man of action, not of words. Not for him to explain the thing he felt - this vague, ideal sense of a vast world economy—resources from everywhere being found and used for progress everywhere—his own unanalyzed, fierce sense of pride at being one cog in so mighty a wheel.

He could only pat Virginia reassuringly on the back.

"Come on, honey, buck up. You always say you're a business woman. Well, this is business."

Business! To a woman who had never even known before what she did feel—that new lives are the most important business of the world. The two of them, calling to each other across a chasm that words and theories could never bridge.

"If we go on up the Oda"—Virginia was sobbing now in unrestrained panic—"we'll be farther away than ever. And it will be a month at least—maybe three—oh, Hugh, I can't—I can't! I've got to go home to Tommy!"

For a minute or two Hugh looked at her silently. Baffled at first, then considering. Suddenly his eyes cleared and sharpened in quick decision.

"Virginia," he asked, "if I drop everything here and take you as far as Chang-Chun, to the Japanese railway, will you undertake to get from there on home alone?"

Incredulous relief leaped in Virginia's eyes.

"Can you, Hugh? Oh, can you? Will you?"

Her husband was already considering ways and means.

"I'll wire Wilson to meet you at Yokohama and help you get your boat. If you miss connections with him—let's see ——"

"It will take you four days to take me to Chang-Chun, though, won't it? Two there and two back? Maybe—maybe we shouldn't ——"

Despite her agony of hope and relief, Virginia was really trying to be fair. Hugh drew a pencil from the pocket of his flannel shirt, with his right hand, and, with his left, rumpled his wife's corn-silk hair, tumbled it down over her tear-streaked face—a typical husband gesture, affectionate, teasing. And he laughed a little, too, amused, indulgent, and more than a little relieved.

"My dear," he said, "it's worth four days of my time to any company to get you off my hands until this job is done."

It was November when Hugh reached home, under a very constellation of auspicious stars. Their last home-coming had been in midsummer—August—when even New York's most loyal lovers admit she is at her least attractive. The maid, written in advance to have their apartment ready—swept and garnished—had not appeared; deposing later, of course, that she had never received the letter. So they had found their rooms lying under a gray coat of dust and smelling flatly of closed windows. There was obviously nothing to eat in the house, and the restaurant to which they had repaired reluctantly—having had, in faith,

(Continued on Page 104)

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GLOVER'S
KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

(Continued from Page 102)

enough of restaurants on the trip—had been hot and crowded, and the dinner had smacked of hours in the steam cookers. Then, too, there had been the dulling lack—inevitable since they had come together—of having nobody to come home to. They had both been a little cross in the time of anticlimax.

It was already dusk tonight when Hugh left the suburban train at an unfamiliar station.

"I've taken Marge Throckmorton's house for six months," Virginia had written him two weeks after her safe arrival home. "The city is frightful and there's no comfort, boarding with a baby. Her house is only forty-eight minutes out and it's all furnished. I'm going to try to sublet our apartment. I hope you won't mind. Some other people wanted Marge's house, so I had to act quickly—there wasn't any time to consult you."

There was a little cluster of stores and markets down by the station, their yellow lights cheerful through the chill gray dusk. Beyond them, creeping up a shadowy hill, were the scattered bright windows of homes.

Virginia, her slimness muffled in a tan sports coat, a small tan hat pulled down over her bright hair, breathed with the shallow, quick breath of anticipation as she searched for a familiar figure among the dark shifting groups of commuters. Suddenly, under a station light, she saw Hugh.

He was carrying a traveling bag; and a folded newspaper stuck out of his overcoat pocket; his soft hat was pulled low over his eyes. Surely no figure unusual enough to be dramatic, despite the dominant male swing of his shoulders, the gallant, hard-riding lines that his merely wearing it always seemed to give to the most conventional felt. Yet Virginia, running to him across the platform, was swept along by an almost sickening intensity of joy.

It was as though three months of absence had scoured away all the dull tarnish of the commonplace, leaving romance as she had known it first, breathlessly unfamiliar, shining with a brightness almost too dazzling to be borne—the instant when Hugh's eyes, sweeping the dark platform, found her; the masculinity of his eager stride; the hard strength of his arms as he dropped his bag and swept her off her feet; the ride home in the jouncy station taxi, her face pressed against the roughness of his shoulder.

Marge Throckmorton's house—theirs for tonight—shone bright from every window—a modern, electrical version of the ancient feudal welcome—all candles burning when the lord of the manor comes home. Inside, Tommy, in blue rompers, in the middle of the living-room rug, pink, plump, gurgling, with a funny, lone front tooth, unbelievably grown; a capacious colored woman setting the table in the dining room; the faint fragrance of coffee.

Hugh, like a boy let loose from school, penitent for any past irritability, prodigal with love, skylarking with the relief of a job over and done, helped put Tommy to bed, marveling over every rosy crease, every pink toe, as though this were the only baby in the world so endowed. Surely it must be unusual for a child of eight months to effect such a combination of sounds as could be, with affectionate determination, construed into "daddy."

There were all Hugh's favorite dishes for dinner, his little secret tastes remembered—fried apples, white with powdered sugar, spiced currants, crusty, clove-dotted baked ham, his special Petit Gruyère with the coffee.

"Mary," Virginia explained, with an explanatory glance toward the kitchen, "is going to stay tonight and do the dishes. She comes once a week to do the cleaning, and we can get her for two evenings a week to stay with the baby if we want to go out."

Hugh nodded approvingly, all domestic details shrouded in the rosy haze of homecoming. He talked a little about the gold fields along the upper Oda, and Virginia listened, approving, too, wrapped in the same rosy haze; even so uninteresting a subject as gold fields glowing for her because it interested Hugh.

After dinner, arm in arm, they inspected Marge Throckmorton's house. Marge, it appeared, desired to sell it.

"It would be just the place for us, honey." Virginia was an eager advocate. "It's near enough for commuting, and there are awfully nice neighbors and a doctor that, everyone says, is wonderful with babies—not that Tommy looks as though he'd ever need a doctor, but just to be on the safe side, you know. It wouldn't cost us so much, in the long run, as five rooms in town," she went on enthusiastically. "There's a big yard and this gorgeous upstairs porch. And Mrs. Burton's house is so near, I'd never be afraid to stay alone."

Hugh listened approvingly through several other householding advantages. But suddenly he stopped her.

"But look here, sweetie, how about the commuting? For you, I mean. Are you going to have the strength to stand up to it?"

Virginia twisted a handy button on his coat in obvious embarrassment.

"Well, I—that is—to tell the truth, Hugh, I've given up my job."

"You've what?" incredulously.

"I've figured it all out"—her words came tumbling out in breathless avalanche—"and I've been trying it out for these two months, besides. Why, Hugh, keeping house and taking care of the baby myself, I can actually save more than my salary."

She paused triumphantly, as one who has made a startling new discovery. But Hugh failed to be amazed.

"Of course you can, I've known that right along, but I thought you wanted to—to be economically independent, live your own life, express yourself. That's what you've always said—that you didn't want to be sidetracked into a dull domestic job, to be left out of the interesting work of the world, to do mere mechanical housework in the suburbs." Oh, all the glib modern phrases of Freddy and her friends were familiar enough to Hugh.

"Housework is not dull when you use vitamins and budgets and things," Virginia denied. "I really don't see where Freddy got the idea that it is. I can't see that even washing dishes is any more mechanical than pounding a typewriter."

"But you always said yourself — "

"You know, really," Virginia interrupted, "an office is the dullest place in the world, once you get to thinking about it. And traveling all over the world sounds fine to talk about after you get back, but heaven only knows what they put in that soup. And you with your mind on business all the time and crosser than two sticks. And what's it all for? 'The interesting work of the world,' your grandmother! How anybody who's ever had anything to do with a baby can be interested in mines!"

"But you always said ——"

"I've been reading a lot of books on child training"—Virginia ignored his protest, insistent herself with the eagerness of the workman who has found his true work—"and, my dear, you'd be amazed! You wouldn't think a child of eight months would have any psychology at all, but Tommy is simply full of it already. And, for my part, I can't see what Freddy and her friends have against suburbs. If I hadn't had this chance to try it, I'd have thought that keeping house in a suburb was just one faint shade better than being in jail. I don't believe those girls know what they're missing. Keeping house is very interesting work and I think a suburb's lovely."

"But you"—Hugh began once more his frequently begun protest. But this time he gave it up himself. He sat looking at his wife, instead, with the familiar, baffled, regular-husband look, wondering helplessly, no doubt, how women ever get to be the way they seem to be. And shortly he gave up the problem completely, baffled, but contentedly, happily indifferent, and drew his pretty little wife's slimness into the curve of his arm, rested his cheek tenderly against the soft brightness of her hair, sighed in the peaceful, glorious relaxation of home-coming.

"I'm sure I don't see why women believe everything that's told them, anyway," she said dreamily. "Just swallow it all, hook, line and sinker. People used to say that women ought to stay in the home, and so they all stayed. Nowadays people are beginning to say that women should get out of the home, and they all feel that they must get right out. Now, what I think"—with dignity—"is that some women belong in a home and some don't. It seems to me that there's a great difference in women."

Gone the gracefully turned argument, the glibly rounded phrases with which Virginia had used to express her convictions. It is so much easier to be glib and graceful about convictions that have been handed to one ready-made. First steps are likely to be childish and bungling. A little real experience is likely to keep one, forever after, from being easily articulate.

Still, Freddy herself might well be proud of her pupil. Virginia, though she looked about nine, curled up in her husband's arms, holding fast to his hand, was beginning, a bit fumblingly, to follow the advice she so often had passed on to all womankind—she was beginning to think for herself!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

The faded fedora I doff.
The former wears turtle-neck sweaters
Emblazoned with frat pins and letters,
And grins at his clamoring debtors
Who payment for raiment demand.
He sings drinking songs with his cronies,
Pays court to the show girls and ponies;
A regular heller,
This frivolous feller
Who brooks no restriction—
The freshman of fiction!

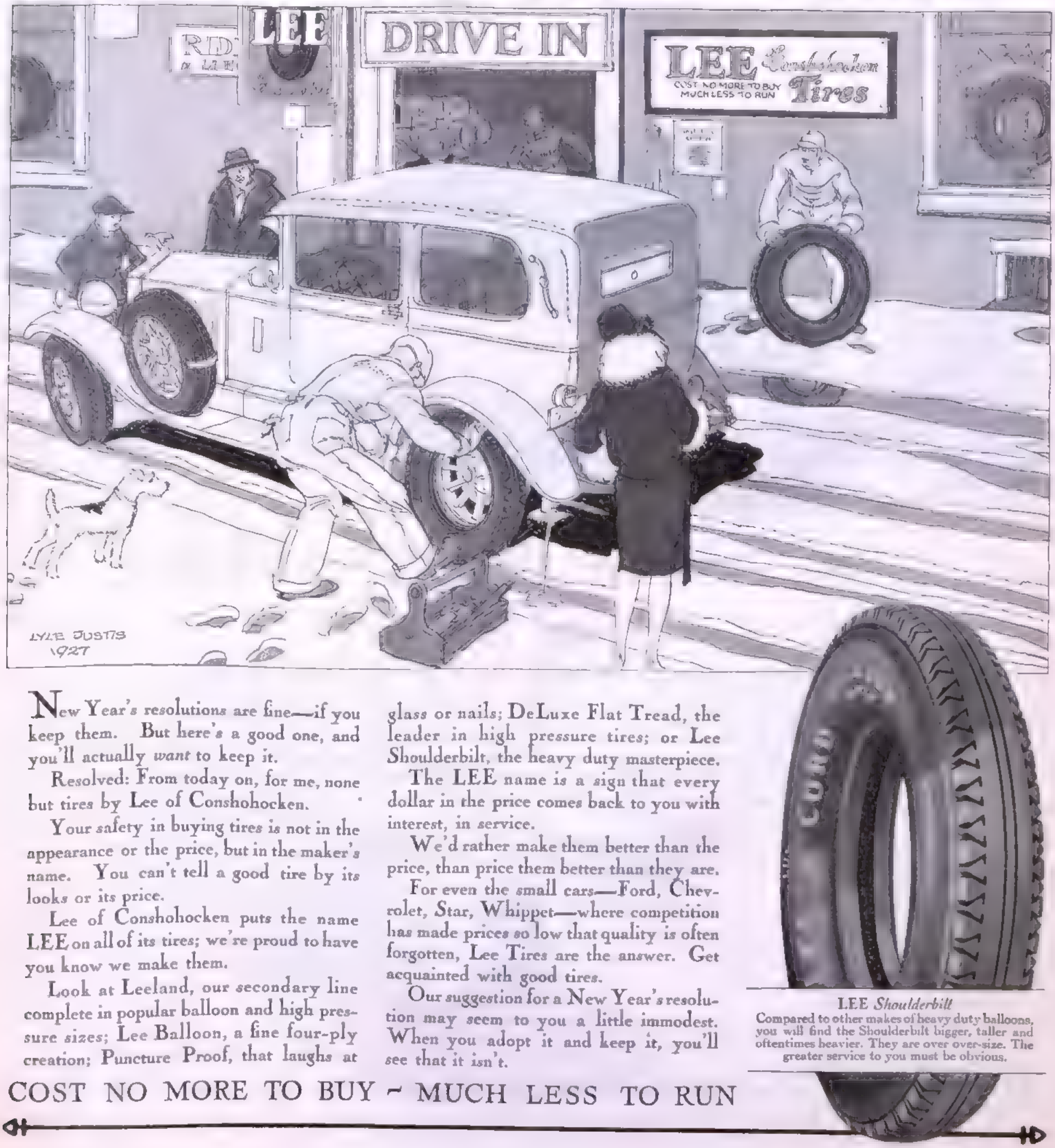
And the standardized freshman of fiction
Taunts the musical-comedy prof.
See the lad smash his slate on his deaf tutor's pate
To the laughter of senior and soph.
The oldster wears glasses and gaiters
And storms at his boners and bailers,
The latter all prominent fraters
Belonging to I Tappa Keg.
The prof is lambasted with bladders,
He's toppled from benches and ladders,
A fossilized fogy
Who puffs on a stogy,
A false-teeth possessor—
The comic professor!

Thus the standardized freshman of fiction
And the musical-comedy prof
Gayly romp on the stage or the magazine page
Though the latter-day college men scoff.
The prof is the school's social lion
But brilliant as gleaming Orion
Is Oswald, the oats-sowing scion
And star of the diamond and track.
As playful as porpoise or grampus,
They grace no legitimate campus,
This muddler and messer—
The comic professor—
This hoary depiction—
The freshman of fiction!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

START THE YEAR RIGHT ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



New Year's resolutions are fine—if you keep them. But here's a good one, and you'll actually *want* to keep it.

Resolved: From today on, for me, none but tires by Lee of Conshohocken.

Your safety in buying tires is not in the appearance or the price, but in the maker's name. You can't tell a good tire by its looks or its price.

Lee of Conshohocken puts the name LEE on all of its tires; we're proud to have you know we make them.

Look at Leeland, our secondary line complete in popular balloon and high pressure sizes; Lee Balloon, a fine four-ply creation; Puncture Proof, that laughs at glass or nails; DeLuxe Flat Tread, the leader in high pressure tires; or Lee Shoulderbilt, the heavy duty masterpiece.

The LEE name is a sign that every dollar in the price comes back to you with interest, in service.

We'd rather make them better than the price, than price them better than they are.

For even the small cars—Ford, Chevrolet, Star, Whippet—where competition has made prices so low that quality is often forgotten, Lee Tires are the answer. Get acquainted with good tires.

Our suggestion for a New Year's resolution may seem to you a little immodest. When you adopt it and keep it, you'll see that it isn't.

LEE *Shoulderbilt*

Compared to other makes of heavy duty balloons, you will find the Shoulderbilt bigger, taller and oftentimes heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

Let the new *Whitman's* package *be your Valentine!*

Chocolates in an assortment trying for the high mark of perfection!

Pink of Perfection is more than a name—it is an aim and an ambition.

Many who have enjoyed it declare it to be the last word in assorted chocolates—their ideal. Whitman's makes a gift distinctive, delightful—a valentine to be enjoyed and remembered.

For variety, there are both milk chocolate and vanilla chocolate coatings on fudge, nuts, creams, caramels, marshmallows, nougat, fruits; and solid milk chocolates. Some of the milk chocolate coatings are mixed with ground almonds.

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Whitman's Chocolates

PINK OF PERFECTION

SAWDUST

(Continued from Page 9)

man who abhors waste." He glanced at John's engrossed face and his air became portentous. "I am about to speak confidentially. Am I understood?"

"I am complimented," said John.

"I have mentioned this matter to no other man in Hempstead. But I am led to discuss it with you—as an expert. There is something upon which I should be grateful for your opinion, if you will step up to my room."

They climbed the stairs to Mr. Fish's apartment and Mr. Fish closed the door with ostentatious caution. Then, from a locked suitcase, he took two objects, one of which seemed to be a brick, the other a section of some sort of board ten inches square by half an inch thick. "What," he asked, "do you think of this material?"

John felt and hefted the objects. "A composition," he said.

"Exceptionally light," said Mr. Fish, "and under tests, miraculously strong and durable. You know, of course, that locomotive wheels have been made of paper?"

"Yes."

"This brick and this board," said Mr. Fish impressively, "are as superior to ordinary brick, or to creosote block, or to the generally known forms of wall board, as your paper wheels are to the archaic wheels of iron or steel."

"No!" exclaimed John.

"Their uses," said Mr. Fish, "are so many as to be incalculable. And"—he paused to nod his head solemnly—"the cost of manufacture, including the raw material, is negligible."

"How," asked John, "do you make it?"

Mr. Fish smiled. "That I cannot tell you. It is a secret formula -so secret that it has been thought best not to patent it. Because it has been offered to me, I have visited this lumber country to investigate the possibilities. And so I am seeking your opinion."

"It is," said John, "incredible."

"I am inclined to agree. If, upon full investigation, I am convinced, I shall buy the formula and erect a plant for manufacture. But first, and very privately, I shall contract for an enormous supply of sawdust—before that commodity acquires a value. I shall contract for millions of tons—for fifty years' supply."

"Amazing! Mr. Fish, I—I am astounded."

"I am convinced," said Mr. Fish, "that it will be an exceptionally profitable enterprise—in short, that every dollar I put into it will return me a hundred dollars. I estimate conservatively."

"Are you," asked John, "thinking of forming a company?"

"No, indeed! I shall handle it myself. Including the cost of the formula and the erection of the plant, the total cost will be under a quarter of a million."

"I don't blame you," said John.

"The only stock I shall allow to pass out of my hands," said Mr. Fish, "will go to a few trusted employes, whom I wish to bind to me and to the interests of the business." He sat back and appeared to consider. Then, almost impulsively, he leaned forward. "Mr. Sand," he said, "you have impressed me. Also you are an experienced lumberman. Should this plan be consummated, would you consider an executive position with me?"

"I would," said John.

"That," said Mr. Fish, smiling, "was my real purpose in bringing about this talk. . . . Your position would, of course, include the privilege of acquiring a small holding of stock."

"I'm surely obliged," said John.

"You comprehend the confidential nature of this talk," said Mr. Fish.

"Perfectly," said John.

"Then," said Mr. Fish, "I may look upon you as the nucleus of my future organization."

"You may, indeed."

John Sand withdrew, and when discreet opportunity presented itself, reported at length to Giotto.

"He sounds genuine," he said. "He has the ring of fine gold. He's authentic even to the patina and the wormholes. He's so veritable he even admires me. Who is he, anyhow?"

"Apparently," said Giotto, "he's the citizen who has discovered how to make bricks without straw. . . . Follow through, John. As the fall guy, you're a grand success."

"But who," asked Sand, "are the honest-to-goodness suckers?"

"I think," said Giotto, "it is his pious intention to make a clean sweep of the town."

"I'll nose around," said John.

"Do so," said Giotto.

III

BY THE process of nosing around, and from intimacy with Warden P. Fish, John Sand discovered that not less than a dozen of Hempstead's citizens had been selected as nucleuses of Mr. Fish's future organization. That there were others undisclosed John did not doubt. Perhaps the most notable of those upon whom the sunshine of the Fish smile had fallen was none other than John H. Rockwell himself.

"Everybody's to be protected," Sand told Giotto. "You never saw so scrupulous a body as Warden P. As a matter of fact, he is going to turn over the formula itself to the few of us who are to be his colleagues—to be held by us until he shall have perfected his plan and be ready to finance it in a large way. We are to hold the formula as security for his good faith. It is to be assigned to us, lock, stock and barrel."

"Aha!" said Giotto; and again, "Aha!"

"Exactly," said John. "Only it is to be in escrow."

"Another aha!" said Giotto.

"And our money—which is to pay for the formula and to be a security for our good faith—is also to be placed in escrow."

"In our bank?"

"Nowhere else."

"To be paid out how and when?"

"Only upon written authority of a majority of the contributors," said John.

"Majority of the cash or majority of the individuals?"

"Individuals," said John.

"It's a good scheme," said Giotto. "It's so good I don't see through it."

"Maybe," said John, "it is on the level."

"If it is," said Giotto, "Mr. Warden P. Fish has not informed himself of that fact. . . . How much money is to be in hand?"

"I believe the bargain price of the formula is fifty thousand dollars. When all is ready the money is paid over, the formula becomes ours and the new factory starts to lift its façade."

"How fortunate," said Giotto, "that I have had the advantages of foreign travel!"

"It's a great help," admitted John. "But how?"

"It gives one a wide and cosmopolitan acquaintance," said Giotto. "How otherwise would I have known that sawdust was not Mr. Fish's natural habitat?"

"He," said John Sand, "is putting twenty thousand into the pot himself."

Giotto frowned. "That nets him thirty thousand, of course. But how? For the life of me I don't see how he is to wangle past a perfectly legal escrow agreement and get his hands on the money. But he sees. Yes, my son, Mr. Warden P. Fish has eyes to pierce even that grindstone."

Here was a point which was to puzzle Giotto for some days, even until the day when various contributors had deposited their money in the bank. And one of these was Hamilcar Bellows—to the tune of one thousand dollars, which Giotto had saved by cutting corners toward a payment upon the tavern's mortgage. Giotto exhibited irritation. Nevertheless he did not refer to the matter to Hamilcar or his busy wife.

"John," he said, "I've got to see all the papers in this deal—all of them."

"No sooner said than done," said John. "Am I not one of the lambkins? Are the shears not clipping my fleece?"

"Pungle over," said Giotto; and, with the documents in hand, he retired to study and to meditate.

There was no question as to the legal soundness of the escrow agreement. It stated terms and conditions clearly. No funds were to be released by the bank until Mr. Fish had completed the financial structure of the organization and until written consent to withdrawal from a majority of the incorporators was duly filed. There was a copy of a second agreement which seemed redundant, but might have been required by an ultra-cautious man. It was a promise on the part of the investor to agree to the withdrawal of the deposited funds when Mr. Fish should have performed his part according to contract. Giotto read this carefully, but found no evil lurking in its terms. It ran:

> I, John Sand, do hereby bind myself to give my agreement and consent that Warden P. Fish acting as my representative shall withdraw all the funds which are or may be in future held on deposit in the bank in escrow, upon the completion according to an agreement of the financing of Sawdust Products Co, August 26, 1927.
>
> Signed: ——— Witness: ———

The agreement was typewritten—a form, with blanks left for the insertion of names in script. It seemed to add nothing to or take nothing from the escrow agreement itself—to be, in short, innocuous as to either party to the enterprise. Nevertheless Giotto felt that Mr. Fish made no useless gestures and included no inutile machinery. Therefore he gave it his closest scrutiny, but without result.

He stood with the paper flat upon his desk when Leslie Rockwell came in from a drive, and seeing him helpless and alone, descended upon him with mischief in her elfin eyes.

"You are not busy," she said.

"I am," he replied emphatically. "I am very busy."

"You're pretending," she said, "because you're afraid of me."

"I'm not. I'm not afraid of you. There's almost nobody I'm afraid of. I'm studying an important document."

"Fiddlesticks!" she said, and spread a tiny palm over the paper. "I want to talk to you about things—art and life and philosophy and everything. And I want to talk to you now. I'm just boiling with talk."

"I wish," he said lugubriously, "you would go and boil some place else. Anyhow, you're much too young to boil—you shouldn't even simmer."

"I'm nineteen and very observing," she said. "If you would only take the trouble you would find out how interesting I can be. My grandmother was married at sixteen." He grunted. "We always," she said, "have been a precocious family." He grunted again. "And I'm sensible," she said demurely. "Sometimes I think I am almost too sedate. I'm very, very introspective."

"If," he said, "you would put your hand in your pocket I could go on studying this paper." He stared at her hand and at the words visible at the side of it.

"Do you know," she said, "in spite of your shyness, you have a very romantic personality. I think," she said judicially, "it is your eyes."

But he did not squirm as she hoped and expected; it was almost as if he had not heard her. Suddenly, to her amazement, he pounced upon her hand and she drew a quick breath of astonished joy. But his intentions were not amatory, as she perceived instantly. His desire was not to hold her hand, but to use it as an implement—a blotter or a ruler or something. She frowned and bit her lip, but did not seek to release her fingers. Giotto gripped them tightly and held her palm so that it covered a part of the paper he had been studying. And then he uttered quaint sounds of gratification deep in his throat.

"As soon," said Leslie, "as you are through growling over my hand you might let go of it. Anyway, that's no way to hold a girl's hand. . . . You're so uneducated."

Giotto blinked at her, and she saw with no little irritation that he was as near to being unaware of her presence as it was possible for a human being to be. It was very humiliating, but had its compensations, for he clung to her fingers. When he noticed this detail he flushed and tossed them away as if they stung. Then, very suddenly, he was neither shy nor embarrassed, and Leslie found time for the thought that she liked him that way, no matter how uncomplimentary it was to herself.

"Where's John Sand?" he asked.

"I just saw him at the post office."

"Run over," he said, "like a good little girl, and tell him I want to see him—immediately."

She bit her lip; then she smiled ruefully.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," she said. But when she got to the door she stamped her undeniably fetching little foot. "I'll make him see that I'm grown up!" she said. "I'll make him!"

Nevertheless, injured in dignity as she was, she ran Giotto's errand for him.

"That man," she said loftily, "at the hotel wants to see you."

"What man?" asked John Sand.

"The clerk," she said.

John grinned. "Has the irresistible force been meeting the immovable obstacle?" he asked.

"I'll show him!" she said furiously. "You see if I don't! I'll—he'll ——— You just keep your eyes open and see what happens to that man!"

"I'm watching," he said, "with binoculars." He coughed. "I don't think Giotto is susceptible to young women."

"John Sand," she said, "I'm going to marry that man if it's the last act of my hectic life!"

IV

JOHN SAND dined at the tavern that evening after assuring Giotto that his directions had been obeyed.

"They'll all be here," he said, "but what's the party?"

"We'll have some card tricks," said Giotto, "and you can tell them that story about the fat lady in the taxicab."

"The evening," said John, "will be a success."

One by one the habitual cribbage players arrived, but this evening there was a full attendance. Pazzy Green, of the garage, dropped in; and Postmaster Graham. Depot Irwin puffed up the steps and so did Barber Clarke, Pazzy Fox, the blacksmith; and Zebulon Riggs, millwright; and Deputy Swanson and Justice Frazer. Apparently John H. Rockwell was in an affable mood, for he sat down to watch a game, while Leslie talked in the adjoining parlor with Mrs. Bellows.

When Warden P. Fish joined the circle Giotto glanced across the room at John Sand and rummaged under his desk for a small object, which he slipped in his pocket, and then walked across to the more populated end of the room. Mr. Fish sat beside a table not yet occupied by players, and Giotto joined him.

"Cribbage," said Giotto genially, "is an occult practice. Do you play cards?"

Continued on Page 109

Announcing the Kroehler
Blue Ribbon Designs

Living Room Suite No. 1789
High Back Chair No. 345

A NEW GROUP of beautiful, high quality furniture that will appeal irresistibly to those who appreciate finer things, has now been created by Kroehler. This choice selection, including davenport beds and living room furniture, will be identified by the Blue Ribbon label.

Handsome covering materials of the most exquisite texture, perfectly tailored; comfort and luxury far beyond the ordinary; smartness and beauty . . . these are the distinguishing features that set Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality furniture apart as the most startling value ever offered. Authentic period and modern designs whose charm is enhanced with the passing of time.

And yet, it is not costly, for scientific volume production and the vast purchasing facilities of Kroehler — world's largest maker of upholstered furniture — make available these select Blue Ribbon designs at prices that would never have been possible otherwise.

Hidden Qualities

Kroehler Blue Ribbon designs have Hidden Qualities that add many years of beauty and comfort. Supporting the soft cushions and buoyant springs, for example, you will find a frame of carefully selected, kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued, doweled and corner-blocked. *Not merely soft wood nailed together.*

The seat springs — resilient and guaranteed non-sagging — are of heavy, high carbon wire of Premier quality, interlocked with a spring steel understructure that is much stronger and far more durable than the usual webbing.

Every home needs this Blue Ribbon Quality davenport bed. By day it is a beautiful davenport. When guests arrive, it becomes—in an instant—a wonderfully comfortable, full-size double bed with mattress and bedding all in place.

Filling is of sterilized 4-X grade moss and clean, white felted cotton. Seat cushions are filled with patented, yielding coil springs, thickly padded with clean, white felted cotton, affording remarkable comfort.

Ask your dealer to show you the beautiful Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality furniture in a wide variety of fine coverings . . . silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, linen frieze, moquette, jacquard velours and leather.

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KROEHLER BLUE RIBBON QUALITY

On davenports, davenport beds and loose-cushioned chairs the Blue Ribbon Quality label is sewed on the deck directly below the cushions

KROEHLER

YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST

(Continued from Page 107)

"Seldom," said Mr. Fish. "I fear card games do not interest me."

"Nevertheless," said Giotto, "there is a certain fascination. Your fingers do not delight in the feeling of cards?"

"I can't say they do," said Mr. Fish.

Giotto produced the small object he had taken from his desk; it was an unbroken pack. He ran his thumb-nail across the stamp and took from the container the fresh clean cards and riffled them swiftly. Mr. Fish batted his eyes, but otherwise his face was immobile.

"Yes," said Giotto, "cards fascinate me. There is a mystery about them. One deals a couple of hands—poker hands, let us say. Immediately a problem develops. You hold five cards which are a secret to me; I hold five which are a secret to you."

Mr. Fish idly picked up the hand and found himself gazing into the faces of four kings and a seven spot.

"Now," said Giotto, "you are in a quandary. You are asking yourself if your hand is superior to mine or how you shall draw and discard."

"I fancy," said Mr. Fish, "that I should hold the better hand."

"To the extent," asked Giotto, "of wagering twenty-five cents in money?"

"Even so far as that," said Mr. Fish.

"Cards?" asked Giotto.

"None, thank you."

"Ah, and I shall amble along with these."

Mr. Fish smiled and spread his hand; Giotto followed his example, and Mr. Fish batted his eyes again, for Giotto exhibited the seven, eight, nine, ten and jack of clubs.

"Remarkable," said Mr. Fish. "They could not have been shuffled."

"In that case," Giotto said, "suppose we shuffle them thoroughly."

Mr. Fish's eyes narrowed as he watched the young man's fingers, and then picked up his hand. It contained two aces, two tens and a five. He discarded the five.

"One card," he said, and Giotto dealt. It was the third ace.

"And three to me," said Giotto.

"Luck is with me this time," said Mr. Fish, spreading his hand.

"No," said Giotto, "I'm afraid they weren't shuffled again." And he displayed four nines.

Suddenly Mr. Fish leaned across the table. "Who are you?" he asked in a tense undertone.

"I? Just the hotel clerk," said Giotto.

"Where," asked Mr. Fish, still *sotto voce*, "did you learn to handle cards like that?"

Giotto smiled. "In the smoking rooms," he said, "of transatlantic steamers."

Mr. Fish sat very still, then he shrugged his shoulders as one does who comes face to face with the disagreeably inevitable.

"I see," he said, "we shall have to have a little talk. Suppose we step up to my room."

"Why, no," said Giotto; "there's nothing to talk about. But I did think you might like to entertain the boys a few minutes, being the most skillful card manipulator on the high seas."

"Listen," said Mr. Fish anxiously, "I'll come through. I'll split. How was I to expect to find somebody else in the same game way back in this one-horse dump?"

"How, indeed?" asked Giotto, and lifted his voice. "Gentlemen and fellow citizens," he said, "Mr. Fish is about to mystify and bedazzle you with a few card manipulations. It is an art of which he is master, but he has concealed his talent under a bushel. Mr. Fish is known internationally—not well and favorably. He is what is known to commerce as a card shark. Perhaps that profession has played out, or possibly—very possibly—the steamships have been closed to him. So we are honored with his presence. . . . Mr. Fish!"

"This," said Mr. Fish with grave dignity, "passes the limits of joking. It becomes an impertinence."

"It's time," said Mr. Rockwell, "somebody took him down. His tongue's too free."

Giotto looked at Leslie's father mildly. "Then you wouldn't be interested in another little trick of Mr. Fish's—not a card trick. It's a how-to-get-money-out-of-a-bank trick. . . . No? . . . Perhaps the other gentlemen then, if you will gather around me." He paused and smiled down at Warden P. "By the way, Mrs. Bellows' Village Improvement Association desires greatly to erect a public library. Would you care to be the first subscriber?"

"Young man," said Mr. Fish, "you continue to be impertinent."

"In fact," said Giotto, "it grows on me. . . . No, don't leave us. Positively we can't spare you until I have your approval of my solution of your mystification. . . . Mrs. Bellows, a pair of scissors, if you please. I'm about to demonstrate how a needy man takes money out of escrow."

"What escrow?" asked Depot Irwin.

"The Sawdust Products escrow," said Giotto. "Attend carefully. I hold in my hand an innocent piece of paper. Upon it is typewritten an agreement to the effect that you authorize Mr. Fish to withdraw certain funds when he shall have fulfilled certain conditions. It is worthless to Mr. Fish until he has fulfilled those conditions and obtained your consent to his taking the money—or until he borrows Mrs. Bellows' scissors."

"Say," demanded John H. Rockwell, "what are you talking about, young fellow?"

"Sawdust," said Giotto. "Now watch me carefully, for the scissors are quicker than the eye. I snip once. Now I pass among you half the innocent agreement and ask you if it retains its innocence. The answer is, I fancy, no. . . . Mr. Riggs, will you examine the rabbit I have taken from the hat?"

Mr. Riggs did so. He found that he held in his hand a paper which read as follows:

> I, John Sand, do hereby consent that Warden P. Fish shall withdraw all the funds held on deposit in the bank according to an agreement of August 26, 1927.
>
> Signed: JOHN SAND.

Mr. Riggs, being a dour man, scowled as he finished reading.

"Why, this here," he said, "lets him draw out our money 'thout anythin' to stop him."

"That," said Giotto, "was the general idea. Perhaps some of you older men remember the Bohemian oats swindle. Evidently Mr. Fish recalled it. In that case numbers of farmers signed an innocent agreement which, cut in two, became a promissory note. If you will each examine the paper you signed you will see that by snipping down the middle at the end of the word 'hereby' you produce a written consent for Mr. Fish to withdraw your money which you fancied was safeguarded by the escrow agreement. . . . I fancy we should not have had Mr. Fish with us much longer."

"D'ye mean it's a swindle?" roared Pazzy Fox.

"Why, as to that," said Giotto, "you must use your own judgment."

"Lynch the scoundrel!" shouted John H. Rockwell furiously.

"There," said Giotto, "speaks wounded vanity. No. As yet no wrong has been done and no crime committed. Will it not be nicer to have a permanent memorial of Mr. Fish than even to enjoy the evanescent æsthetic thrill of seeing him dangle from a limb?"

"What're ye talkin' about?" demanded Pazzy Fox.

"Mrs. Bellows' Public Library," said Giotto. "You see, Mr. Fish, to lull all suspicion, deposited twenty thousand dollars of his own money with yours. I am sure, if we give Mr. Fish an hour's start, he will not ask for a refund of this sum. In fact I believe he will affix his name to a subscription list for that amount. Will you not, Mr. Fish?"

Mr. Fish was not without courage and not without sang-froid.

"Whoever," he asked of the air, "would expect a hick hotel clerk to travel on steamers?"

"Oh, what a soft towel!"

NO girlish skin is too tender for Boott Towels. Girls like them too, because they are so absorbent and so bright-white.

The boys of the family are "for" them as well. They like them for face towels, for hand towels and for the brisk rub-down after the bath.

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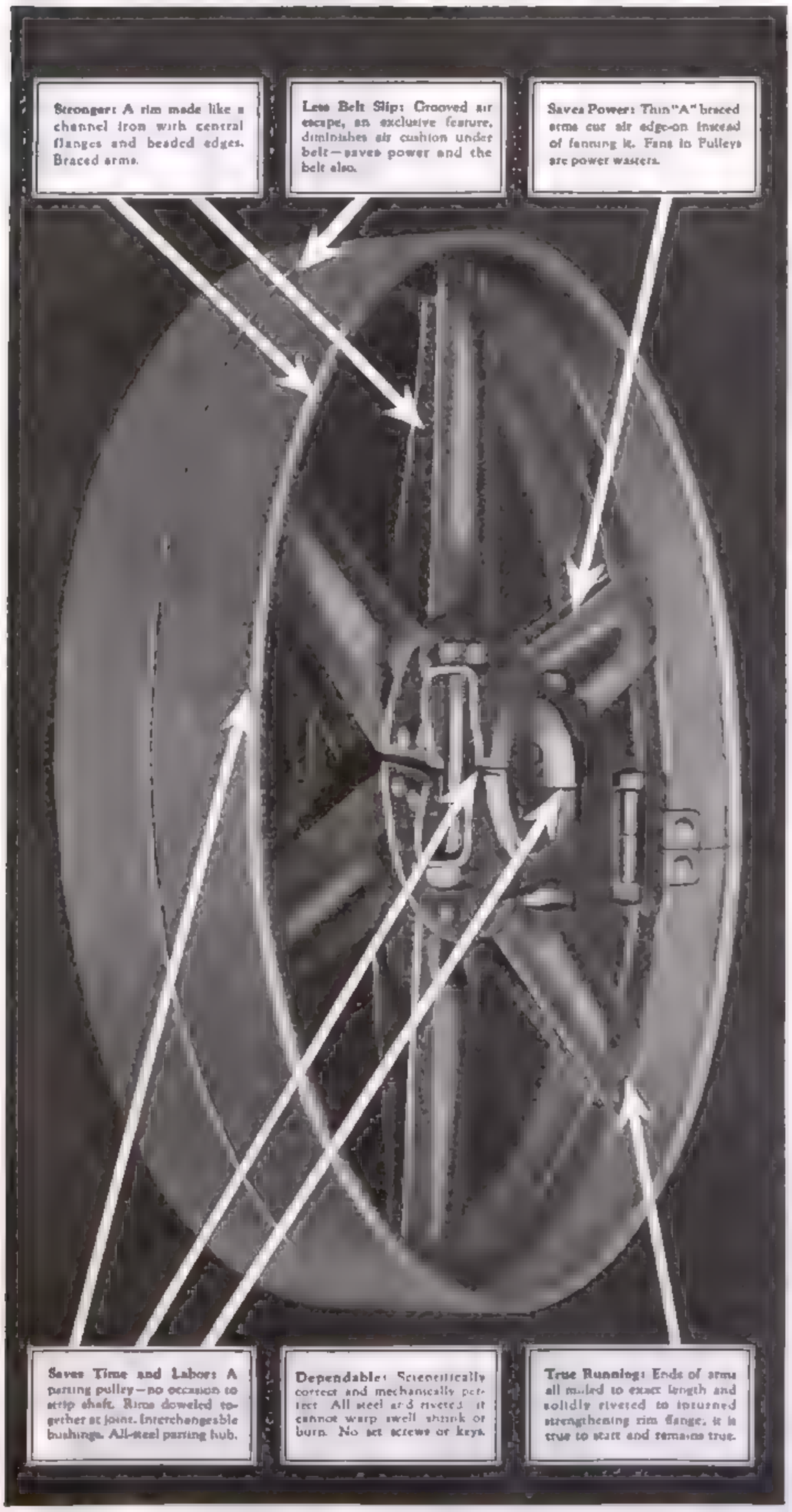
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FLYING AND EATING MY WAY EAST

(Continued from Page 4)

proud of his job. He is good at it because he is pleased and—well, I can't say what I want to, but I am going to give Brisbane the idea and let him write an editorial on what makes men successful is to be pleased with their jobs. I got the idea, but I'm shy on words to fill it out with.

Here's Jimmy with another note. He must be running this ship with his feet.

"We are making pretty good time now. Of course, over the mountains, where we climbed to 8000 feet, that slowed us up. But we are doing quite a bit better than 100 miles an hour now. We will cross the line out of California into Nevada in about ten minutes, and it's not uncommon to get a pretty big bump as we cross the line, so kind of watch out. (over) That's one of my little bum jokes about the bump on the line."

But the funny part about it was that it was no joke at all. He was right. The plane took a sudden drop the minute we got out of that California atmosphere. We had been buoyed along on that conversational air out there. Even the temperature of the air changed. It had been hot all through California right up to the line, and then when we got into Nevada it cooled off. It just felt like air that hadn't been inhaled and exhaled as much. Say, this is great air right here in Nevada. Seems like a fine climate too. Wonder why these people don't sell it. . . . Here's another note:

"This is the last note I will trouble you with before reaching Las Vegas, Nevada, where we come down for gas. If you don't want to be bothered with them just let me know there. Death Valley is on our left; the real heart of it is just over that ridge. Remember reading about the movie actress and the aviator that was lost in the desert? Well, right down there was where they were supposed to be lost. I guess they were, the papers printed it, but it's pretty hard to land an airplane without tracks. We will come down in about twenty minutes. You can have a stretch and walk around while we are gassing up."

I then passed him back a note asking if that was the aviator that was supposed to have the lion in the plane.

He answered back, "No, this one didn't have a lion; he had a girl. You don't suppose us pilots are crazy enough to get lost with a lion, do you?"

Here she is, a very pretty little town that is a real oasis of several thousand people. They got plenty of water and trees right out on the edge of the desert. Jimmy is bringing her down. There we are, a real three-point landing. She is a sandy field and we are taxiing up to the little oil station.

"Hello, Jimmy, how they coming?"

"I'm a little late. We had a head wind over Cajon and a three-quarter one on in. If we get this all the way it will hold us back."

"Say, Jimmy, I hear Wallace Beery is coming up on tomorrow's ship, going to Chicago."

Jimmy walked around near him to where he was loading the gas and I purposely walked away, as I thought he might have something to whisper that would be embarrassing for me to hear. Jimmy whispered to him, and the first words I heard was: "Who?" Then Jimmy rewhispered. Then I plainly heard, "Never heard of him."

Then I piped up, "What's the name of this damn town?"

But nevertheless it's a dandy little city and you'll hear much of it, for it's only fifteen or twenty miles from the site of the great Boulder Dam that will eventually be built when the Government takes it over and tells each state what they get instead of what they want. It has to be built, for the Lord has already done most of the work, and this very Las Vegas is the place that will be the headquarters of all the work and workmen. You will see this name in many a date line in the next few years.

It's about ten o'clock and we've come over a couple of hundred miles, but we've got about 400 yet to do before we reach Salt Lake.

I says, "What are we waiting on?"

Jimmy says, "The fellow with the mail. Here he comes now."

Jimmy took it and stuck it into the ring of the lock on one of the mail sacks. We taxied her out and turned back into the wind and here we go. Over the town and out toward the mountains. We can see the outlines of the Colorado River away over on our right. She's a beautiful day and we are flying high. I was just sort of dozing off to sleep about an hour later when Jimmy punched me in the back with another note.

"This is the Escalante Desert. It's just flat and level like this for 175 miles. We can set the plane down and taxi it along for the whole distance. It's apparently worthless only for sheep. Those black dots on the ground are ant hills, great big red fellows. We might see some wild horses; we generally do."

Now that's mighty nice, and see how it helps out on a trip like this. What do you get on a train?

"Tickets! Hey, wake up! Where's your ticket? What's the idea you didn't have this ticket validated? Change at the next stop."

As I was about to doze off to sleep I got to looking at those mail bags stacked around my feet. I wanted to read 'em. Then I thought what's the use. I know what they are anyhow. It's real-estate and oil circulars, with air-mail marks on them so as to make people take notice of them. But I will just read you a few of the letters offhand. Here is the condensed contents of twelve that are from the movie producers back to the head offices in New York:

"It looks like a great picture. If we will just spend another $200,000 on it, it will be. It's a fair picture as it is, but send $200,000 more and that will make it great."

Now we'll read some of the letters from those that foolishly believes somebody when they told them they looked like Gloria Swanson, or that they were twice as funny as Charlie Chaplin. There was 867 that read:

"Haven't had a chance yet, but if you can just send more money, feel certain they will eventually see their mistake and take me on soon. I saw Mae Murray on the street the other day. Just think what it will mean when I get my chance, and then have you and Pop and all the tribe, and our own cars and have a chauffeur. Haven't much time. Am expecting a call. Send money either by telegraph or air mail. I am more confident than ever. Yours."

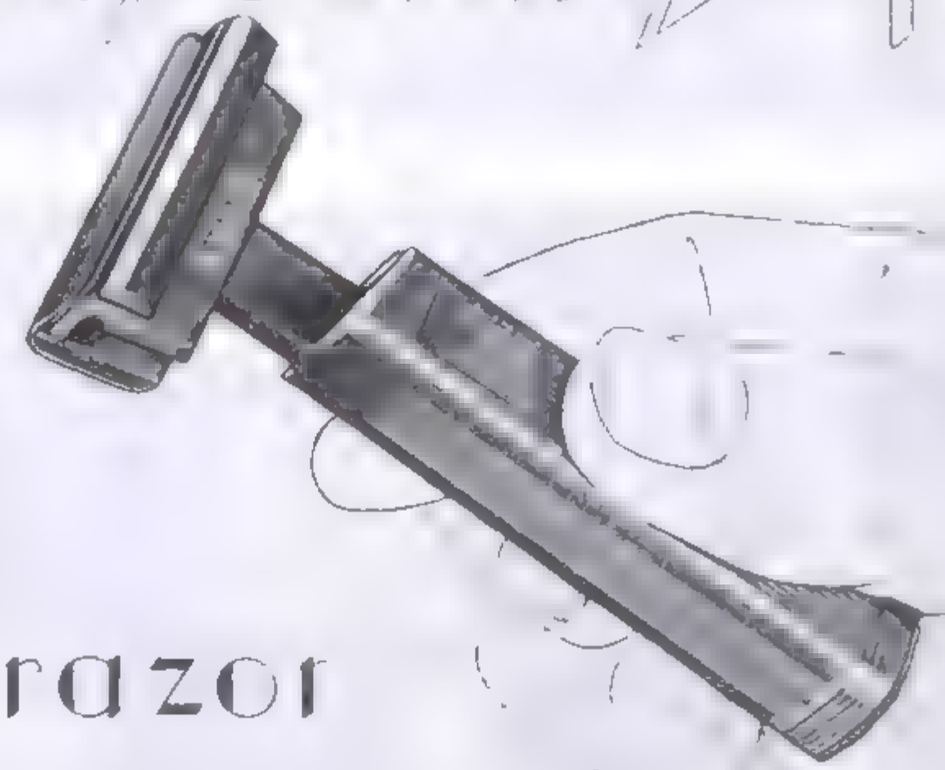
About 411 read as follows:

"Ma, see if you can't get Dad to dig once more. I'll pay him back and more. I have seen all these so-called comedians out here. Passed Buster Keaton right on Sunset Boulevard. Went right up close to him. He didn't make me laugh. Why, Ma, you know yourself that I've got more laughs at home at parties than these fellows will ever pack into a feature. It's pull that keeps them there. Tain't talent they want. It looks like I'll get in soon. Make Dad dig. He's an old fogy and thinks I don't know anything. You could cop it from him and send it yourself. Do this, Ma, and you and I will wear diamonds. Your funny old son, Happy."

Say, I'm hungry; it must be near lunch-time. Which way is the diner? Betty fixed me up some sandwiches. They are in my grip in here; it is packed under the box of movie film. They are sending all the finished pictures by air express now. If we are wrecked, look what the world will miss seeing. In order to satisfy public demand

(Continued on Page 113)

Schick Repeating Razor



Here is the *repeating* razor It makes man's bathroom work easier

You never have to hunt for blades when you use a Schick—they're all in the razor handle . . . All you have to do is pull out the plunger, push it back, and shave with a brand new blade

Reloads like a pump gun—20 marvelous blades in each clip

The new blades are packed 20 in a metal clip. They should last you many weeks. Simple directions for reloading come with each razor. You are bound to get better shaves from Schick blades because they are made from the finest razor steel and have the keenest edges known. And 6 from the last, you will see a non-shaving "tell-tale" blank, which signals you it's about time to get another clip. (The clip of 20 blades costs only 75 cents.)

Hundreds, yes thousands of men who have bought and used Schicks during the last two years have written us to say that the Schick not only gives them the best shave they ever had, but that it saves much shaving time. This means more time for breakfast, less running to catch trains, cars and busses.

It saves shaving time—no drying, no fussing

You don't have to stop and take the Schick apart, then wash and dry the parts and put the whole thing together again. You don't have to play "button, button, who has the button," looking for parts that have dropped to the bathroom floor. When you shave with a Schick, you finish the last smooth stroke, hold the head of the razor under running water, shake it, and put it away until the next shave. It's very easy to put away, for it's no larger than a thick fountain pen.

It shaves like a head barber

From all over America come unsolicited letters, praising the smooth, quick shave of the Schick. The Schick blade is thicker, firmer, keener. It is held in shaving position by the solid shaving head, which eliminates vibration and gives a head barber sort of shave.

Next time you are in a good store, ask the razor clerk to show you this remarkable repeating razor. If he cannot supply you we will be glad to mail you a Schick finished in silver plate upon receipt of $5.00 with this coupon. If you wish the gold plate model send $7.50. With either razor a clip of 20 blades is included. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., 285 Madison Ave., New York.

Simple as ABC

pull out plunger

snap it back

(old blade drops out)

shave

A smooth shave quick. with a Schick

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
285 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me a Schick Razor complete with 20 blades. Enclosed
$5 for razor in silver plate $7.50 for razor in gold plate
Extra clips of 20 blades 75¢

Name

Address

City State

Dealer's Name

You can change blades in the mid- [illegible] illustrated above. [illegible]

In Canada. Silver-plated razor with 20 blades, $6.50, gold-plated, $10. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00.
Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., St. Johns, Montreal, Toronto, [illegible]

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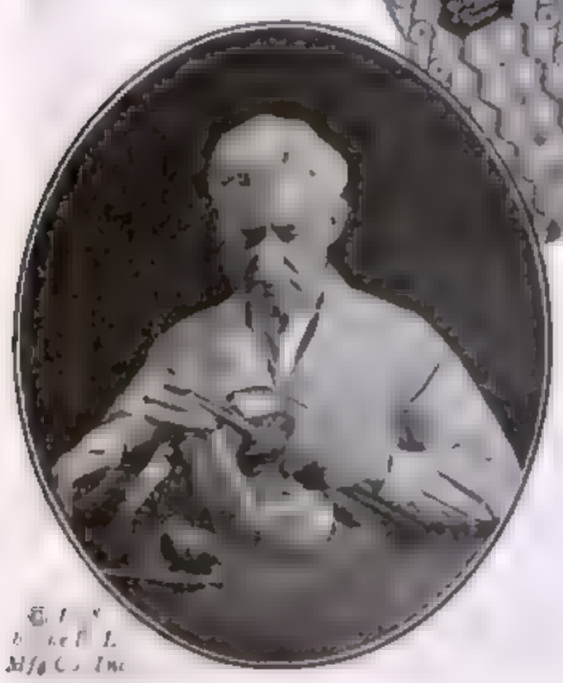

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(Continued from Page 110)

they are being rushed by air mail. If I had a projection machine I could run them while we are going

Never mind, we know what they are without looking at them. There is five war pictures and three Bible ones. They are all doing those now. There is no royalty to pay on either the Bible or the war. Will Hays looked up the copyright law on both events, handing down a decision. We will have to have another war pretty soon. We will have about pictured this one to death.

Here is the grip. Pajamas. I guess she thought I would take off my clothes over Wyoming tonight, brush my teeth, put the cat out on the wing and wind the speedometer and have the pilot come over and tuck me in. Lord, here is a suit of clothes! I guess she thought I would dress for gas at Omaha at one o'clock tonight. Shirts, shirts, underwear. I'll change over Chicago in the morning if all the bandits miss me. Neckties—there is nothing like having plenty of neckties when you are over Nebraska at night. We may have a forced landing and what would it be without a fresh tie?

Here are the sandwiches. She had 'em hid as usual. Just another woman. She thought I couldn't find them, but I fooled her. If they are all cheese and roast beef, the ants will go to war over them. Oh, look what a mess of junk there is here! She had read about what Lindy took to Paris so she has made a sucker out of his commissary department.

"Here, Jimmy, grab an armful of this before it blows back to Los Angeles."

Here is the leavings of the Rogers household for days. Two whole chickens and a ham as an appetizer. Here is a whole pie and a chocolate cake. Flying high and eating pretty. Note from Jimmy says:

"We are going out of Nevada and into Utah."

Brigham, I envy you. I only got one; the law and looks kinder slow me up matrimonially, but I got to give you credit; you sure did pick a fine country to fly over.

As I live, here is a bottle full of coffee. I hope it don't keep me awake tonight, as I want to see Iowa so I can tell Long Beach what the old home site looks like. . . . Here comes news from the rear! It's a greasy note:

"That's Zion National Park on our left. It's becoming one of our great show places. Also Bryce's Canyon. We might see the down plane from Salt Lake any time now."

Then come a punch and a shout from Jimmy:

"There he is away down low! Let's go down and see him."

Oh, boy, he has shut off his motor; it feels like we are dropping. That made me stop eating for a minute. I hope we do pass him and not light on him. . . . Hey, look out there! Not so close! How can you tell what he is going to do?

We passed so fast it might have been Lindbergh or Coolidge piloting it for all I could tell. I go right back to my regular business of this trip, which is eating. I munch along on some fried ham with raw sliced onions on 'em till I get the following: "Wild Horses!"

And sure enough, there they were, but they didn't seem afraid of this plane. I guess that's about all they see and they had got used to it. They weren't quite as pretty as they are pictured in the wild-horse moving pictures. I didn't see any stallion standing on a hill on guard. And there wasn't a one in the bunch that was worth breaking.

"On your right is Lake Utah, a fresh-water lake, 30 miles from Great Salt Lake, which is 25 per cent salt. Lake Utah drains into the Great Salt Lake by way of the River Jordan, practically the same arrangements as they have in the Holy Land. 30 minutes more to go."

There is Salt Lake City away over there nestled up against those mountains. I tell you those old-timers had an eye to beauty when they settled. Don't she look pretty? And those big wide streets. They was made for ox teams so as to have room to turn around in. Too bad Philadelphia and Boston had nothing but a team of Quakers or Pilgrims to turn around.

Oh, I remember this field. I flew here last winter in a snowstorm from Elko, Nevada, with a pilot named Williams. I want to see him and thank him. He is a real aviator. He circled in those mountains for hours when you couldn't see fifty feet ahead of us, but he made it in here.

"Nice landing, Jimmy. It was a fine trip. May catch you going back in a day or two."

"We didn't make such very good time. That head wind held us back, but we didn't do bad. There's your plane you leave in."

There's the one that just brought the mail from Frisco. Now we change lines. The mail contracts is let from New York to the Coast in three contracts. One from New York to Chicago, one from there to Salt Lake, and the Western Air Express to Los Angeles. This is the Boeing Line now.

"We have a box of lunch here for you, Mr. Rogers, and a vacuum bottle of coffee. You've got time to eat it here while they are changing the mail to your plane, or we will put it in the cabin for you to have on the trip. Come over to the office and get your ticket."

I give them a check for $142 that covers the fare from Salt Lake to Chicago. Understand, this is no special trip at all. It's only the regular trip on the regular mail planes that leave every day and that anyone can walk down and pay their fare and make it. It's around $200 from Los Angeles to Chicago. Less than double what your railroad fare and meals and sleeper would be. Now this plane and this pilot is going to take us from Salt Lake to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Received this message at Salt Lake from manager of the line we had just come over:

"Hope you had good trip. Your pilot, Jimmy James, holds record from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, four hours and five minutes, over six hundred miles. Our radio is there on the field if you want to send messages anywhere."

Well, we have been here about twenty minutes and are about ready to go. . . . Oh, here's a message from my wife:

"Arrived home safely. Betty."

I am introduced to a gentleman, a Mr. Brady. He is the head of the Labor Bank in New York. He has been out to the big Labor Convention in Los Angeles and has come in on the plane from Frisco and was going to Chicago. These are inclosed planes and have a little compartment that seats two people side by side kinder like seats in a day coach, only not quite so wide. The pilot is out in an open cockpit behind us. We can't talk or communicate with him, and I knew the note writing would be out, and I am going to miss it. It is nice and comfortable in here; little windows on each side; if you want more air you can slide them back.

We're off! It took quite a run. We have lots of mail. Not only from Los Angeles and Frisco but the other line that runs out to Boise, Idaho, to get Borah's daily instructions to Coolidge. We had about 1500 pounds on there besides this Labor leader and this Labor shirker on board. It's mighty pretty, as you keep climbing higher, as you go over Salt Lake City and out over the Government fort. You see, we got to get some altitude, for we got to hop over these mountains right now, and not go away around them by Ogden, but just stick her nose in the air and ski over the top of them.

Now when I told you this seat was narrow, I didn't just put that in there to make more words. It is either terrible narrow or this old Labor boy keeps spreading out. He is a big husky thing. 'Course these Labor leaders don't do any laboring after they are able to lead. But there was a time during this guy's life that he had done some laboring, and whatever it was, it fully developed him. I would turn my shoulders crosswise and still he would spread over onto to my side. . . . . .

It is mighty pretty this evening. We had left Salt Lake along about three and are about to make a stop at Rock Springs, Wyoming, to take gas. Saw lots of bands of sheep being driven into Salt Lake to market. It was just starting to get dusk as we saw the first beacon light on what looked like a prairie, but as we passed it, it was up on a high rim with a valley below it, and there was hundreds of little lights around a field. That must be the airport at Rock Springs It isn't dark enough to need them, but they had 'em lighted. We swung around over the hangar and away down and then turned and made a dandy landing. This pilot's name was, I think, Frank Yaeger, who is taking us from Salt Lake to Cheyenne.

We got out to stretch and look around. There wasn't much there but this old hangar. They had an extra ship in it in case of emergency. I noticed that when the pilots and the men are filling the tanks they all had pistols strapped on 'em. I don't know whether that is an army regulation in regard to the mail or whether they had heard about this banker that was on there with me.

We took a terrible long run to get out of there, as the pilot said it was a bad field to get out of. We made it fine and it is just getting dark. Now I start my first experiences of night flying in America. I had flown at night in Germany, but never over here. We commenced seeing these revolving beacon lights; they are placed about every 25 miles, and lots of them have a row of little lights around what kinder looks like the size of a baseball park. Well, those are the ones that have emergency landing fields. These boys can land at those in the dead of night with no fear of danger. You know, a lot of those lights operate themselves. They have a kind of a windmill arrangement that generates its own power and kind of a thermostat thingamajog that turns them on when night comes and off when daylight comes. Nobody goes out to them at all. Some of them have keepers that live in little houses. You never thought you would see lighthouse keepers clear across our Western plains, did you? They have tanks of gas there in case of a forced landing for fuel.

It looks mighty pretty. It is a beautiful night. Then I thought we better get back to the business in hand, which is eating. He had one of those box lunches and his bottle of coffee. So we make our spread. We cleaned up these two boxes and then I remember that the old Rogers knapsack wasn't near empty, so we dug it out and kinder topped it off with some of my home-made.

Well, all this eating is mighty fine, but it has its drawbacks. The more he ate, the more he expanded. Finally I thought I would have to go out on the wing and do a little wing walking and have a chance to spread myself and relax. The specifications in these planes might call for two people, but not one prosperous Labor leader and a well-fed actor at the same time. It was either laid out for two of Singer's Midgets, or one frail woman accompanied by a male contortionist.

Every little while we would pass a train, creeping and crawling and twisting around. We were due in Cheyenne around eight o'clock. The only friend along the line I had wired was Charley Irwin. If you have ever been to the Cheyenne Frontier Days Show, you know Charley. You remember, the Grand Stand would be packed and there was another crowd riding up and down on the race track. Well, that last crowd I spoke of was Charley. Or if you ever went to Tia Juana and couldn't see the races, that was Charley. Coffroth finally built him a pen and put him in the middle of the center field. He weighs 423 pounds in his stocking feet, barefooted, with not an ounce of superfluous clothes on.

You have heard of a man that raced a stable of race horses. Well, Charley races a pastureful of 'em. Outside of the first three in a race, he owns all the others. His daughters were the first great girl riders, and I am sorry to say, started the so-called

Sturdy, dependable, long-lived; in its new lustre-black finish and Mandarin red handle.

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Model 41 (6-wheel)

$12 in U.S.A.

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The old story—neat nails at nine—untidy by eleven! But Jim no longer hides his hands—he frequently trims, files and cleans his nails with GEM, the pocket manicure. With file and cleaner, Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (the watchcharm model)

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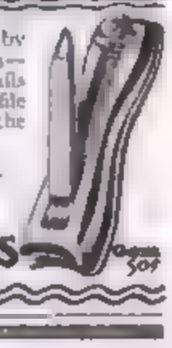

Gem Clippers 50¢

John Jones had a lot of spare time
That was wasted—not earning a dime,
Till he wrote—lucky man—
For our extra-cash plan,
Now he's making his bank account climb!

It's your turn to earn extra cash—and lots of it—as John Jones did. We'll tell you how. Just write today for our money-making plan.

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These sturdy golden seals are always on choice foods—

ANCHOR CAPS

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It is simple and easy to remove Anchor Caps with the hook on your own opener, as well as with our Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the cap and lift up gently. Repeat this at several points around the cap, and it's off before you realize it.

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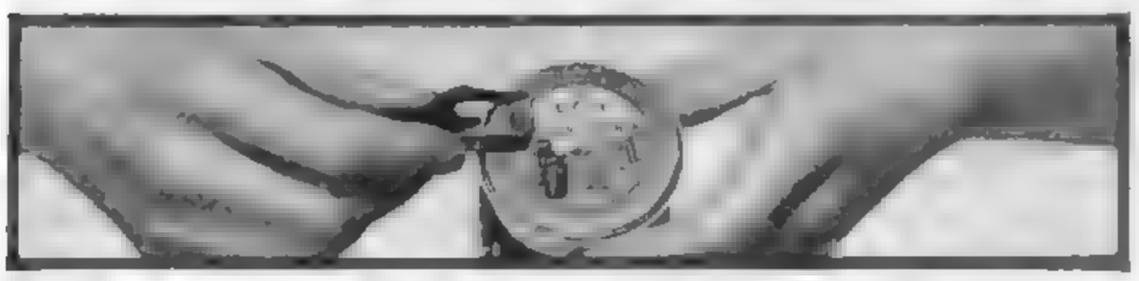

ANCHOR CAPS

"SEE," says the progressive food packer, "when I pack in glass I select only ripe, sound vegetables, flawless fruits, and choice meats. For I know that when you look at my products you will see, not the package, but the food itself. My preserves, jellies, dried beef and more than a hundred other articles of food will be judged by your actual inspection—through shining, clear and sanitary walls of glass. "And then, to insure that they will reach your table exactly as they left my factory, I seal them with Anchor Caps. For these sturdy, air-tight and leak-proof seals can not be removed until they reach your kitchen. No hands can touch these foods—no samples can be taken. I know that they will retain their full flavor, their natural goodness, their freshness and perfection. Also, while the Anchor Cap is the most secure seal obtainable, it is economical in cost and easy to apply. It enables me to sell my fine foods to you at lower prices."

Look for the strong, gold-lacquered Anchor Cap on all glass-packed products. It has been chosen by more than 1500 packers as the best cap obtainable.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

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The Anchor Opener, shown below, is sold by many grocers. Or, use this coupon.

Send 6 cents in stamps for this Anchor Opener.

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vogue of Cow Girls. The trouble is that most of them never saw a cow and are not girls any more.

One of the prettiest sights I ever saw is the field at Cheyenne as we circle over it. Here is the town all lighted up and then off near it is this immense big field with a row of electric lights clear around it, and big flood and arc lights playing on the field, and all the headlights from the automobiles shining on the field. Frank sets her down like a real mail pilot can do.

He leans over and says, "We made pretty good time, considering we had a head wind practically all the way."

I started climbing out, and then all at once it got dark. It was old Charley standing between me and the flood lights. He and his girls, and some friends, along with ex-Governor Carey, were there to see me. They have a big lunch fixed for me to eat in their car while they are changing the mail over to a new plane. But I tell 'em I will take it with me; that I think I might stand it a few minutes longer before eating. We had a fine visit, and then they holler, "All aboard!"

That stop taught me a lesson. No matter what happens, it might be worse. Here I am kicking on the size of this Labor leader, and suppose I had drawn Charley for a companion. I would have just rode on one prong of the propeller.

A well-lighted field at night, with planes coming in, just reminds you of a carnival, or Coney Island. It's a real kick landing on a real lighted field at night. It makes you feel like we are really getting somewhere with our aviation. There is not much kick coming into a depot. All you see is the sides of the other cars, but when you swoop down out of the darkness onto all this flood of light and efficiency—well, I will have to get somebody to write an editorial about that.

They introduce me to our next pilot; I think his name is Allison. They say he is one of their cracks. I know he is; they all are. What a great bunch of men we got in this mail service! You know, I am at heart a coward. I am scared of everything, but I just got so much confidence in these pilots that I just crawl up in there like a baby crawling up into its mother's arms. She could walk into the fire with him, but that baby knows she won't.

Why, these fellows are the most careful ones in the world. They have all flown long enough to know the danger of it. Do you think they are purposely taking a chance with their lives? I always figure their lives are worth more than mine. I've lived mine and had my fling, while most of theirs is in front of them. I don't advise flying with anybody that happens to have a thing that is shaped like an airplane. But I do advise with the utmost confidence anyone flying with our real recognized passenger lines.

There is guys trying to fly planes in this country that couldn't keep a kite up on a windy day, and they have some 1910 cars with wings fastened on 'em and a propeller where a bumper ought to be. But these real boys, they have half a dozen different things up their sleeve to do in case of any kind of danger. I will get in one and start for the Fiji Islands with an Army, Navy or Mail pilot if he says he thinks he can make it.

Lindbergh is a great flyer and he come from a great school. The Army, Navy and the Mail are our three sure-fire branches. It's not only the men, it's the equipment they use that makes 'em safe. As the old pilot we had away back there this morning said, "Don't forget the ground men."

Well, we must quit raving and get back to eating and flying. We take a long run, but we got a real field to do it on. We are heavier now. We have the mail from a feeder line down to Denver, then Cheyenne's post-card quota. We are off to Omaha, with a stop for gas at North Platte, Nebraska. We will change planes and pilots again in Omaha. Then from there on in to Chicago.

Well, we didn't do so bad in Cheyenne. The company had us two nice box lunches in the cabin, and in addition a boxful of Y6 pullets Mrs. Irwin had fried up. You should have seen that old walking delegate leave that regulation box lunch and circle around these breasts and wishbones of these Wyoming Rhode Island Reds. I didn't begrudge him the chicken, but I did the space. I had to eat to hold my own.

I know Lindbergh broke a lot of records; the greatest one is that he is the only man ever took a ham sandwitch to Paris, and they also claim he made the whole trip on half a sandwich. I have killed a whole ham and six chickens, an armful of pies and cakes and a clothes basket full of odds and ends and haven't got to Omaha yet, and I had a good breakfast at home this morning before leaving. I could never make a long-distance flight; they couldn't carry enough grub to keep me.

Well, there is not much happens only steady eating until we reach North Platte, about 250 miles out of Cheyenne. We got our gas; they have no letter today, so we are off for Omaha, another 200 or 300 miles. It was away along after midnight when we got there, and I had been doing a pretty fair job of sleeping when the hunger pains didn't keep me awake. Allison brings her down like a bird.

"We made pretty good time considering we were bucking a head wind every mile of the trip."

We are happily informed that there are lunches in the other plane for us, so it looks like our starvation period is at an end. We draw as our pilot I. O. Biffle. He is an old-timer and quite a character, and I think he is the one other pilots in Chicago told me that first taught Lindbergh to fly.

We are out of Omaha and I should judge it is about two o'clock A.M. We are heading for Chicago on our last lap of this company's mail contract. We are going to stop for gas in either Iowa City or Des Moines. It's almost breaking day as we pull into Iowa City. We passed the Des Moines field, saw it all lighted up, and there was a fog on at Iowa City. Then Biffle started raving at the man that had misinformed him about the fog. He could have got gas in Des Moines had they told him of the fog at Iowa City. You see, they have radio and weather reports available all the time.

Well, it's a small field down near a river, and the fog is settled in there, and Biffle was afraid, with the heavy load he had to take off with, he couldn't get altitude enough to clear the telegraph wires. You can't see 200 feet, and old Biffle is sure balling them out. No wonder Lindbergh got good training.

We waited, and finally it commenced to clear. That only shows you how careful they are. We made it away fine, but quite a while late, and have a nice daylight trip into Chicago. We are here about 7:30 or eight o'clock. Biffle says:

"We had a tough head wind all the way, and that kind of held us back. But we didn't do so bad, as it was."

We land out at Maywood Field on the West Side. We are changing now to the National Air Transport, which operates from Chicago to New York. All the planes on this line from Salt Lake have been, as I said, inclosed. They are Boeing-made planes, made in Seattle, and they use the Wasp engine made in Hartford. It has proved tremendously satisfactory to them and they are having bigger ones made that will enable them to carry four or six passengers. They will be 500 or 600 horse power. They have never had any accidents and have some bad country to fly over.

Now we get the open planes again. Douglas, the same as we had yesterday to Salt Lake.

Well, here is some nice coffee and breakfast that certainly is welcome after this day and night of fasting. My broad-shouldered friend is going to Washington in a government plane and I am the only person in Chicago smart enough to fly to New York today.

Now let's kinder check up on this trip and see where we are. Left Los Angeles

(Continued on Page 117)

In "The Good Old Days"

BEFORE the days of fireless cookers and of stoves that burn oil or gasoline or gas or electricity, preparing the meals was a different task from what it is to-day. Then, if they had fresh vegetables, women had to hoe the garden. When they had milk, the women milked the cow. How different now! Women give their families better food, and yet have leisure for pleasures beyond the dream of other generations.

We've learned the way. Consider for example how canned foods have lightened women's work. Without hoeing gardens or milking cows or canning at home, we now have the finest fruits and vegetables—and milk on the pantry shelf that is as fresh and sweet—that is purer and safer and richer than our grandmothers had when every family kept a cow.

The up-to-the-minute woman knows that Evaporated Milk is not a substitute for milk—that it *is* milk—better milk—richer and safer than milk in any other form. The best of pure milk from the finest dairy sections of America is concentrated—sixty per cent. of the water removed. Not a thing is added to it. In sealed cans, sterilized while it is fresh and sweet, it is protected from everything that can impair its freshness and richness and purity.

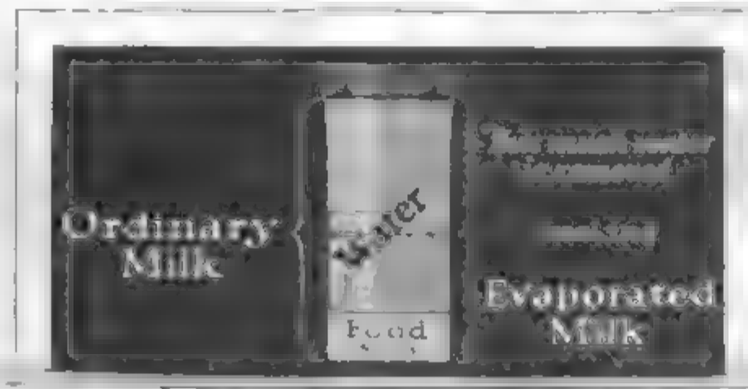
She knows the convenience and the economy of Evaporated Milk. It keeps fresh and sweet on the pantry shelf—any quantity that may be needed to meet any demand. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, it takes the place of cream—at less than half the cost. It fills every milk need. In all your cooking it will give a richness, flavor and texture that will satisfy the most exacting taste. In cream soups and creamed vegetables—in all creamed dishes—its richness and flavor are most noticeable. It supplies milk for baby's bottle that is safe and wholesome and as easily digested as mothers' milk. And yet it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

There is now no reason why any person in America should have less than perfect health through lack of safe, wholesome milk. There is no excuse for any baby to die, or for any child to suffer illness, because of impure, unclean or unwholesome milk. Evaporated Milk, sterilized in sealed cans, provides a milk supply that is always absolutely free from anything that can harm health—that is always rich in all the food substances which make milk the most important single item of all our food. It is the modern, safe, wholesome, convenient and economical milk and cream supply for every use in every home. Every grocer in America has Evaporated Milk.

Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise and delight you.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cows' milk is water. . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



In making Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.

It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates the cream is kept in the milk.

ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION 231 So LASALLE ST CHICAGO ILLINOIS

SHOE HEALTH

The Foundation of Active, Healthful Living

THESE modern days, when life is all rush and flurry—out in the crowd in a hurry, back and forth and home again—hurry here, hurry there—health and vitality are more than ever essential to happiness.

Do you enjoy active living? Enjoy a feeling of power with every step? You cannot without health. And the health of your whole body, even the health of your mind—comfort and peace and freedom from nerves—depends on *Shoe Health*.

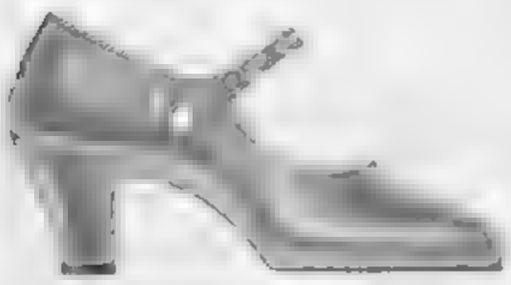
Brownbilt Shoes for men and women and Buster Brown Shoes for boys and girls, correctly made and properly fitted—distributing your weight scientifically, giving freedom from nerve pressure, allowing active living without tiring—bring *Shoe Health*.

Every shoe retailer who displays this emblem of *Shoe Health* is conscientious in the shoes he offers you. He knows the health value of correctly fitting your feet. Watch for this sign!

You need not sacrifice style. Brownbilt Shoes are always smart. The newest vogue for women—saucy heels, novelty patterns, voguish leathers. Delightful creations of dainty footwear to harmonize with any costume! The newest styles for men.

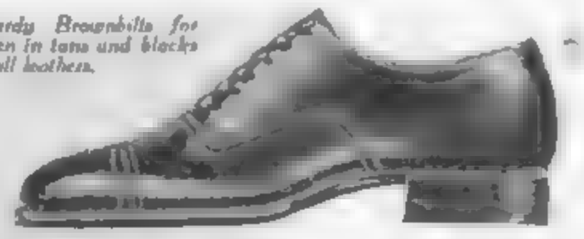
Buster Brown Health Shoes for Boys and Girls train growing feet correctly, and still are smart. Many a child, cross and tired before bedtime, has shown amazing improvement after enjoying the comfort and health of Buster Browns.

If your feet trouble you or you are unduly fatigued or nervous without knowing why, you may need our Flexible Rigid, or Ideal Arch Shoes for Women, or Foot Science, or Ideal Arch Shoes for Men. Ask for them at the sign of *Shoe Health*.

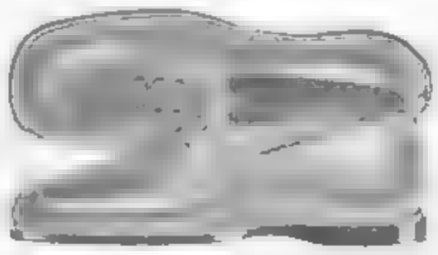


Brownbilts for Women are made in a wide variety of patterns and materials

A Brownbilt Flexible Rigid pattern for feet that may need special care.



Sturdy Brownbilts for Men in tans and blacks—all leathers.



Buster Browns for boys and girls of 2 to 16 years. All styles and leathers.

Sold by the Better Shoe and Department Stores Everywhere

Fifteen Great Specialty Factories

Brown Shoe Company

Manufacturers—St. Louis

Daily Capacity 70,000 Pairs

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY FOR EVERY OCCASION

(Continued from Page 114)

just a little over 24 hours ago, gone pretty near 2000 miles. I wonder where my friend is that was in such a hurry to get to New York that he left a night ahead of me. He has been gone now two full nights and one day, and as I look at his time-table, he hasn't got to Albuquerque yet. They are hollering, "All aboard!"

I must get this little bit of breakfast eaten. I slept pretty good last night, and feel fine this morning, and will be in New York for dinner tonight if something don't happen.

But something did happen. I had a forced landing in the Alleghanies, but I am not going to tell you about that now. I am not tired of this trip, but I am tired setting here pecking away. So I am going to make a forced landing on this little old typewriter until next week. Takes longer to tell about one of these trips than it does to make it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Rogers. The second will appear next week

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

(Continued from Page 17)

me the letter was not then born, but the fact that Harry Lauder had spent the night in their house had become a family tradition. The sailor son was home from Australia, and hearing me sing at the Victoria Palace, he had written asking if I could verify the story. I wrote back and assured him that I had had an excellent sleep with his good father in Troon, but that he snored dreadfully.

Once I had to sleep with a dog! It was at a village in Stirlingshire. There were very few houses in which boarders could be accommodated, and at the very last house on the list I was told that it was quite impossible to put me up. I said I would gladly sleep on the floor rather than walk the streets all night. The occupants of the house were a miner and his wife. I told them I was an old miner myself and that I was now a comedian touring with a concert party. This information caused them to relent a bit, and the upshot was that I was shown into a small room and told that I could sleep on the floor with a pillow and a couple of blankets which they would provide.

To my astonishment there was quite a nice bed in the corner of the room and on the bed was lying, curled up, but with a suspicious glint in its eyes, a lurcher dog. I asked whose bed that was.

"Oh," said the miner, "that's Jock's."

"And who's Jock, may I ask?" said I.

"That's him," was the reply, pointing to the dog. The wife explained that the lurcher was the apple of her husband's eye. He was being trained for a race due to come off in a week or two. He always slept in this bed. But he was a quiet dog and wouldn't disturb me if I didn't disturb him! I felt inclined to suggest that Jock should be made to sleep on the floor and that I should have his bed, but the night was cold and wet outside and I deemed it better to cause no unnecessary complications. So my shake-down was duly prepared and we all wished each other good night.

A Friend of Dumb Animals

An hour or two later I was startled out of my sleep by Jock licking my face. I was very cold and uncomfortable. But the lurcher was evidently quite friendly inclined. Stretching out my hands I happened to touch his bed. How cozy and warm it felt! So I just slipped into the dog's bed. He jumped in beside me and together we fell sound asleep. When the landlady came into the room to waken me in the morning, she expressed great astonishment at seeing me in the dog's bed, and coolly added that Jock was a "funny brute, sair gone in the temper and awfu' gi'en to bitin' folk, especially strangers!" I was glad to get away from the house without doing anything to spoil Jock's good impression of me, his recent bedfellow.

On another occasion I had agreed to pay a shilling for my bed to an old widow woman in a village in Galloway. Before I went off to the concert, about seven o'clock in the evening, she told me that she would just leave the outside door on the latch and that I would find the kettle on the hob if I wanted to make myself a cup of tea after the show. In the course of the concert one of the other artistes told me that he had not yet fixed up any place to sleep in. So I told him he could come with me if he agreed to pay ninepence for his share of the accommodation. He readily agreed. My intention was to pay the old lady eighteen pence for the two of us and thus reduce my own liability in the matter by threepence!

The two of us went home and made ourselves some tea, both drinking out of the same cup, and eating the remains of a packet of biscuits which I had got from a grocer when I handed him his free pass for the show. Soon we went to bed, but were wakened about three o'clock in the morning by sounds as of someone suffocating. After lying in bed for a few minutes debating in low and anxious tones what we should do, and advancing all sorts of explanations for the weird sounds, from accident to murder, I crept out from between the blankets and lighted a stump of candle the while my companion sat up in bed with his hair actually standing on end with terror. It did not take me long to trace the groans and gurglings to a press in the corner of the room.

The Great Closet Mystery

Darting back to the bedside, I said, "My God, Jamie, but there's some dirty work been done here this nicht! We've got mixed up in something dreadful and we'll baith be for it wi' the police in the mornin'."

Meantime the sounds continued worse than ever. At last we decided to investigate further. Taking our courage in both hands we advanced again to the press door and listened carefully. All at once it opened of its own accord and a woman's body rolled onto the floor of the room at our feet.

My trembling chum, who was now holding the candle stump, let the flame touch a tender portion of my anatomy. I shrieked; he did the same, and so did the body. The candle fell and went out. I tripped over a chair and went smash full length on the floor, roaring like a bull. The uproar brought several neighbors to the house in their night attire.

The explanation of the mystery was very simple. The poor old body had only one room, and as she did not see why she should lose the shilling I offered for the night's lodgings, she had crept into the press intending to doze there for the night and get up silently in the early morning before her lodger was awake. When the press door gave way and she was suddenly thrown into the room, finding two men instead of one, she lost her senses altogether and started to shriek the place down! The rest of the night we spent in a bed provided by one of the sympathetic neighbors, and in the morning the old woman got her eighteen pence all the same. Many and many a time have I laughed over the incident of the landlady and the kitchen press!

It was on this first tour that I had the opportunity of visiting Robert Burns' birthplace at Alloway and also the house wherein he died at Dumfries. Afterward, in the old bookshop in the square at Dumfries, I purchased for tenpence a second-hand volume of his Poems and Songs. Every minute I had to spare in each busy day I pored over this treasure; the book was my constant companion and my joy. I learned all Rabbie's songs by heart.

My favorites were "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "Mary Morison," "Of A' the

Pipe Smokers:

This new way of cutting pipe tobacco ...in large, shaggy flakes... has certainly gone over big with experienced pipe smokers.

The large flakes naturally burn slow and that's why Granger smokes so much cooler and sweeter than ordinary granulated tobacco.....

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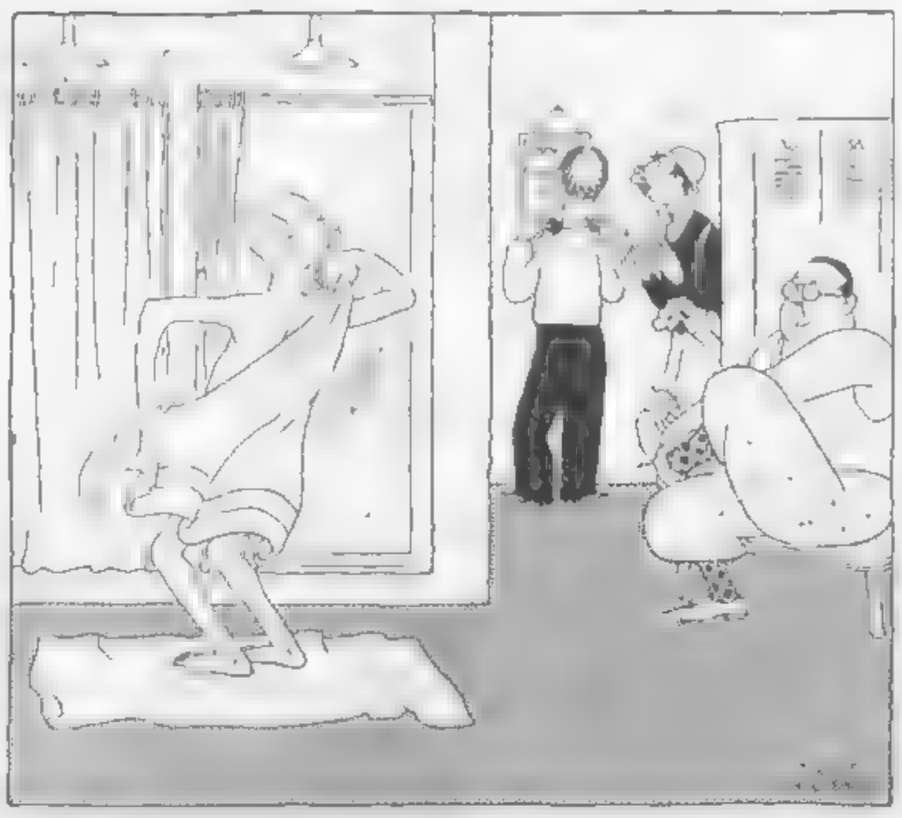
GRANGER ROUGH CUT IN THE NEW FOIL PACKAGE IS 10 CENTS

THE WALLOPS

[*Number seven of a series*]



The Swanamootchie Country Club gets cussed out

"Good Lord," said George Wallop in disgust, as he stepped out of one of the shower baths at the Swanamootchie Country Club. "It's a wonder to me that we can't have some decent showers in this club."

"What's the trouble, George?" said Stetson B. Powers of the Powers and Pierce Realty Co. ("Own your own home in Beautiful Flickerwood".)

"Trouble? These shower baths! You get about as much hot water from them as you would from an ink-dropper. It's more like a leak in the pipe than a shower bath."

"Well, I'll tell you what the trouble is," said Stetson Powers. "This club's got cheap pipes and they're filled up with rust and cut down the flow of water. What they ought to have is brass pipe."

"Brass pipe?" said George Wallop. "Brass pipe's fine, I know. Can't rust and so on, but it costs so like the dickens, doesn't it?"

"No, hardly any more than the kind that'll rust. I know because we used brass pipe in those new houses we're building up at Flickerwood. We got estimates on iron and steel and brass pipes and in a $15,000 house there's only a difference of about $100."

"Is that so? Gosh, that isn't much when you stop to consider the cost of repairs, is it? It's too bad we didn't put it in the club."

"Well, one thing we can do is to replace with brass pipe anyway. As the old pipes leak or get clogged up we can replace them with brass. We might talk to the House Committee on it sometime."

"I'm with you," said George Wallop. "I didn't know how cheap brass was before."

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead.

Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints.

It positively cannot rust and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

Airts the Wind Can Blaw," "Come Under My Plaidie," "Corn Rigs," "Bonnie Wee Thing" and "My Nannie's Awa'." But, indeed, every song of Burns which dealt with love and the lasses, oh, appealed to me tremendously, and I remember, in those weeks of my first rapture for the great bard of Scotland, telling myself over and over again that some day I would compose a song or two which would also exalt and glorify the charms of some unknown Mary, or Jeanie, or Nell, or Annie. Yes, a Harry Lauder love song that would be sung all over the world!

As luck would have it, the tour also brought me to the birthplace of men like Tannahill, the Paisley poet, and James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. These men I worshiped second only to the immortal Robert himself, and I possessed myself of copies of their books and of every book or pamphlet that had ever been written about them. They were my heroes of Scottish song. I was only a poor, uneducated miner, but with what entrancement did I read, over and over again, the Supreme Wish of Robert Burns:

A wish—I mind its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book could make
Or sing a sang at least.

At that time and for years afterward I frequently felt that the stuff I was singing was poor and tawdry and unworthy, but the determination to write a good love song some day never quite forsook me. Whether, even yet, I have succeeded is not for me to say, but I would express the wish that if I am to be remembered for any of my songs, it will be for such lyrics as "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "I Love a Lassie," "Ower the Hills to Ardentinny," or my latest song—not yet sung or published—"My Heather Queen."

The Postman Passes

All too soon for me the Kennedys' tour came to an end and I found myself back at Hamilton again. I was now, in my own estimation at least, a fully fledged professional comedian and I never doubted that the engagements would roll in for the illustrious Harry Lauder. As a matter of fact two inquiries were waiting for me on my return, and as they were both "guinea and a halfers," I felt that the world was really a very cheerful place to live in after all. Nance had actually saved nearly ten pounds from the pound a week I had been sending her.

How she achieved this wonderful record I did not inquire too closely. I suspected that she had spent most of the time with the auld folks, who were only too glad to have her assistance in looking after the children, of whom by this time there must have been eight or ten. Altogether the Vallances had fourteen, several of them coming on the scene long after we were married and had a boy of our own, John. My return to Hamilton was a great event among our family circles and my own pals and admirers. I was regarded as a prodigy; the astrakhan coat was worn every day, and for a week or two I strolled about the town with a lordly air, thoroughly enjoying the envious looks of my old cronies as they went to and from the pits in their greasy clothes.

Alas, my state of independence was not fated to last long. After I had fulfilled the two engagements which were waiting me, the postman religiously passed our door. Nobody seemed to want the services of Harry Lauder, comedian. The money my wife had saved was slowly dwindling away; I was eating the bread of idleness—a terrible thought! At last my mind was made up. I would go back to the pit and give up all hope of ever making a living on the stage. Only too well did I know what such a decision meant in the way of jeers and sneers from the comrades I had left in the mine less than six months ago.

But the situation was desperate. There were only two things I could do—sing or cut coal. Evidently nobody wanted to hear me sing. Getting a job at the coal face presented no difficulty whatever, so I signed on with the under-manager who had prophesied so accurately that I would be back with my tail between my legs. He was a kindly man and he, at least, did not rub in the fact that I was a "stickit comic." I cannot say as much for some of the men, and weeks elapsed before they allowed me to forget the fact. There was nothing really bitter about their chaff, but it galled me unmercifully. I think I must have expended my rage and irritation on the coal face, for I worked to my limit and made splendid wages.

So decided was my resolution to remain a miner that I actually refused several small concert jobs that were offered me in places round about Hamilton, but I did accept a special engagement or two at the Glasgow Harmonics—the bursts, as they were called. In writing about these unique entertainments earlier in my memoirs I think I said that this name was given to them on account of the prodigious drinking of tea and the capacious bagfuls of pastry with which the audience was regaled.

A Saturday-Night Tea Fight

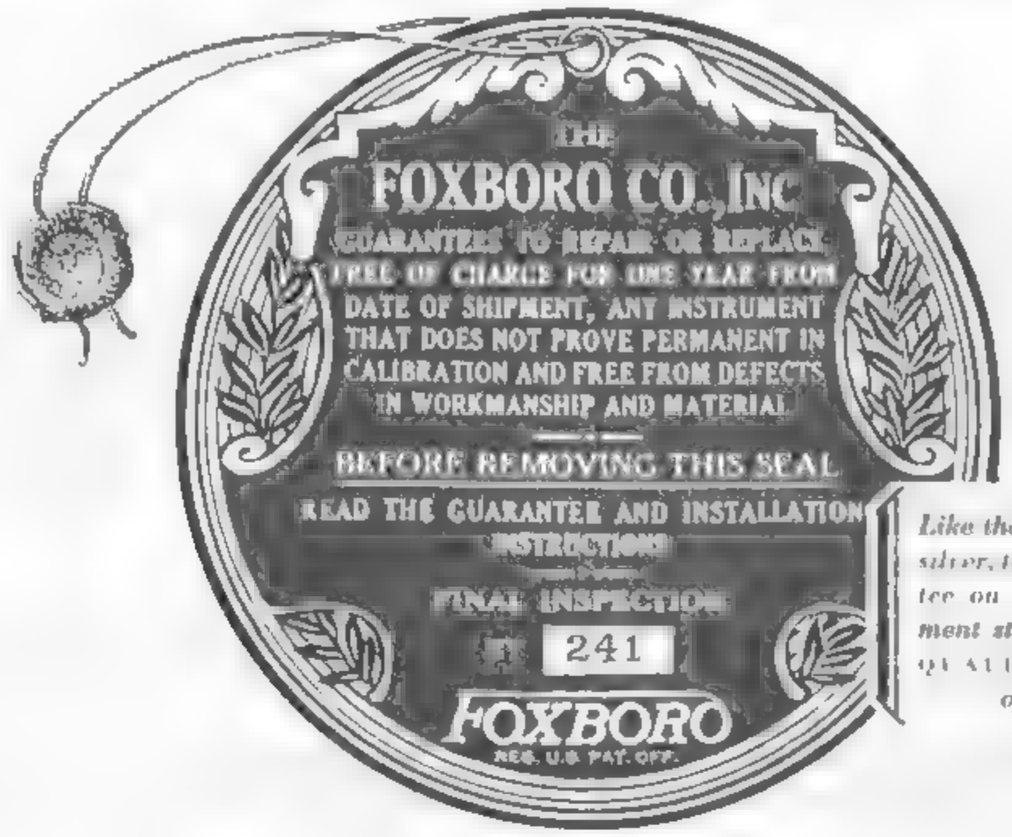
There was, however, another reason for the name, and probably a more likely one. It was the custom of the men, women and children who made up the audience to retain the paper bags after they had consumed their contents and use them as explosives when they wanted to demonstrate their special approval of the work of any of the artistes. If a singer or a comedian or a juggler or a paper tearer did not get over, the front of the house feebly applauded by hand-clapping, or refrained altogether from appreciation of any kind.

On the other hand, any other artiste who appealed to them very much was not only cheered vociferously but the paper bags were blown up and burst with cannon-like effect. I have heard gunfire on the Western Front during the war which could not compare for genuine ear-splitting with the din made by the bursting of a thousand paper pokies at a Glasgow Saturday-night tea fight. For myself I must say I was one of the most popular performers at these functions, and it was after a most enthusiastic reception on a December Saturday—every paper bag in the hall went off!—bang!—in my honor as I left the stage—that I felt the old lure of the stage again taking possession of my soul. On the way home I tried to fight against it, telling myself that only disappointment, failure and misery would be the result.

But a letter which awaited me on my return to Hamilton completely wrecked my balance. It was from the late J. C. Macdonald, then the leading comedian in Scotland and a tremendously popular personage throughout the length and breadth of the land. Here I think I must say a few words about J. C. Macdonald and the prominent part he played in shaping my whole future career from this period onward. I had heard him frequently on the stage and the concert platform. He was a fine type of Scotsman, with a good voice and an altogether remarkable insight into Caledonian character and customs which he made splendid use of in his comic songs and patter. His stage presence, either in costume or in ordinary clothes, was most impressive. He had personality. Added to it, he had the unusual faculty of dominating an audience the moment he stepped from the wings. How I used to admire his entrances and his exits! The former were airily defiant; the latter left an atmosphere of graciousness and good humor all over the house.

At the time of which I write J. C. Macdonald must have been a comparatively well-off man. He had been king of the Scots comics for many years. He had toured his own companies under the name

(Continued on Page 121)



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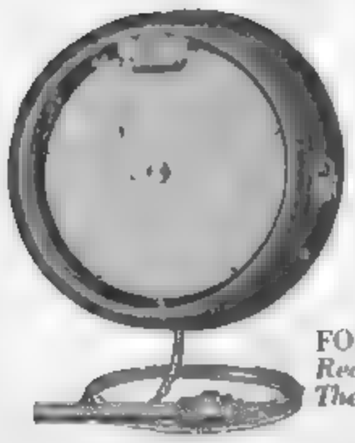

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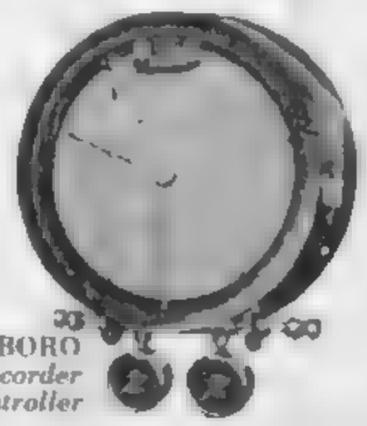

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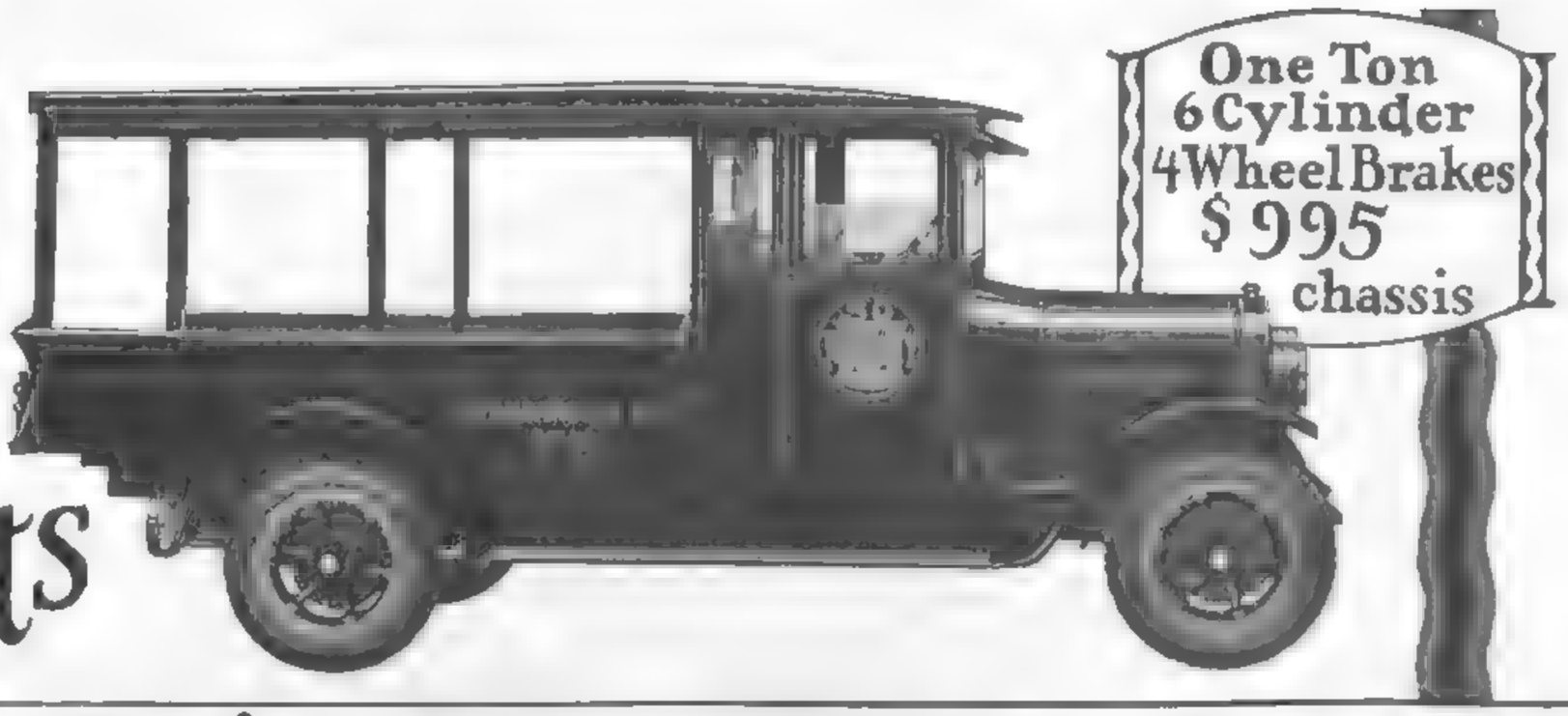

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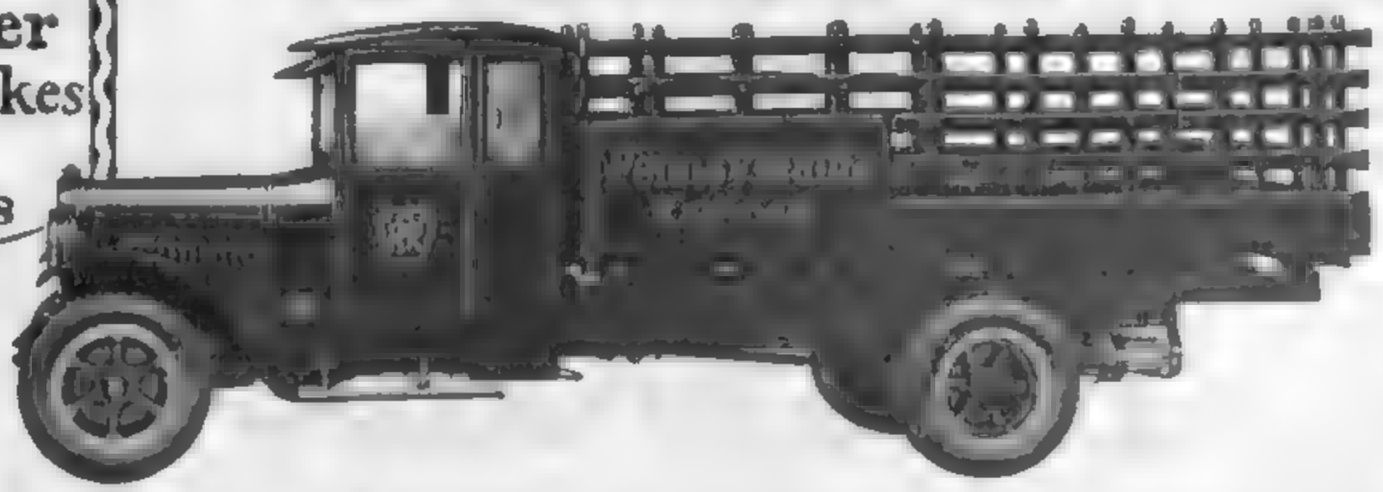

Stewart Trucks have won·By costing less to run

(Continued from Page 118)

of Macdonald's Merrymakers every summer, visiting only the large cities and towns. The advent of Macdonald's Merrymakers was a red-letter day at the seaside resorts in particular. Everywhere he went he was certain of a full house and a tremendous reception for himself and his company. Two songs sung by J. C. stand out specially in my memory. One was entitled "Sandy Saft a Wee," the story of a Scotch natural who was not so daft as he was cabbage looking. It has often been said in Scotland that I got the idea for my famous song the "Saftest o' the Family" from this character study by Macdonald. That is not so. My "Saftest o' the Family" was inspired by a little Glasgow ragamuffin, and the whole treatment of my study is on quite different lines to those of my old friend and patron. I'll tell you later the full story of how I came to write the "Saftest o' the Family."

The other Macdonald effort I refer to was a character song about a Glasgow Irishman who was the champion cairter—drayman—of his district. Macdonald made a real work of art out of the character. Complete with whip, bunnet, sleeved waistcoat, and trousers tucked up with string below the knee, he was the Glasgow lorry-man to the life. The chorus of the song had a fine, swinging lilt to it and I have not the slightest doubt that I have only to recall the words for thousands of elderly Scots to remember the pleasure Macdonald gave them with his rendering of the song. Here they are:

Woa! Vain! Haud aff ye! That's Cahoon;
The buttons on his waistcoat are as big as hauf a croon.
He gets mair pey than a' the ither men,
An' the horse he drives can run awa' wi' fower-ton-ten!

I have heard great audiences yell this chorus with immense gusto. Like many other comic songs, the chorus words of this one seem pretty limp and fushionless, but I can assure you that Macdonald made a tremendous hit with it. Even today, forty years after, you can hear staid, respectable old men in Scotland humming the tune about the Glesca cairter!

A Nightmare at Greenock

Well, it was from no less a personage than J. C. Macdonald himself that the letter came which was waiting for me that Saturday night. It was a kindly letter, setting forth that the writer had never had the pleasure of hearing me, but that he had had many good reports of my ability. Would I care to deputize for him during the forthcoming New Year week at Greenock Town Hall? He was not feeling very well, but if he could not find a good deputy he would have to turn up and do his best. Ten performances; salary, three pounds. What did I say? Nance and I read the letter several times. She could see I was ettling to accept the offer. "Just please yersel', Harry," was again her only observation. So then and there I wrote off thanking the famous comedian for his kindness and gladly accepting the engagement.

That week at Greenock is a nightmare to me even yet. The Greenock and Port Glasgow riveters and engineers rolled up in their hundreds to the town hall at every performance, but they came more to make entertainment than to be entertained. Some of the artistes, myself included, had an exceedingly stormy passage. On the last night of the week they literally gave us hell; the hissing was so insistent that I swore a steam pipe must have burst in the hall.

I have been back in Greenock more than once. But I never can forget that week! When the Saturday night came I crept back to the station with my Gladstone bag and fell into the train, limp, broken-hearted and cursing myself for working instead of having a jolly good holiday with my family and friends.

The only consolation was that I had more than two pounds in my pocket, whereas a holiday would have cost me fully as much—four pounds of a difference "on a division," as the politicians say. Considering this aspect of the situation, I soon cheered up. Besides, it was worth being away from Nance for a whole week just to see the light kindle in her bonnie blue een when I took her in my arms once more. Oh, but she was wonderful in these days—just as she always has been!

Of course it was back to the pit again after Greenock. And there I honestly meant to remain. The stage life, I told myself, was too uncertain and the rewards not sufficient to tempt a man from the mines, where he was always sure of a living wage. But how easily I fell from these resolves whenever the stage beckoned! I hadn't been back at work more than a month when, through the influence of J. C. Macdonald, I was offered a month's tour of the Moss and Thornton halls in the North of England, finishing up with a couple of weeks at the Scotia and Gaiety, Glasgow.

Knocking Off the Rough Spots

"Nance," said I, "this is the last chance. If I don't make good now I never will. In any case I can't carry on as I am doing—a week or two in the pits and a week or two on the stage. It has got to be one or the other. The mine managers won't stand for it. I'm finished as a miner; if I can't be a success as a comic singer I'll find another job aboveground and never sing another song as long as I live."

I was as good as my word. I said farewell to the mines forever. Tom, my brother-in-law, brought up my "graith"—my working tools, lamp, and so on—some weeks after I had gone on tour, and he has them to this day. A year or two ago I donned the old clothes and carried the implements to take part in a big charity performance in Manchester on behalf of a mining-disaster fund. I was so overcome with emotion at all the circumstances that the tears rolled down my face as I stood in the wings, and Tom had to thump me on the back and shake me before I was fit to go on and appeal for money for the wives and bairns of the dead miners. But for the workings of fate, I realized, I might myself have ended my days in one of the tragic happenings that are always part and parcel of the poor miner's existence!

That first music-hall tour was splendid experience for me. It knocked off the rough corners off my acting, and the very first night or two—I opened at Newcastle, by the way—demonstrated one thing to me in a most emphatic fashion. I might be a Scotch comedian, and an exceedingly good one in my own estimation, but it was utterly hopeless to break into England with purely Scottish dialect and words and idioms which nobody over the border understood. This important consideration had certainly been weighed up in my mind before coming south. How was it possible, I asked myself, for English people to comprehend Glasgow slang and idiom when other people, in other districts of Scotland, could not make head or tail of it?

Scottish dialect is a most extraordinary thing. I have met Aberdeenshire men and women who spoke a language which was absolutely unintelligible to the stranger from four counties farther south. In Dundee the purely local dialect has words, intonations and meanings which are, for all practical purposes, double Dutch to the fine clear-speaking folks of Inverness and farther north. The Fife man and woman employ words and phrases, and do so in a high head tone, quite impossible of interpretation by the people of any other district in Scotland. This mixture of dialects prevails in all countries of the world, I suppose, but nowhere is it so pronounced as in Scotland.

Ask anybody the world over—never mind whether he is a Scot or a Laplander—this question and see what answer you will get other than a puzzled stare: "Fa fuppit

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the fite fulpie?" Yet it is perfectly understandable in Aberdeen as: "Who had the cruelty to whip the little white dog?" Or again: "Seenafellafaaffalarrie" easily stands in Dundee for: "I have just seen a man fall off a cart"; but it is gibberish to any other person than a certain type of quick-speaking Dundonian. Speak about "agin th' waa" outside of Glasgow, or "wabbit" outside of Fifeshire, and you will be using words that are unknown and convey not the glimmerings of a meaning, but which are in daily use in the districts mentioned.

I myself in the old days have heard Aberdonians speaking together for long intervals and have been absolutely unable to follow the gist of their conversation. There is a classic story told about an Aberdeen man who came up to London for a holiday and found himself in Piccadilly about eleven o'clock at night. He was amazed at the colored advertisements in electric light—Broadway would probably have stopped his breath for good—and inquired of a newsboy the following: "Hey! loonie, fat's a' them reed an' fite an' blue lichties bobbin' oot an' in ower 'ere see?"

Translated Into English

The gamin, polite to start with, begged pawdon, sir, and asked him what he had said the first time. The Aberdonian repeated his question in the same dialect, but a bit quicker. Again the newsboy confessed that he was unable to follow and would the gentleman repeat his question, speaking "a bit slower, guv'nor." Once more the northern visitor demanded to know "fat's a' them reed an' fite an' blue lichties bobbin' ootaninowerersee?" but his temper was becoming shorter by this time and he hurried the last words all together. The newsboy gave him one look of supreme contempt, and said, "Get aht, ye bloody Portugee!" and passed on his way rejoicing.

Remembering all these idiosyncrasies of Scottish dialect, I decided that if ever I got a footing in England I would not use words or idioms which would only befog my audience. I would sing my songs in English, I determined, but with a Scottish accent. The result was that I was more successful my first week in Newcastle than any other Scottish artiste who had appeared there. The local manager told me on the Saturday night that a few weeks previously they had had a Scot on the bill and nobody could understand a single word of what he said. Of course he got the bird badly. Three years later I met the little comedian he had referred to and I turned the conversation to Newcastle, asking him how he had done there.

"Terrible!" he admitted. "They yelled me off the —— stage every nicht, Harry. They canna unnerstan' plain English there—naething but broad Geordie!" He went on to explain that he had tried to translate comic Scotch songs into English. This statement intrigued me immensely and I asked him to sing a verse of one of his songs translated. He was quite willing to do so and at once warbled out:

"My led's a pollisman,
A thumping Highling pollisman
He gone and joined the pollis fors,
He was so charmed with work.
He came from the Highlings
With a load of potato pilings,
And I'm going to merry him
On Hogmanay night!"

I almost died laughing at this outlandish nonsense, and to this day when I want to amuse my friends all over the world I tell them the story of the wee comic who tried to translate his songs for the benefit of the Tynesiders.

From Newcastle I went on to South Shields and then to the Hartlepools and Sunderland, and so on. My salary for this tour was three pounds ten shillings. The place on the bill which I occupied was a very humble one; I was either first turn or last, and many a night I played to empty seats. But those people who did hear me were generous in their applause. And I made certain that they understood every word of what I was singing or talking about. That I held, and still hold, to be the very first aim and object of an artiste anywhere. The last two weeks of the tour were in my own city of Glasgow and I was delighted with the receptions given me there. There was a warmth and spontaneity in the applause of my Glasgow admirers which meant much in the way of encouragement and determined me to go right ahead with some new songs and character stuff I had been planning while on tour.

I was thoroughly displeased with the material I was using. The songs were poor even if they were funny. Frankly, they would have been considered trash had any other person tried to sing and act them, but I must say, in honesty to myself, that I presented them with all the power, "pawkiness" or dash that I could put into them. I had almost forgotten that in these days, too, I was a sentimental singer. I had one ballad which I bought from a Trongate poet and it never failed to get over with the "gods." It was entitled "You Can't Put an Old Head on the Shoulders of a Child." I forget—I don't want to remember—how the verses went, but the chorus, sung to a slow, dirgelike wail, was as follows:

Treat them with kindness, don't cause them pain,
Let not passion master you, be lenient with the cane,
For children will be children, and remember, though they're wild,
You cannot put an old head on the shoulders of a che-ild!

The admirable sentiment contained in this last brilliant line was emphasized and underlined by my throwing out both hands in an appealing attitude to the audience and getting a pathetic break into my voice. I have no doubt it was a masterly performance of its type and for its time, but I would not go on any stage in the world today and sing that awful song for a thousand pounds a night. And I would do a lot for that amount of money, mind, I'm tellin' ye! I would even sing for the wireless!

Learning How to Laugh

Another song I was singing round about this period was entitled the "Bonnie Wee Man." It was founded on an old Scottish air—as I am free and ready to confess that many of my songs were founded—of a very rollicking nature. Here is a verse and chorus:

There was a wee man cam' coortin' me;
A bonnie wee man ca'd Tammy McPhee.
And, oh, but he was a treat to see,
The chappie that cam' to court me.

And, oh, but he was a fly wee man,
A shy wee man an' a sly wee man,
A regular greasy, citrate magnesie
Chappie that cam' to woo me.

He lookit sae handsome, what dae ye think?
His een were blue an' black an' pink.
I'm tellin' ye he was nae sma' drink,
Was the callant that cam' tae coort me.

I realized quite well that such songs as these, though they passed muster as the stock in trade of a three or four pounds a week comedian would never get me anywhere. They were cheap and commonplace. Nobody knew this better than myself. But the difficulty was to get hold of really good stuff. Months passed and still I could not hit upon just the sort of thing I wanted. Then, one day at Greenock, I happened quite casually to walk down to the pier. A West Highland steamer was leaving and its decks were loaded with holiday-makers. Among them were two chaps who looked like a couple of tradesmen off for a week or ten days' jaunt. They were both wearing Balmoral bonnets and one of them, as the ship glided away from the quay, yelled out to a comrade ashore, "MacKay

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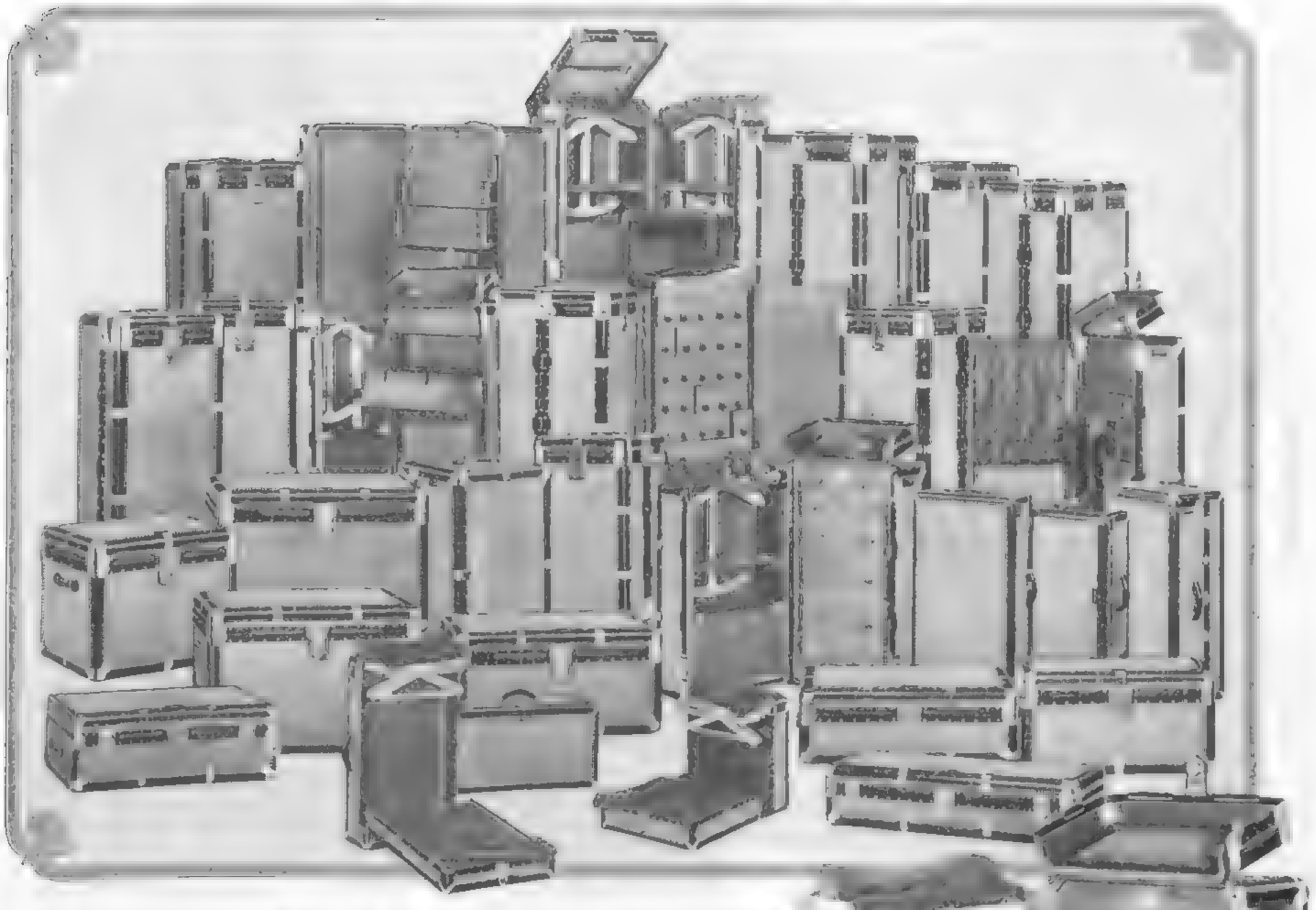

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Even now, when you hear anyone speak of a sewing machine, the one your mother had is probably the kind you think of. Is that same machine, or one much like it, still doing duty at your house? Thousands of them are still in use in otherwise modern homes. They get a little noisier year by year, a little harder to treadle, yet thousands of families up to now have managed to "get along" with them. Possibly in your house, too, other needs have seemed more important because you have not known about the really modern machine.

For something has happened in the sewing machine world. Singer, who produced the first successful sewing machine in 1851 —Singer, who first applied electricity to sewing in 1889—Singer has created a New Electric. Simple to use, quiet beyond belief, swift, versatile, perfect in performance. Singer has done something more—given this New Electric a beauty in keeping with its usefulness, and made of it a piece of fine furniture, appropriate for any room.

Many men don't yet know about the New Singer Electric. But it is significant that when they do learn the news, they are often the first to suggest that there ought to be one at home. They appreciate that to a wife or mother a machine like this creates a whole new interest in sewing. It means the easy, delightful, inexpensive way to have more clothes for herself and the children, new curtains and draperies for the house. It means happy afternoons in the making of them. And to a daughter, the first hour spent with this New Singer Electric means a revelation of the joy of sewing that will be a priceless possession to her all through life. With many men a suggestion like this is all that is necessary.

The New SINGER ELECTRIC *Sewing Machines*

Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance for your present machine.

Copyright, U. S. A. 1928 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries

(Continued from Page 122)

and me are off to Tobermory." Here was the very thing I was wanting—a character song about two real, living, vital people. I started to work on the idea and my song "Tobermory" was the ultimate result. It was a success from the outset, but it was a year or two before I had it perfect, down to the laughter which consumes me as I try to lay off the patter. This laugh I practiced for months until I got it natural and effervescent enough. From the very first night I sang Tobermory at a concert near Hamilton, it had to remain in my repertoire for years. And I have sung that song ten thousand times in every part of the globe.

The next good song I got was "The Lass o' Killiecrankie." For the germ of the idea and some of the lines I had to thank Sandy Melville, an old Glasgow song writer who in his time sold hundreds of songs to comedians and straight singers visiting the music halls in the West Country. Poor Sandy Melville! He was his own worst enemy. Had he not been so fond of a dram he might have been a successful man in any walk of life. As it was, all he asked of life was to be able to sell an occasional song, recitation or idea and spend his hours working out stage ideas in a wee public house in the Stockwell of Glasgow.

Often and often he came to me either at my home or in the dressing rooms of the theaters when I became better known. From the depths of a tattered pocket he would produce odd dirty pieces of paper on which he had scribbled a line or two of a song or an idea for a comic situation, or a joke or a story. "Help yersel', Harry," he would say. Nine times out of ten there would be nothing I could use, but the tenth time there would be a couplet or a verse which I could work up into something good. Many a sovereign dear old Sandy had from me, but I always got good value from him. Sandy Melville was the author of a song which achieved widespread popularity in Scotland and all over the world twenty years ago. At the moment I forget the title of the song, but it was an emigrant song and the first verse was:

They're far, far awa',
But their hearts are ever true.
The auld hoose at hame is constant in their view.
The bonnie bloomin' heather and the hill taps clad wi' snaw—
Their hearts are aye in Scotland tho' they're far, far awa'.

Every great contralto vocalist in the land had the song on her list and I myself have heard men and women sing it in all parts of the globe. I believe Sandy is still alive but I haven't seen him for several years.

Swellings of the Head and Purse

Almost simultaneous with the improvement in my repertoire which these songs represented I began to get so much work that I had actually to refuse engagements. There were about twenty letters waiting for me when I got home after that first Moss and Thornton tour, and practically each one contained the offer of an engagement. So I determined to raise my fees. I would accept nothing less than a guinea and a half and my rail fare. To my great delight many of the concert promoters gladly agreed to my terms, with the result that my income was sometimes as high as five and six pounds a week. Naturally some of the people I had been glad to sing for a year or two earlier for five shillings and ten shillings a night were in high dudgeon about Harry Lauder's "swollen heid" and didn't make any mistake about telling me off for my greed and rapacity. The secretary of a football club in Cambuslang with whom I had formerly been on friendly terms wrote me a very snappy letter in which he demanded to know if I considered myself an Adelina Patti, finishing up his epistle by saying I would live to regret not coming to Cam'slang and that he would tell everybody the dirty trick I had played his club and its annual concert.

In the autumn of 1896 I got an engagement for six weeks with Mr. Donald Munro's North Concert Party, and this started a friendship which has been one of the great joys of my life. Donald is a big man in Aberdeenshire today and is the Provost of Banchory, the lovely Deeside town in which he now lives. But in those days he was a wood merchant and had more than a local reputation as an elocutionist and Scotch reciter. Having a long vacation every summer, he hit upon the idea of touring a concert party in August and early September. He made many tours before I joined him and long after I left him and I have a shrewd suspicion that the canny Donal' made a good lot of "siller" out of his concerts. In any case he was able to pay me five pounds a week and also to employ artistes so well known as Jessie Maclachlan, the Scottish prima donna, and Mackenzie Murdoch, the best violinist, in my opinion, our country ever produced.

The Chief Attraction

We were a well-varied combination and scored a series of concert successes all over the northern and midland towns of Scotland. At the finish of the tour Donald wanted to reëngage both Murdoch and myself at increased wages, but we laughed and told him that we had learned a trick worth two of that. Mac and I laid our heads together and resolved to become impresarios on our own. But we had such a respect for Munro that we assured him we would not touch his territory at all when we started next summer.

"Besides," I added, "the train fares up here are awfu' dear. We're goin' to stick round about Glasgow where the jumps won't be so costly. In fact, we may walk from place to place."

Donald wished us all the luck in the world and our brief relationship as master and man ended there and then. But our personal friendship has grown stronger with the years. I wish you all knew Donald Munro! What a big, honest, grand man he is; as straight as his own backbone.

Donald and I often go fishing and holiday touring together and no man could possibly have a better companion on such occasions. We often laugh as we speak about the old days. Every time we meet, Munro can always recall another story about that concert party of which Murdoch and I were members. I saw him a few days ago and he sprang this one on me after all these years, explaining that he was always frightened to tell it earlier. When the party was performing at Ballater, near the Royal Castle at Braemar, he was asked to arrange a concert a week or two later at one of the big private houses in the vicinity. Distinguished guests were to be invited, including some of the children whose parents were associated with the Court. It was even whispered that one or two of the great ones "from the Castle" might be present. So before the tour came to an end he, with the soprano and the tenor and the accompanist, secretly went off one morning early, leaving Murdoch and me at a place called Peterhead. They reached Braemar and gave the concert all right but were rather disgusted to be told at the finish that "most of the folks had come in the hope of hearing the comic man, Harry Lauder—where was he and why had Mr. Munro left him out of the program?" Donald's idea, of course, had been to keep the entertainment as high class as possible. That's why I was left in Peterhead!

I had a very good winter after the Munro tour finished. For two weeks on end one busy period I played in a different town or village every night. I put on several new songs, but none of them so good as "Tobermory," or the "Lass o' Killiecrankie." And I was getting as much as two guineas for my services in the larger towns and cities—fairly on the highway to fame and fortune, I proudly assured myself. No matter how much money I earned, Nance was a rare one to save the "siller" and, to be candid, I think I gave her every encouragement in this laudable enterprise. The result was

3/4 million a day!
And everyone must pass inspection to be an Esterbrook
Try this JACKSON STUB
For samples of 8 most popular pens and booklet: "Personality in Handwriting," send 10c to Esterbrook Pen Co., Dept SE-1, Camden, N.J. or Brown Bros., Toronto
Esterbrook

Would Extra Dollars Make *You* Happy?

MISS OUIDA PETIT'S
extra dollars go into her "hope chest."

YOU can earn them! Hundreds of homekeeping women—hundreds of busy men, too—make up to $1.50 and $2 an hour by work that's easy, pleasant, dignified; work that can be fitted into any odd moments you have to spare. You don't need business experience to succeed. Nor do we ask you to invest a penny. Earning equipment is furnished complete by us, with mighty interesting tips on just how to collect your first dollars as our subscription representative!

Here's the Handy Messenger

The Curtis Publishing Company
368 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm attracted by your offer. Without obligation to me, please send me information.

Name ..... *Age*
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Nothing Cleans Teeth LIKE POWDER

Just ask your dentist

IF you want the whitest, cleanest teeth possible, just try this; the oldest and most reliable way of all to clean teeth.

For over sixty years, since 1866, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because of its superior cleansing qualities.

As powder is essential in a dentifrice for cleansing, naturally a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER cleans best. That is why your dentist when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

Teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when Dr. Lyon's is used. While it removes all the stain and tartar and actually polishes the teeth as it cleans, it cannot possibly scratch or injure the most delicate enamel, as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown.

Dr. Lyon's has stood the test of time. Thousands have found it safe, reliable and unequalled throughout an entire lifetime of constant use. It is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Its rich, cleansing properties penetrate every pit and crevice, reaching every particle of food, or foreign matter, lodged therein. Thus, it leaves the mouth sweet and clean, the breath pure, and its cooling, refreshing after-taste is delightful.

Brush your teeth twice each day with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder; consult your dentist regularly to be on the safe side and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth. Make this test if you want whiter, cleaner and more beautiful teeth.

You can get Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder at any drug store, or toilet goods counter. You will find it not only more efficient, but it costs less than most anything else you can use.

"Tune In On M-O-N-E-Y"

Says Lincoln McGill, Radio Tenor and Post Representative

"I earned $13.20 in a single day of Curtis work," announces Lincoln McGill, whose voice is frequently heard over the air from New York.

This time his message can put real money in your pocket! For in one month recently "Mac" earned $91.75 EXTRA! And what he has done, *you can do!*

If you have a little spare time now and then, morning, afternoon, or evening, we'll show you how you can easily turn it into CASH as our subscription representative.

You need no experience. You needn't leave your own locality. And you won't have to spend a penny. Take Mac's word for it,—it's worth looking into!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
369 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me about your cash spare-time offer

Name ..... Age .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

that by the time spring came round and the dull season for concerts arrived we found ourselves with a bank book and more than one hundred and fifty pounds to our credit. In fact, we went and had a full week's holiday at Rothesay—the first full week's vacation we had ever had in our lives together. Just to break the monotony I accepted an engagement while there, and made the cost of the week's jaunt!

Mackenzie Murdoch and I had several meetings during the early summer, and we planned out our first tour. We thought it expedient to stick to the west country, where, we told ourselves, we were best known and where we would be sure to pick up a lot of money. Joyfully we looked forward to the adventure. We were on a "dead cert," Mac told me and I told Mac; it was going to be money for nothing. We counted what the halls would hold at capacity, and calculated the profits down to a shilling or two. Easy jack, as my American friends say. Had we foreseen what our actual experience was going to be we would never have "crawn sae croose," to use an old Scottish phrase, meaning that pride goeth before a fall.

When the first proofs of the Lauder-Murdoch Concert Party bill came from the printers we stood admiring them for hours at a time, and we even got an old woman to slip one into her window in the Garscube Road, Glasgow, just to see how it looked in passing. Murdoch and I both agreed that it was a clinker and that it would pull the people into the local halls until the police would summons us for overcrowding. With piles of these same bills Murdoch and I set out together to cover the towns embraced in the first week of the tour—Kilmarnock, Irvine, Killwinning, Saltcoats, Troon and Ayr. We must have personally distributed hundreds of the placards and seen to the actual posting of hundreds more on the boardings and on country fences and the walls of disused buildings.

The tour started on August bank holiday, 1898. Our company consisted of Harry Lauder, Scotland's Pride—as a little weekly paper had described me a few weeks previously; Mackenzie Murdoch, the World's Greatest Fiddler; Scott Rae, Caledonia's Popular Tenor; Flora Donaldson, Brilliant Soprano; and Howard, London's Star Ventriloquist. And though I say it myself, it was a jolly fine concert party. Mac and I agreed to draw five pounds a week each out of the income, and the salaries of the other artistes amounted, all told, to less than eight pounds a week. The tour was a ghastly failure. Night after night we played to a mere handful of people—that is, if the free passes be excepted, for there was always a good representation of deadheads.

A Misguided Billposter

At the end of the first week Murdoch and I were in the blues. The second and third weeks were a little better, and the fourth showed a profit, encouraging us to persevere. But the last two weeks were disastrous. One night we played to thirteen grown-ups and fourteen children, and of the twenty-seven in the hall sixteen were there on "paper." But this wasn't the worst. At Stenhousemuir, in Stirlingshire, there were exactly eleven people in the hall and the drawings were one shilling and ninepence! I was so enraged that after my second turn I delivered a speech, roundly rating the inhabitants for not turning up in their hundreds to hear "the finest concert party that ever toured the British Isles." I finished up by saying that my partner, the illustrious violinist, Mackenzie Murdoch, and myself, Scotland's Pride, would never again set foot in that God-forsaken village!

I might have said a lot more had not the village billposter at that moment wakened up in his free seat from a dazed slumber and shouted out, "And a good job too! My accoont's peyd and ye can a' gang tae hell!" That particular concert ended abruptly. On the afternoon of the very last day of the tour Murdoch and I went out for a stroll in the town, which we both felt was to be the Waterloo of our careers as concert promoters. The place seemed dead and we were both moodily silent. All at once Mac started to laugh.

"Look at this, Harry," he said, and pointed to a placard which contained the following extraordinary announcement:

ONLY APPEARANCE OF
HARRY
LAUDER

The audience will all join in singing the hymn Thank God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

At first, being a bit shortsighted, I thought that this was the work of some enemy, but closer investigation revealed the fact that one of our posters had got mixed up with the announcement of a religious service to be held in the village on the Sunday following our concert. We both had a good laugh over the incident, but behind our merriment was the unspoken idea that the mixing up of the bills was an omen full of evil for our future.

Altogether Murdoch and I lost a hundred pounds each on the tour, returning to Glasgow sadder but wiser men. When I wrote and told Donald Munro of our lamentable failure he replied with a very kindly letter telling us not to be discouraged. He had had the same experience to begin with; but this year, even without the support of two great artistes like Lauder and Murdoch, he had cleared quite a decent amount of money. "Try, try, try again, Harry, my lad," he finished up.

A Bit of Mental Arithmetic

As a matter of fact, our next venture the following summer, taking a different lot of towns and spending far more money in advertising, got back all that we had lost on the first tour, besides the five pounds a week we again credited ourselves with out of the drawings. Both Mac and I were beginning to be much better known; at some of the towns we visited we had full houses and these places were marked down for concentrated attack the following year.

I have many delightful recollections of the half dozen tours carried out by the Lauder-Murdoch concert parties. As I have told you, the second of these more than paid its way, while the third and fourth were what I might describe as most gratifying from a financial standpoint. As a matter of fact, I think our third and fourth ventures must have earned for each of us something like six hundred pounds.

I was secretary and treasurer in the first year or two of our association. The first of these two posts did not give me a great deal of worry, but I carried out my duties as treasurer with meticulous care. I was generally down at the hall very early in the evening and gave the local stewards, or checkers, minute instructions as to their duties and the importance of making sure that nobody got in for nothing! They used to say in London long ago that Sir Henry Irving's mannerism of nodding his head while declaiming his parts was actually his method of counting up the number of people in the house. Sir Henry, so the tale goes, could always tell to a fiver what the drawings ought to be on any particular night.

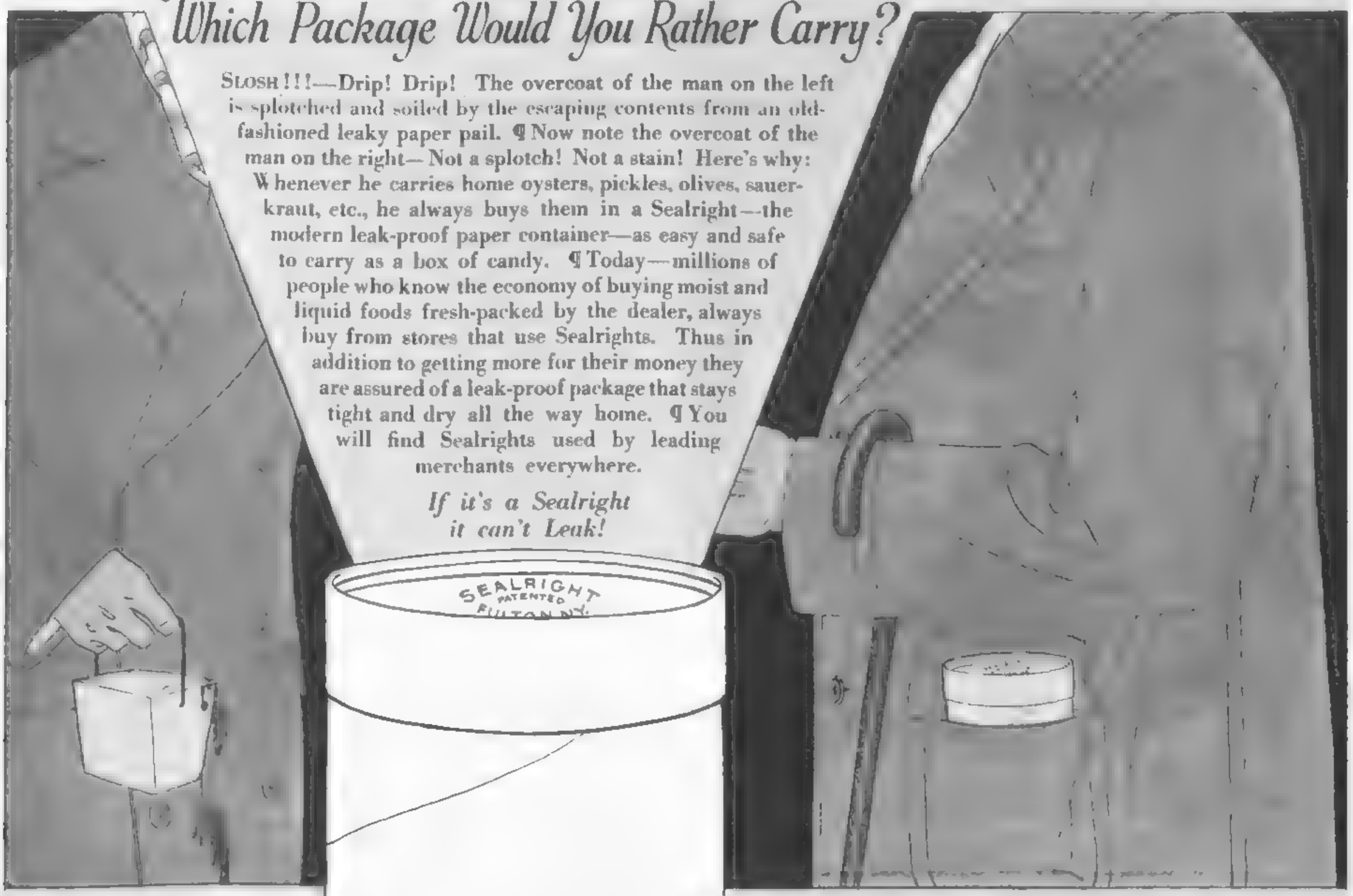
That's nothing! I became so proficient in estimating the drawings at our concerts that I could tell to within a shilling or two, immediately after I went on the stage, what my own rake-off was going to be after the salaries and expenses had been accounted for! Later my brother-in-law, Tom Vallance, joined up with us as general manager and ultimately relieved me of the treasurership, but before his advent either Mac or myself carried all the money to our lodgings. Here we counted it over and over again, putting the paper money in one heap, the half crowns in another, the two-shilling pieces in another, and so on down to the threepenny bits and the coppers.

That, to me, let me be perfectly honest about it, was the finest part of the evening's work. The first time we took twenty

(Continued on Page 130)

IF YOU HAD YOUR CHOICE—

Which Package Would You Rather Carry?



SLOSH!!!—Drip! Drip! The overcoat of the man on the left is splotched and soiled by the escaping contents from an old-fashioned leaky paper pail. ¶ Now note the overcoat of the man on the right—Not a splotch! Not a stain! Here's why: Whenever he carries home oysters, pickles, olives, sauerkraut, etc., he always buys them in a Sealright—the modern leak-proof paper container—as easy and safe to carry as a box of candy. ¶ Today—millions of people who know the economy of buying moist and liquid foods fresh-packed by the dealer, always buy from stores that use Sealrights. Thus in addition to getting more for their money they are assured of a leak-proof package that stays tight and dry all the way home. ¶ You will find Sealrights used by leading merchants everywhere.

If it's a Sealright it can't Leak!

Take this Precaution

ALL round paper containers are not *genuine* Sealrights and do not have the advantages of Sealright's patented construction. To be sure of accurate measure and dependable protection for your moist and liquid foods, look for the name "SEALRIGHT" stamped on the top or bottom of every genuine Sealright Container. *Be sure it's a Sealright!*

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc.
Dept. A-1
Fulton, New York

Two More Famous Sealright Products

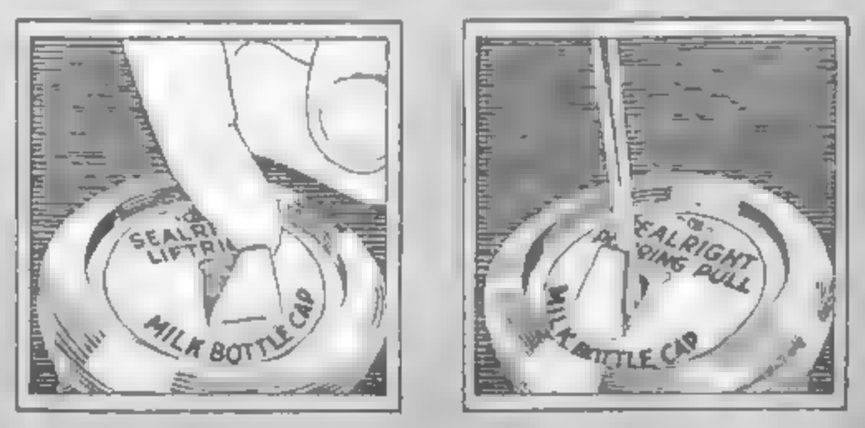
Liftright Milk Bottle Cap

No opener is needed! The Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle Cap can be removed in a jiffy. Just lift tab, pull and cap's out. No bother, no spilled milk, no risk from using an unsanitary opener—your milk is kept pure!

Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Cap

Or, if you prefer—the Sealright Pouring Pull Cap has an opening under the tab to insert straws for serving the milk right in the sterilized bottle in schools, restaurants, etc. Eliminates spilling, glass-washing and is 100% sanitary!

Leading dairies everywhere use Sealright Caps.



SEALRIGHT

Liquid Tight Paper Containers

FOR JANUARY

THE SHIRT-OF-THE-MONTH

PRESENT-DAY fashions are laying greater stress upon design and color . . . Particularly in men's shirts . . . The plain effects and somber tones of the past are giving way to shirts of virile hue and pattern.

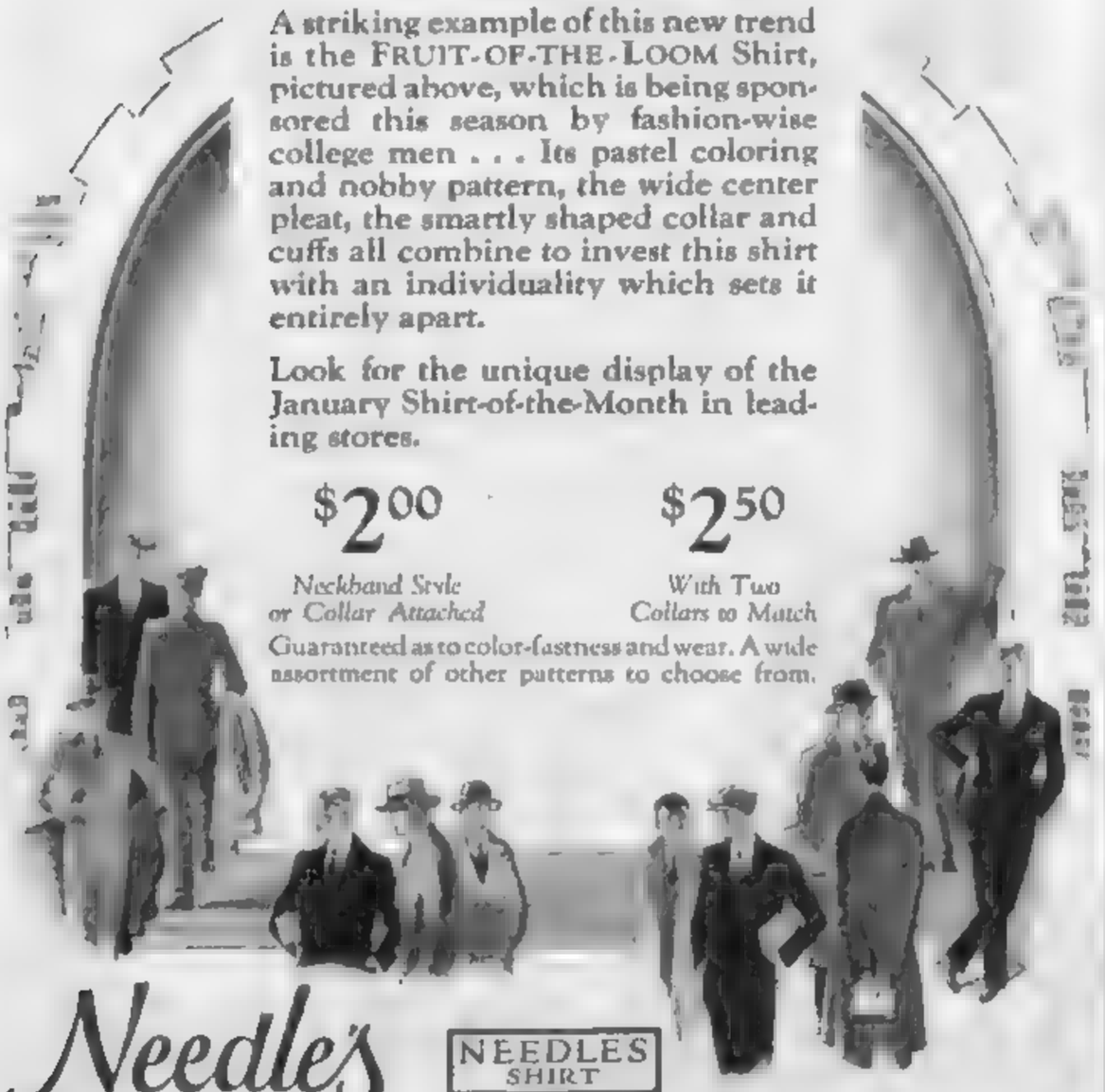
A striking example of this new trend is the FRUIT-OF-THE-LOOM Shirt, pictured above, which is being sponsored this season by fashion-wise college men . . . Its pastel coloring and nobby pattern, the wide center pleat, the smartly shaped collar and cuffs all combine to invest this shirt with an individuality which sets it entirely apart.

Look for the unique display of the January Shirt-of-the-Month in leading stores.

$2.00 *Neckband Style or Collar Attached*

$2.50 *With Two Collars to Match*

Guaranteed as to color-fastness and wear. A wide assortment of other patterns to choose from.



Needle's FRUIT OF THE LOOM *Shirts*

NEEDLES SHIRT — FRUIT OF THE LOOM — COLOR GUARANTEED

ECLIPSE-NEEDLES CO. . . . PHILADELPHIA

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"On the whole," says a letter from one of the officials of this church, "the money was raised with less effort and in less time than by any other method we have used."

$50.00 in 3 Days

IN just 3 days of easy, pleasant work, the Ladies' Aid Society of this little church in Montana earned $50.00—enough to pay for making a lawn around the building.

Money For Your Church

Your church can also earn extra money by forwarding renewal and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Your profits will be liberal, and your community will welcome this service. Just write for details to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
363 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

If the portrait of the founder came to life

In long-established factories there often hangs a portrait in oils of the man who started the business two or three generations ago.

If such an oil painting came to life, it would probably fall dead again—surprised by the new machinery, the new equipment, the new ways of doing things.

Strange lights, strange black instruments with brown cords, everywhere. Queer machines in the accounting department. Desk drawers that when pulled leap out as typewriters. Doors that softly close behind when no hand touches them. Little black buttons that when pressed set fans to whirling or cause jumpy buzzings off somewhere.

Out in the factory literally nothing is the same. The chances are they are not making the same product.

Machines, motors, power-dies. The original shoemaker wouldn't know how to make a shoe; the original hatmaker couldn't make a hat; the original baker couldn't make a loaf, with the bewildering equipment he would stumble into. And worse still, for his pride, he probably couldn't sell the product either. The very channels of his trade have changed.

Yet all these revolutions in methods of working, of making, and of selling have come quickly and easily. Printing has made every change simple to understand. Printing has made every innovation known not to a few but to millions. Printing has kept industry so close to industry that the very details of new machinery are known through the shop before it is installed, and known in the home before it is seen.

Good printing has given wings to inventions. A better way of doing anything is read about today, planned for tomorrow, bought the next day, and in use next week. Not always that fast, perhaps, but competition spurs the laggards.

Look at the equipment of your own business. Remember how much of your first knowledge of it was due to good printing. Remember how much every business relies on good printing and consider whether or not you are using enough.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or, if you prefer, write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's (STANDARD) Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

Without printing to explain it, every new thing is a puzzle

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

(Continued from Page 126)

pounds in an evening Murdoch and I sat up the greater part of the night; we were so excited that neither of us could sleep. Gaspard the miser had nothing on us that night. We would, singly or together, certainly have murdered any person who attempted to rob us before we had time to get the money safely in the bank next morning.

Writing of this sort of thing reminds me of an amusing incident which happened one evening in Glasgow. We had given a concert in a village some miles on the north side of that city and had time, the other members of the company included, to catch the train for Glasgow soon after the show. We seldom got home even for a night after the tours started and we were all glad of the opportunity to do so, seeing that we were playing so near our homes. Nance and I had by this time removed from Hamilton and were living in a flat in Dundas Street on the south side of Glasgow. Arriving at Buchanan Street Station we all said good night and I made for the nearest cab rank. I had the money taken at the concert in a little leather bag, and it behooved me to take no risks in getting the cash safely home. I must have fallen asleep, because the first thing I remember was the old horse cabbie opening the door of the vehicle and announcing, "Dundas Street, sir." Out I jumped, paid the fare, and ran upstairs.

Nance had not expected me, and was in bed, so I just pulled off my clothes and was on the point of turning out the gas when I remembered I had left the leather bag in the cab. I gasped. I recollected that there was nearly twelve pounds in the bag. I went all shaky and cold sweaty. But in money matters I have always had the reputation of being a man of action. In any event I was that night. Seizing my trousers, I made for the door, not even pausing to answer my wife's agonized query as to "what ailed me."

At the foot of the stone stairs I pulled on my trousers and dashed off in the direction of the place where I had hired the cab. The few pedestrians abroad—it was now about one in the morning—thought I was mad, and two policemen tried to stop me. But I juked them both and never stopped until I arrived at Buchanan Street. There, alone in the rank, stood the very cab which had driven me home and there, on the dicky seat was the driver, now fast asleep.

"You're the man!" I yelled as I jumped on the dicky beside him. Thus suddenly awakened from his slumbers and seeing a strange apparition in a state of wild undress appear from nowhere, the cabman let out an ear-splitting yell and promptly fell off the cab on the other side. I was after him in an instant, and we rolled all over the stance, the unfortunate cabman hoarsely roaring, "Help! Murder! Police!"

By and by a couple of policemen came running up. Explanations followed. The upshot was that one of the officers of the law opened the cab door and brought out the missing bag intact with the precious drawings. I had to give the aggrieved cabman five shillings for assaulting him and the coppers a shilling each for a drink. Next day I narrated my midnight adventures to Murdoch and suggested that the expenses should come off the firm as a whole. This he stoutly objected to, insisting that I was solely to blame for my criminally culpable handling of the money. I had to bear the brunt myself. But the incident was a lesson to me; from that day to this I have never left a bagful of money anywhere—not even a threepenny bit!

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of article by Sir Harry Lauder. The fourth will appear next week.

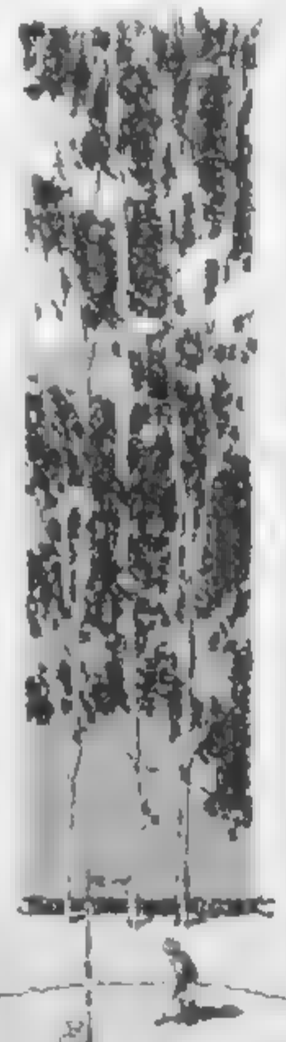
"One Riviera after another" along the blue Pacific near Los Angeles

No *rainy days*...to dampen the joys of vacation...

NOT a single *shower will interfere with your stay in Southern California next summer! Think what that means in priceless hours of seeing new sights and doing new things in this strange land.

Here, every precious moment goes into real vacation service—trips from Los Angeles to majestic, snow-crowned mountain ranges; into the silent, awesome reaches of a Sahara-like desert; through the vast "Orange Empire" to wonderful Old Spanish Missions or along boulevards skirting the placid, blue Pacific and its Riviera-rivaling beaches.

At every turn—romance; at every road's end a picture unlike any other you've ever seen; always in anticipation, a thrilling, inspiring place to visit; and, at each glorious day's close, restful, energizing sleep *under blankets*. For you, too, every outdoor sport at its best—sixty-five golf courses, tennis courts everywhere, mountain lake and sea fishing, bathing from broad, gently sloping beaches. All the glories of Southern California are speedily available from Los Angeles—fifth city in population and Pacific Coast metropolis. Los Angeles County is one of the richest in natural resources. Its agricultural products last year approximated $95,000,000. Its billion-dollar oil fields alone are an unforgettable sight.



Arrange your itinerary to include all of this fascinating region—San Diego, Orange, Ventura, Riverside and San Bernardino [where the National Orange Show is held beginning Feb. 16th]. And, the beckoning beaches—Laguna, La Jolla, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Santa Barbara—and dozens more.

Plan now. Special low rates on all railroads May 15 until October 31. Mail the coupon today for a 52-page vacation book telling what to see and do in this *rainless* summer vacation land.

*Los Angeles had no rain during the last summer season for 195 days

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you

A new advance in the art of baking —"Kitchen-tested" Flour

More than 2,000,000 women now eliminate 50% of the cause of baking failures—this new way

Blitz Torte—A luscious dessert for special occasions. One of the unusual recipes created in the Gold Medal Kitchen. Kitchen-tested Flour and Kitchen-tested Recipes—perfect results always

BECAUSE it is proved beforehand that this "Kitchen-tested" Flour will always "act" right in the oven—good cooks are experiencing many new thrills from their baking—while the chances of less experienced cooks for perfect baking results have actually been doubled. This is why:

Recently chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* is 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely differently in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time.

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

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Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens. So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer is only good if you live in United States.)

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send selected samples, including Blitz Torte—FREE. *Check* and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker

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Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

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☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes *free*.)

☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

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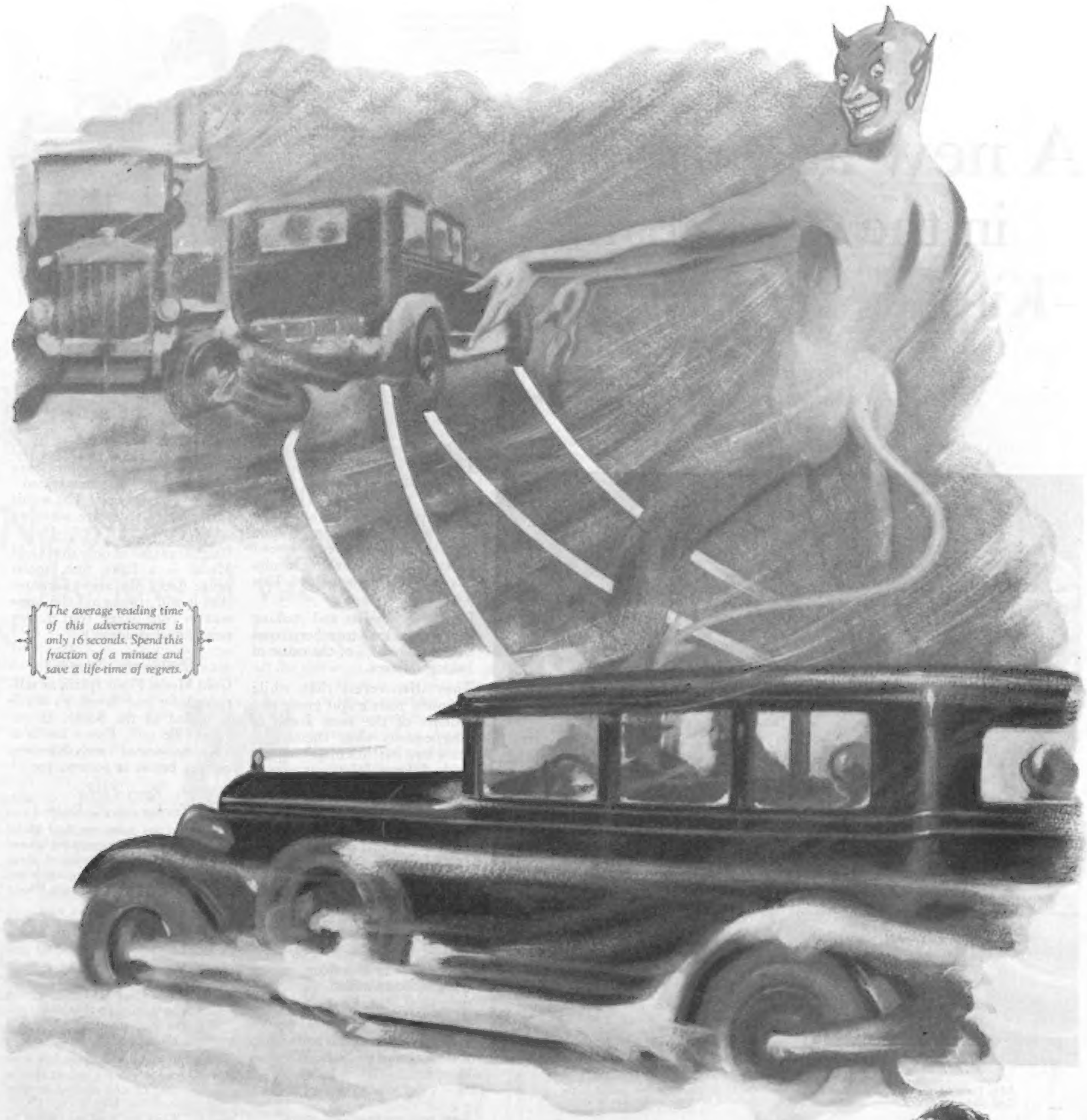

The average reading time of this advertisement is only 16 seconds. Spend this fraction of a minute and save a life-time of regrets.

What price Indifference ?

Perhaps you can "get by" sometimes without WEED Chains. But eventually a skid will come in a split second—perhaps to smash and take life. It's costly *indifference* that keeps WEEDS under the seat or in the garage instead of on the tires. Don't be indifferent—don't just *carry* WEED Chains. ***Use them!*** Remember, *Wet Rubber Slips* and *WEED Chains Grip.*

Use **WEED CHAINS**

There can be no compromise with safety

To that unsung hero, the male shopper

... just a consoling word

THE way of a grocery-burdened husband is long and hard. He is humbled by unexpected contacts with smiling bachelors. He is filled with self-pity, covered with mortification. Passing flappers laugh outright. Bugaboos pursue him.

Likely you've been in his shoes; you doubtless will be again. We've no relief to offer; merely this suggestion:

Perhaps you can make your shopping trip an object lesson to your wife. Buy your favorite foods—the ones you feel you deserve more often.

Perhaps you'll buy raisins. It is all right if you do, but if you want your troubles to end with the shopping, get the right brand. For even otherwise indulgent wives are decidedly positive in their choice of raisins.

Not one of them, knowing Sun-Maid Puffed, will fuss with *sticky* seeded raisins any more. Here are seeded raisins that actually pour from the carton; richer, too, in muscat flavor. Buy them unreservedly.

And *Sun-Maid Nectars*, unlike ordinary seedless raisins, hold even the fragrance of vine-ripened grapes. There's a flavor, a tender freshness about them you've never had in raisins before. Safe to buy these also.

Then, as you dodge one peril after another on your homeward path, you can at least reflect upon the extra "good things" you have coming.

SUN-MAID NECTARS *in the red carton* • • SUN-MAID PUFFED *in the blue carton*

Good "snap-shots" like this are easy to make with a Kodak

Wonderful action picture made with the Modern Kodak

In Winter Too!

All Outdoors Invites Your Kodak

WINTER!—the season of magic transformations—dazzling snow and silver skies.

There's not so much sun in winter. But there's plenty of inspiring beauty. A beauty that is no longer beyond the picture-taking realm of the average amateur.

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No longer need dull weather—a rainy day—a cloudy sky—or an interesting indoor subject put a stop to your picture-taking pleasures. For with the modern Kodak these favorite pictures, once so difficult, are simple, easy, now.

The Reason—faster lenses on Kodaks of moderate price

Two years ago, the type of lens now supplied on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak could only be had on cameras selling for $40 and more.

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Keep your Kodak Handy

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Remember, picture opportunities never wait. Keep your Kodak handy, and make "snap-shots" whenever they happen

Many, many times, no doubt, you see some bit of gorgeous scenery, some new little thing the baby does that makes you say, "If only I had my Kodak"—or—"If only the sun were out." Get a modern Kodak and keep it handy. Then, no matter when the opportunity occurs—no matter whether the sun is out, or the snow is falling, or it is pouring rain—you can get the precious picture —*just as it is.*

Don't be without one any longer. Let your nearest Kodak dealer show you these modern Kodaks. You can start getting the pictures you want right away—any time—anywhere.

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